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PARRIANA:

OR

NOTICES OF THE

Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.

COLLECTED FROM

VARIOUS SOURCES, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT,

AND IN PART WRITTEN

By E. H. BARKER, Esq.

Of Thetford, Norfolk.

"I love to exhibit sketches of my illustrious friend by various eminent hands."
Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson* 1, 296.

"He descended from his station to take notice of mine; and he honoured me with repeated marks of his favour and protection. How warmly, in return, I was attached to his person, and how I have been grateful to his memory, they, who know me, know. I admired him as a great, illustrious, faulty, human being, whose character, like all the noblest works of human composition, should be determined by its excellencies, not by its defects." Sir Philip Francis's *Speech*, Febr. 12, 1787.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1828.

1. "We are naturally led to enquire after those, who by their writings have contributed to our instruction and entertainment. So great is our curiosity in this respect, that scarce a single circumstance, which bears the most distant relation to a man, who has distinguished himself by his virtue, learning, and ability, can be called an uninteresting event." *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Rev. John Jackson, Master of Wigston's Hospital in Leicester*, Lond. 1764. p. 1.

2. "Philosophers suppose more perfection in the nature of man than it really possesses." *A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Richard Watson*, Lond. 1780. p. 18. And the vulgar estimate character rather by the absence of human failings, than by the presence of godlike virtues; suffering the failings rather to detract from the virtues, than the virtues to overshadow the failings.

3. O think not of his errors now: remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an Angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword!

Fr. Schiller's *Death of Wallenstein*, translated by S. T. Coleridge, Esq. Lond. 1800. p. 193.

4. "Though he shone in the *pulpit*, he did not shine *only* there; nor was he like those physicians, who prescribe large or unpalatable doses of physic to their patients, but take none themselves. He lived the truth he preached; and did not stand as a *Mercury* on the highway, that shews travellers the road, but keeps its place, while they pass on. He did not press on you humility and lowliness of mind, with a proud heart of his own. He did not recommend temperance, and go into excesses himself. He did not rally against oppression, and in the mean time bear hard on the poor. He did not beg charity to the distressed, to the lecture, for building houses of worship, and withhold his own. He did not preach up the heavenly world to you, and all the time pursue only this world. He did not put you on diligence in your proper callings, and neglect his own calling; for to this work, the work of the ministry, he gave up all his strength. He visibly wore away in his work, and did not rust away." *A Funeral Sermon by the Rev. S. Bourn, on his Father, the Rev. S. Bourn*, quoted in Dr. Joshua Toulmin's *Memoirs of the Rev. S. Bourn*, Birmingham, 1808. p. 6.

5. "No man ever more merited the regret of his friends; for no man was ever more ardently devoted to their service. Yet not to his friends alone was his beneficence confined; — whoever wanted assistance, was sure of his hand, — whoever was in distress, had the command of his purse. And, while nothing was either too difficult, or too costly for his indefatigable efforts to do good, he thought nothing unbecoming, nor beneath him, that could conduce to oblige. His conduct was still more courageous and disinterested, than his sentiments were elevated and kind; for in the service of others, he held none too high for exhortation, and no one too mean for entreaty. It seemed, indeed, whether for friends or for strangers, — whether for those, in whom he delighted, or for those, of whom he knew nothing but their wants, to be the very necessity of his existence to be active in good offices. Such a man must not die without a tribute to his memory, — such a man cannot die without still living in the memory of his surviving friends." *The Monthly Review*, July 1799. in speaking of William Seward, Esq.

PREFACE.

The intention of the Author to communicate to the world some *Notices* of his late learned and amiable friend, Dr. PARR, has been long known to his literary associates. Many persons, with whom he has not the honour of being acquainted, have, from the interest, which they take in the biography of Dr. Parr, expressed a desire for the early appearance of a publication, which, with reference to the grandeur and the importance of the subject, stands a fair chance of disappointing their expectations, and of injuring, by the demerits of the Author on this occasion, the little literary reputation, which he possesses in their eyes. He can exhibit to their contemplation only the FRAGMENTS of a great mind—in abler biographers, and in the Doctor's own *Works*, they may view the 'temple's pride',

“ Its southern site, its truth complete : ”

by him,—such is the imperfection of his nature, or the failure of his endeavours,—they must be content to be shewn mere “ broken arches and fallen columns ”; and if he, nevertheless, succeed in exciting in the minds of those younger persons, who survey the remains, such as they are, an “ enthusiast heat,”—if he inspire them with a love of genius, erudition, and goodness,—if he teach them to bless the name, and hallow the memory, and study the writings, and exemplify the morality and the piety of Dr. Parr, his labours will have produced golden fruit, and he will not be ashamed to own the work of his hands.

It may be proper to explain to the reader that the causes of the delay in the appearance of this Volume are to be found, 1. in the desire of the Author not to anticipate the authentic *Memoirs* of Dr. Parr, which the public have long been impatiently expecting from his excellent and enlightened friend,



praise of candour and impartiality, notwithstanding his enthusiastic attachment to the memory of the illustrious individual, to whom the book relates.

But his enthusiasm finds aliment enough to maintain its vitality, activity, energy, and brightness, (*materia alitur, motibus excitatur, et urendo clarescit,*) in the acknowledged talents, and the undeniable moral excellencies of Dr. Parr, without claiming for him universal knowledge and infallible virtue. He so accustoms himself to look at human nature, that he is not disposed either to magnify failings till merits are obscured, (like "a mountain remarkable for sterility and barrenness, which encumbers the earth with its pressure, whilst it chills all around with its shade,") or to withhold the due tribute of admiration from merits, which pass the ordinary bounds of human virtue, because they are accompanied by failings, which are the common lot of humanity. The venerable oak of the forest commands his approbation in spite of the knots, which deform its trunk; the vast expanse of water in the hoary ocean is to him an object of sublime contemplation, whether it be like "the smooth surface of a summer's sea," or be lashed into tremendous fury by a wintry wind. "It is the nature of everything, that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be WILD and IRREGULAR, — and we must be contented to take them with the alloys, which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom, when it advances in its path; — subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dulness." Lord Erskine's *Speech on the Trial of John Stockdale*. "The human eye soon grows weary of an unbounded plain, and sooner, I believe, than of any limited portion of space, whatever its dimensions may be. There is a calm delight, a *dolce riposo*, in viewing the smooth-shaven verdure of a bowling-green as long as it is new. You must learn from repetition that those properties are inseparable from the idea of a flat surface, and that flat and tiresome are synonymous. The works of nature, which command admiration at once, and never



desire of illustrating the conduct and the character of Dr. Parr, not so much by an appeal to himself, who was honoured with the confidence, and the esteem, and the regard, of Dr. Parr, during a long period of time, as by an appeal to the authority of many most respectable, and some eminent pupils, and friends, and neighbours, and acquaintance of Dr. Parr, who must be considered as more impartial judges than a professed biographer and panegyrist of the Doctor, and whose sole motive for producing their information is either their obliging disposition towards the Author, or their sympathy with him in his object. The reader will also observe that the statements of these gentlemen are not *garbled* to serve the particular purposes of the Author, but presented entire to the view of the reader, partly to enable the reader to form his own judgment, and partly as vouchers to confirm the opinions, which the Author will hereafter deliver in his own biographical sketch of Dr. Parr. He does not know that he could have adopted any plan more satisfactory to himself, more acceptable to the public, or more useful to the readers of future times ; — none can be more calculated effectually to dissipate the erroneous impressions, which have been formed, or indirectly to refute the malicious representations, which have been given of Dr. Parr, in many and even high quarters.

The Author will conclude his Preface with two quotations, the application of which to Dr. Parr will be well understood by many of his readers, and with these remarks—that the Second Volume will be prepared for the press with all possible expedition, and that it will contain many articles, which, the Author believes, will be most interesting to the public, one in particular, *A MS. Memoir of John Lind*, the writer of the celebrated *Letters concerning the present State of Poland*, Lond. 1773. edn. 2., with which he has been furnished by Jeremy Bentham, Esq., and which abounds with curious anecdote and important information.

1. “ But to return from philosophy to charity : I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue, as to conceive that to give alms,

is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way, many paths unto goodness. As many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable. There are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot condemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do *Lazarus*. It is no greater charity to cloath his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this, (as calling myself a scholar,) I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs, that study not for themselves. I envy no man, that knows more than myself, but pity them, that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out or condemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference of opinion should divide an affection: for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why

controversies are never determined ; for, though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled,—they do so swell with unnecessary digressions ; and the parenthesis on the *party*, is often as large as the main discourse upon the *subject*."

Sir Th. Browne's *Religio Medici*, Lond. 1736. p. 159.

2. " But are Books the only channel, through which the stream of intellectual usefulness can flow ? Is the diffusion of truth to be estimated by PUBLICATIONS ; or PUBLICATIONS by the truth, which they diffuse, or at least contain ? I speak it in the excusable warmth of a mind stung by an accusation, which has not only been advanced in Reviews of the widest circulation, not only registered in the bulkiest works of periodical literature, but by frequency of repetition has become an admitted fact in private literary circles, and thoughtlessly repeated by too many, who call themselves my friends, and whose own RECOLLECTIONS ought to have suggested a contrary testimony. Would that the criterion of a scholar's utility were the number and moral value of the truths, which he has been the means of throwing into the general circulation ; or the number and value of the minds, whom (*which*) by his CONVERSATION OR LETTERS he has excited into activity, and supplied with the germs of their after-growth ! A distinguished rank might not indeed, even then, be awarded to my exertions ; but I should dare look forward with confidence to an honorable acquittal. I should dare appeal to the numerous and respectable audiences, which at different times and in different places honored my *Lecture-rooms* with their attendance, whether the points of view, from which the subjects treated of were surveyed, whether the grounds of my reasoning were such, as they had heard or read elsewhere, or have since found in previous publications ? I can conscientiously declare that the complete success of the REMORSE on the first night of its representation did not give me as great, or as heart-felt a pleasure, as the observation that the pit and boxes were crowded with faces familiar to me, though of individuals, whose names I did not know, and of whom I knew nothing, but that they had attended one or other of my courses

of *Lectures*. It is an excellent, though perhaps somewhat vulgar proverb, that there are cases, where a man may be as well 'in for a pound as for a penny.' To those, who from ignorance of the serious injury I have received from this rumour of having dreamt away my life to no purpose, — injuries, which I unwillingly remember at all, much less am disposed to record in a sketch of my literary life; or to those, who from their own feelings, or the gratification they derive from thinking contemptuously of others, would, like Job's comforters, attribute these complaints, extorted from me by the sense of wrong, to self-conceit or presumptuous vanity, I have already furnished such ample materials, that I shall gain nothing by withholding the remainder. I will not, therefore, hesitate to ask the consciences of those, who from their long acquaintance with me and with the circumstances, are best qualified to decide or be my judges, whether the restitution of the *SVVM CUIQVE* would increase or detract from my literary reputation? In this exculpation I hope to be understood as speaking of myself comparatively, and in proportion to the claims, which OTHERS are intitled to make on my time or my talents. By what I HAVE effected, am I to be judged by my fellow men; what I COULD have done, is a question for my own conscience. On my own account I may perhaps have had sufficient reason to lament my deficiency in self-control, and the neglect of centering my powers to the realization of some permanent work." *Biographia Literaria, or Biographical Sketches of my (his) Literary Life and Opinions*. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. Lond. 1817. V. 1. p. 218.

Thetford, May 4, 1828.

E. H. BARKER.

P.S. May 12. The Author is fortunately able to add a Letter from Mr. Fearn, which has just reached his hands: —

"London, May 8. Mr. Stewart's book, *The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*, is out. I have run my eye over the pages; and, I believe, I may venture to say, he has not therein attempted any defence of the contradictions, or defence whatever. Upon this my long-past

conjecture continues to strengthen, namely—that some friend may have concealed the *Newspapers* and other such matters from him; and that he is actually not in the least aware of the situation, in which his conflicting assertions have placed him. The solemn voice of Dr. Parr, and the statement of the whole matter in your work, cannot be dealt with in any such way, whether the former have been so or not. I am glad to inform you that Mr. Stewart has, (as I also have myself, and where is the man who would NOT have?) been happy to avail himself publicly, (in a note at the very end of his first Volume p. 414,) of both the intellectual and the MORAL approbation of Dr. Parr, a copy of which note I now enclose. And, since he has thus appealed to CÆSAR, to CÆSAR I consign him. I believe, he little dreams how near he is to his journey's end, toward his chosen tribunal of the 'MIGHTY DEAD.' Or can it be that he can resolve to stalk, with a SERENE ASSUMPTION OF DIGNITY over and off the stage of life, without deigning to show that amenableness or respect to PUBLIC opinion, (setting that of any individual out of the question,) which every man of high feeling must feel dear to him to manifest. I cannot believe that Mr. Stewart will die in this predicament, with his own deliberate knowledge and intention, any more than I can believe the country would suffer any man to do so, in such a case."

Mr. Stewart's note is this:—"The following Note, (which was kindly transmitted to me by Sir James Mackintosh,) contains the opinion of Dr. Parr upon the much controverted point, whether Aristotle was really the author of the Treatise *De Mundo*, commonly printed as part of his *Works*? It was, alas! the last communication I had with that truly learned and excellent person.

'Dec. 10, 1821. I told Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Dugald Stewart, that the book *De Mundo* was not written by Aristotle: and to such illustrious men I ought to state my reasons for an opinion so confidently expressed. In my Aristotle I have marked other *Works*, which I hold to be spurious. I stated before, and I now state again as the ground of my opinion, the total want of resemblance to the style of Aristotle. My sagacious friends will promptly assent, when I tell them, that in the third chapter of the *Liber De Mundo* p. 609, the writer mentions the Islands of Great Britain, quite unknown to the Greeks in Aristotle's time:

'*Ἐν τῷ ᾧκεανῶ νήσοι μέγισταί τε τυγχάνουσιν οὔσαι δύο, Βρεταννικαὶ λεγόμεναι, Ἀλβιον καὶ Ἰέρνη, τῶν προϊστορημένων μελίσους, κ. τ. λ.* I suppose Mr. Stewart and Sir James to have access to Fabricii *Bibliotheca Græca* by Harles. Now in 3, 232—3. there is much learned matter upon this work. The title

‘ is wrong; for it should be, as we learn from Stobæus, a Letter *πρὸ τοῦ Παντός*. Towards the close of the addition by Harles and his friends we have these words:—*M. Garenz, in Disp. de Libri πρὸ Κοσμῶν, qui inter Aristotelis Scripta reperitur, Auctore, Wittebergæ M. Aprilis 1792, 4. illam sententiam, quæ Aristotelem auctorem respicit, probabiliorum animadvertens, primum examinat dissentientium rationes, tum argumenta alia, ab aliis omissa, a Kappio tamen partim addita et expedita, cogit, et contra Petitem et Battasiam tela potissimum dirigit. Denique conspicatur, auctorem Aristotelis nomen libro suo quæstus causa supponisse, qui cum regi Ptolemæo Philadelpho pro Aristotelis libro venderet. Quidquid est, satis evictum esse puto a Kappio et Garenzio, superiorum V. D. vestigiis prementibus, Aristotelem non fuisse libelli parentem.*—J. G. You will find that Harles thinks as I do. In p. 347, you will find among the editions of parts of Aristotle, some account of this book *de Mundo*. Vulcanius says, the arguments of those, who deny the book to be Aristotle’s, are *plumbeæ*. Vulcanius *mire laudat* the version of Apuleius. Now hear what is said p. 232, on this work of Apuleius, and said well. *Quam Apuleius libri sui de Mundo initio non dicat, se versionem libri Græci scribere, sed se satis clare conditorem illius libri profiteatur, hinc credo, Apuleium verum esse illius libri auctorem; Græcum testum esse versionem.* HEUMANN.

‘ I agree with Heumannus; for the matter and the manner suit well the known age of Apuleius. Let me advert to another subject. Mr. Stewart has written wisely and virtuously upon atheism, direct or indirect. I agree with him about Spinoza, and I almost agree with him about Hobbes. But I do earnestly entreat Sir James and Mr. Stewart to bestow great attention to what is said 3, 377—8. of Fabricius. The observations and cautions of Harles should be attended to. I am sure that Sir James and Mr. Stewart will thank me for pointing out these two pages.

S. PARR.’”

In the Second Volume the reader will find a communication, addressed to me by my philosophical friend, Thomas Taylor, Esq., on this subject.

E. H. BARKER.

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

The following observations, extracted from the Letter of a very distinguished Dissenter, and a very excellent man, dated *May 8, 1828*, are highly honourable to Dr. Parr's memory, as well as to the writer himself, and will serve to disabuse the public mind on the subject of Dr. Parr's supposed tendencies to SECTARIANISM and disaffection to the established Church:—"I see in a publication, called the *Imperial Magazine*, an attack on Dr. Parr's orthodoxy, founded on some of his remarks in the Catalogue of his Library, (*Bibl. Parr.*) A note in *Field's Life of Parr* will also open this idle and invidious question. As to the Doctor's sentiments on minute points of controversy, I had never the impertinence to enquire; nor did I ever lay any train to take advantage of his open and kind temper to catch admissions, from which to draw conclusions; but this I know that I never met with a more zealous friend, or a more stout advocate, of the Church of England than he was."

By the side of this extract I would place the following remarks, made, in a Letter dated March 15, 1828, by a very enlightened Minister of the Church of England:—

"What you say of Mr. Field's work is true—the style is somewhat too pompous for easy biography. But I do not think any sensible stranger to Parr's character would rise from the perusal of this First Volume with any misconstruction as to his religious feelings. It is clear that Parr's mind was of too Catholic a cast, and of larger views than, to admit of his being exclusively identified with any particular sect of Christians. He was neither of Apollos, nor of Cephas, and spurned at those petty, artificial distinctions, which keep the world in hot water. With a multitude of high-toned Church-zealots the circumstance of his living in habits of civility and friendship with a dissenting clerical neighbour is enough to fix the mark of the beast upon him; and on the other hand, with violent sectaries, his handsome ecclesiastical endowments will be enough to stamp him a prevaricator and hypocrite. But temperate persons of all denominations will do Dr. Parr the justice of believing him to have been a Christian of enlarged bene-

violence, who could look down on the bickerings of party-spirit, and the squabbles of bigots from the purer heights of religious philosophy — the

Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,

Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre

Errare —

This is the strong and impregnable point in Parr's character, and I must give Mr. Field credit for not in any degree degrading him as one that 'to party gave up what was meant for mankind.' Inaccuracies I think it probable there are, considering how late in Parr's life his acquaintance commenced, and multitudes of interesting particulars, doubtless, may be added to his narration, which, so far as it has yet proceeded, is somewhat meagre in respect of anecdote. There is also a little too much of preciseness and verbiage in giving his estimate of the different contemporaries of Parr. But to one, who reads with a willingness to be pleased, I see nothing offensively narrow-minded, — no ill-natured, symptoms of the *nigra rucous loliginis* in the matter, or of *pus atque venenum* in the manner. Hence for my own part I shall peruse his work, and yours, and that of Dr. Johnstone with an equal readiness to be pleased, and it seems to me that your views are sufficiently separate to afford of your all saying to one another, like Sterne to the fly — 'There is room enough in the world for me and thee.' "

I have in pp. 295 — 314, introduced much matter on the subject of Dr. Parr's opinion about the SACRAMENT which he has declared to coincide with that of Bishop Hoadly, and I would submit to the consideration of Churchmen the following most honourable and most unsuspicious testimony from one of the most virtuous and enlightened men, who have graced the mitre of Canterbury, and dignified the clerical character of England: —

"I see no reason for such a prodigious outcry upon the *Plain Account of the Sacrament* (by Bishop Hoadly.) I really think it a good book, and as to the Sacrament in particular, as orthodox as Archbishop Tillotson. His prayers are very long, but in my poor opinion, some of the best compositions of the sort, that ever I read; and, if I could bring my mind to that steady frame of thinking, with regard to the Deity, that is prescribed by him, I believe I should be so far as happy as my nature is perhaps capable of being.

There is something comfortable in addressing the Deity, as the Father, not the Tyrant, of the Creation." *Letters from the late Most Reverend Dr. Thomas Herring, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, to William Duncombe, Esq., Lond. 1777. 12mo. p. 28.* In another Letter, dated Nov. 5, 1753. p. 133. he uses most memorable words, which cannot be impressed too strongly on the minds of Churchmen: — "Your friend, Dr. Carter, is grievously teased by folks, who call themselves *the orthodox*. I abhor every tendency to the TRINITARIAN CONTROVERSY. The manner, in which it is always managed, is *the disgrace and ruin of Christianity.*"

That Mr. Field, himself a dissenter, and the party, whose sentiments he represents, should endeavour to connect Dr. Parr's name with the Dissenters, is perfectly natural and blameless; but that a high Churchman, like the Reviewer in the *British Critic*, should, on very insufficient evidence, and in spite of very stubborn facts, labour to prove the HETERODOXY of Dr. Parr, is very marvellous. For the established Church has *something* to lose by the secession or dismissal of Dr. Parr, and he is a good and right-minded friend to the Church, who is prepared to shew that Dr. Parr was not in principle, in affection, in habit, in private conversation, in public discussion, or in secret thought a Dissenter, but only a Latitudinarian Divine of the Church, though one of its warmest well-wishers and ablest champions. That the reader may not on so important a subject be left in doubt as to the propriety of any person's remaining in the bosom of the Church, though that person may not wholly approve of its doctrines and discipline, I would entreat his particular attention to the following observations, which have been extracted for me from the *Works* of Archdeacon Blackburne, but I am not able to furnish the exact reference: —

"Had the first founders of particular Churches foreseen, how much their decisions would have perplexed men more diffident than themselves, or, if you please, of capacities less comprehensive than their own, they must have been very wicked to have laid such snares in the way of posterity. I speak of Christian and Protestant founders. But we are taught to believe, and indeed upon probable evidence, that the first framers of our established forms, were pious and humble men, who had the best meanings, as well as the strongest convictions, that the system of theology they com-

posed for public use, was in every respect in perfect conformity with the word of God. We now perceive, however, that they presumed too far on their own abilities and discernment, and the least we ought to do, is so far to retrench their plan, as to release ourselves and our conscientious brethren, from the necessity of declaring assent and consent to points of doctrine, concerning which our reformers could know nothing, any more than we, or nothing more than they could gather from the general doctrines the Spirit of God hath thought fit to communicate in the Scriptures, the common directory of *our* faith, as well as *theirs*.

“ But, as their system continues to be bound upon us by the laws of a civil establishment, and is not likely to be reduced, in the present age, to a more liberal standard of conformity, and is yet adhered to by so large a majority of our fellow-Christians, and has in it so many excellent things, which may be turned to the use of edification, without any especial respect for the abstruse and scholastic doctrines, that are held up as the *shibboleth* of the Church, (which after all allows us to bring them to the test of the Scriptures,) it may be worth the consideration of a serious Minister of the Gospel, how far he may be justified, upon the whole, in leaving his station, where he hath so many fair occasions for being profitable to the people under his care, or exchanging it for another, where the very circumstance of his having a new foundation to lay, must make his success in the practical and more important part of his duty, extremely precarious.

“ A sensible man, who has objections to the forms and ordinances received in the religious society, with which he is in communion, may have reasons of conscience inducing him seriously to deliberate whether he is obliged to separate from it on account of those objections. There have been, both in former and later times, many WISE AND GOOD men, who have thought it a matter of little consequence, to separate from a society professing itself a Christian Church, and adopting the Scriptures, as the only authentic rule of the faith and duty of its members, even though it should have adopted some very exceptionable principles and parties into its established constitution. The sense that one man has of the Church's deviations from her acknowledged rule, would not probably justify him in separating from communion with her ; at the

same time that another man, who considers her deviations in another part of view, may think his separation from her, not only justifiable, but necessary. Both may agree that she does in fact deviate from her rule ; but a question still remains between them, what those deviations are, and how far they make conformity to her ordinances sinful and criminal ?

“ I do not apprehend, that the most zealous defenders of the established Church are so perfectly agreed in the sense of particular Scriptures, as to pronounce with united voice, how far any religious society of Protestants among us, deviates from this capital rule in every instance. We must, therefore, necessarily differ, both with respect to the instances, wherein even our own Church is supposed to deviate, and, with respect to the degree of blame, or if you will of guilt, imputable to the Church for persisting in such deviation.

“ If any man should be so rash, or so void of candour, as to pass an indiscriminate censure upon the conforming Clergy, as if LUCRATIVE PROSPECTS were in general the motives of their entering upon, or continuing in their respective stations, he must be very imperfectly acquainted with the sentiments, the understandings, or the circumstances, of perhaps the most serious and useful part of them. Among these are numbers, who have very different notions concerning human establishments of religion, and particularly concerning the forms and ordinances in our own. They, who have their suspicions, or even a strong persuasion, that many things in them are wrong, and ought to be reformed, may still have substantial reasons for not leaving their station in the Church, and I will venture to name, for *one*, the impossibility of their being in any degree so useful in any other.

“ It seems to be a matter of indifference with these zealous and disinterested censors, who would have every Clergyman to leave the Church, unless he is perfectly convinced that the Church wants no reformation, that many hundreds by such secession might want bread to eat, and raiment to put on. They would probably tell the sufferers, that they are not to look at the temporal consequences of their self-denial, but leave their future provision to Providence. Such suggestions come with great ease from those, who are not to be at the expence of maintaining these outcasts.

But, though that may be none of their concern, it certainly would become their candour and their charity, to point out the provinces, in which these honest separatists might be equally useful, though not so fat and well-liking, as they are in the Church of England.

“It would look invidious to pursue this subject as far as it would lead us. Recrimination is not the way to sow those grains of allowance, (pardon the quibble,) that might bring forth the amiable fruits of mutual forbearance, which all of us want in our turn.

“In the mean time, the fact is, that numbers of our brethren remain in the Church, (whatever their motives may be,) who have very different conceptions, concerning her established doctrines, and the forms, by which the law obliges them to officiate. Concerning these, or at least a majority of them, I am persuaded, they may do much more service in their respective stations, in a hundred instances, where neither the Church nor the State would interfere with them, than they can do harm by their conformity, or than they can do good by separating from the Church.”

P. 79. With what Dr. Parr says about *clerical magistrates*, the reader should compare the remarks of Mr. Brougham:—“On looking, however, at the description of persons, who are put into the commission (of the peace,) I am not at all satisfied that the choice is made with competent discretion; and upon this part of the question I may as well declare at once, that I have very great doubts as to the expediency of making *clergymen magistrates*. This is a course, which, whenever it can be done conveniently, I should certainly be glad to see changed, unless in counties, where there are very few resident lay-proprietors. My opinion is that a *clerical magistrate*, in uniting two very excellent and useful characters, pretty generally spoils both; that the combination produces what the alchemists call a *tertium quid*, with very little indeed of either ingredient, and no little of the bad ones of both, together with new evils superinduced by the commixture. There is the activity of the *magistrate* in an excessive degree,—over-activity is a very high magisterial offence, in my view; and yet most of the *magistrates*, distinguished for over-activity, are *clergymen*: joined to this are found the local hatings and likings, and, generally, somewhat narrow-minded opinions and prejudices, which are apt to at-

teach to the character of the *parish-priest*, one of the most valuable and respectable, if kept pure from political contamination. There are some Lords-lieutenant, I know, who make it a rule never to appoint a *clergyman* to the *magistracy*; and I entirely agree in the policy of that course, because the education and the habits of such gentlemen are seldom of a worldly description, and therefore by no means qualify them to discharge the duties of such an office; but, generally speaking, as the House must be aware, through the country the practice is far otherwise." Mr. Brougham's *Speech on the Present State of the Law*, p. 36.

P. 161. The statement of this writer that the "mode of animadversion," adopted by Cumberland in the pamphlet entitled *Curtius Rescued from the Gulph, or the Retort Courteous to the Rev. Dr. Parr*, "was so offensive to the vanity of our learned divine, that he frequently spoke of it in terms of disgust and indignation, and characterised Mr. Dilly's authors as 'hornets and scorpions,'" is directly opposed to what I have myself heard the Doctor say on this subject — he laughed heartily at the fun of the pamphlet, and it is paying but a very sorry compliment to his good nature, as well as his understanding, to suppose that such a *Retort Courteous* could have given any real annoyance to its object. Mr. Cumberland gives a very honest and amusing account of this production, in the *Memoirs* written by himself, 2, 226.: — "As I have dealt extremely little in anonymous publications, I may as well confess myself in this place the author of a pamphlet entitled *Curtius Rescued from the Gulph*. I conceived that Dr. Parr had hit an unoffending gentleman too hard by launching a huge fragment of Greek at his defenceless head. The subject was started, and the exterminating weapon produced at one of my friend, Dilly's literary dinners; there were several gentlemen present better armed for the encounter than myself, but the lot fell upon me to turn out against Ajax. I made as good a fight as I could, and rummaged my *Indexes* for quotations, which I crammed into my artillery as thick as grape-shot, and in mere sport fired them off against a rock invulnerable as the armour of Achilles. It was very well observed by my friend, Mr. Dilly, upon the profusion of quotations, which some writers affectedly make use of, that he knew a Presbyterian Parson, who for eighteen-pence would fur-

nish any pamphleteer with as many scraps of Greek and Latin, as would pass him off for an accomplished classic."

P. 214. The work entitled *A Catalogue of 500 Celebrated Authors of Great Britain now Living*, Lond. 1788. 8vo. is, in Dr. Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica*, attributed to a person called *Marshall*; but of him Dr. Watt seems to have known nothing. I think that I remember to have seen it attributed to one *Abercrombie*, who is equally unknown to me.

P. 229. With this story of *the wig and the twisted papers* compare the following, communicated to me by another friend in a Letter dated April 12, 1828.:—"Mentioning Parr's good-nature to me, gives perhaps a sort of *à-propos*-ism to the following anecdote. Very many years ago a person, to whom it was an honour to be intimately known, said to me one day:—"When I was a pupil of 'Parr, I was one day struck with the inviting appearance of his wig. I had been an excellent shot with *paper-darts*, and having prepared a sufficient number to keep up a continued fire for some time, I placed them between my forefingers, and lodged them felicitously in the lower part of his hinder wig. I never once missed my aim. No dart fell short of its aim, or fell from its lodgment. I pursued my attacks till Parr had finished with us for the morning, and the Doctor left his room quilled like a porcupine. Proud of my success, and believing him quite unconscious of my having been so insolent to his glorious periwig, I pursued my sport, nothing doubting. But I was quite wrong. My next shot at our next meeting missed the mighty wig, and spent its force against the wall. Parr, without turning his head, or looking in the direction of the assailant, said very quietly:—"My Lord," (here I fail, and must terribly emasculate my anecdote, for I forget even what language his quotation was made in, but it was more than neat,) 'you should have been content with your morning's, (or yesterday's,) laurels.' 'He saw me,' said this gentleman, 'at first; but he knew that my occupation must have amused me beyond expression, and he was, I dare say, as much pleased almost as myself. He participated in my fun.'"

P. 251. On the distinction between *creation* and *formation* Dr. Parr, (*Catalogue of the Valuable and Extensive Library of the late Rev. S. Parr LL.D. Part 1*, p. 15.) has written the following note

in his copy of the *Bibliotheca Græcorum Patrum, Auctarium Novissimum, Cura Combefisii, Paris 1672.* : — “ In p. 215, *de Creatione Mundi* we have the distinction between *making* and *forming*, and the same distinction occurs p. 263. In p. 215, we read : Πνεῦμα γὰρ οὐ τὸ ἅγιον λέγει ἐνταῦθα· οὐ γὰρ τῇ κτίσει συναριθμεῖται τὸ ἄκτιστον ἀλλὰ πνεῦμα καλεῖ τὴν τοῦ ἀέρος κίνησιν. S. P.”

P. 273. In the *London Weekly Review*, Jan. 19, 1828. was inserted a notice of Mr. Dyer's *Academic Unity*, and, as it is called ‘ a second notice,’ there had probably been a notice in the No. of the previous week.

P. 279. I will add a further communication, which I have subsequently received from the same friendly hand : —

“ April 8, 1828. My late brother was a pupil of the Doctor some time before I was : I should rather say a pupil of Mr. Beloe ; for he never was under the Doctor, and probably never stood before his awful presence except on some of those occasions, when the Doctor, having spent his time and the strength of his arm on the higher boys, had little of either left for the juniors, who happened to be summoned before him. Such, however, was the general apprehension, throughout the school, of the master's severity that my brother, being more timid than myself, would sometimes counterfeit indisposition in excuse for absence. After he went to reside in London, he sometimes visited Mr. Beloe, at whose house he had seen Mr. Porson. One or two things I have mentioned from him ; but he knew very little of the Doctor, having, I believe, never seen him since he was a boy.

“ It now comes into my mind that our holidays were very uncertain. One whole day in the week, besides saturday-afternoon, was in our expectation ; but the day was often a secret till we assembled before the school in the morning, when the closed outward door, or a boy with a smiling countenance, announced the joyful tidings. This would often occasion us to stroll into the country, when we might have been employed on our verses or themes at home.

“ (P. 248.) Among the *Works* of Warburton is a piece in two *Parts*, entitled *Remarks on several Occasional Reflections*. The first *Part* is in answer to some of the most distinguished scholars

of the day, Doctors Middleton, Pococke, Grey, the Master of the Charter-House, and others. The second *Part* is in reply to two sturdy polemics, Doctors Stebbing and Sykes; and the quotation,

Arcades ambo

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati,

is the motto to this *Part*; but this is only the humour and wit, with which Warburton abounds: he has much stronger characteristics, and on the other side of the page is a quotation from Horace (*Epode* 6, 1.)

Quid immerentes hospites veras, canis,

Ignavus adversus lupos?

Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,

Et me remorsurum petis?

Nam qualis aut Molossus aut fulvus Lacon,

Amica vis pastoribus,

Agam per altas aure sublata nives,

Quæcunque præcedet fera.

Tu cum timenda voce complesti nemus,

Proiectum odoraris cibum.

Still all is not told. The Bishop was not very discriminating towards his opponents; it was high treason in the Republic of Letters to contradict him, and the best of those, who did so, could only bark. The same offensive passage is also appended to the first *Part* of the above *Remarks*."

P. 299. Read thus, *but which others in all probability may easily explain*: instead of the words, *but which are in all probability capable of an easy reconciliation*.

P. 340. On the introduction of bells into our places of worship the reader will find some curious information in the Rev. W. L. Bowles's recent and very entertaining *Parochial History of Bremhill in the County of Wilts* p. 255. One extract may be appropriately given here in illustration of the matter in the text of the *Parriana*: —

"The bells, to which we are now listening, are so well in tune, that the commonest ear would pronounce them musical. The reason is not generally known, but church-bells have a sensible effect on the ear, according as they are more or less perfectly tuned. Here are six bells, which would be pronounced by every ear a mu-

to produce some fun, and immediately set about to accomplish his purpose. He accordingly one night slyly tied a wisp of hay to the rope, as a bait for the cows in their peregrination to the grazing ground. The scheme succeeded to his wish. One of the cows soon after smelling the hay, as she passed by the church-door, instantly seized on it, and, by tugging at the rope, made the bell ring, to the astonishment of the sexton and the whole parish. This happened several nights successively, and the incident gave rise to various reports, — such as not only that the church was haunted by evil spirits, but that several spectres were seen walking about the church-yard, in all those hideous and frightful shapes, which fear, ignorance, and fancy, usually suggest on such occasions. An event of this kind, however, was to be explored, for the honour of philosophy, as well as for the quiet of the parish. Accordingly the Doctor and the sexton agreed to sit up one night, and, on the first alarm, to run out and drag the culprit to condign punishment. Their plan being arranged, they waited with the utmost impatience for the appointed signal: — at last the bell began to sound its usual alarm, and they both sallied out in the dark, determined on making a discovery. The sexton was the first in the attack. He seized the cow by the tail, and cried out, ‘It was a *gentleman commoner*, as he had him by the tail of his gown;’ while the Doctor, who had caught the cow by the horns, at the same time, immediately replied, ‘No, no, you blockhead, ’tis the *postman*, and here I have hold of the rascal by his blowing-horn.’ Lights however were immediately brought, when the character of the real offender was discovered, and the laugh of the whole town was turned upon the Doctor.” W. Cooke’s *Memoirs of Samuel Foote* 1, 23.

P. 353. On the subject of Dr. White’s *Bampton-Lectures* I will add an interesting communication from a most intelligent friend:— “*March*, 14, 1828. The little, that I know of Gabriel’s dispute with White, I will relate. I was too young to be the depository of much confidential information, and indeed the particulars of the conference at Bath were not communicated to any person. A bond for £500 was given by White to Badcock. The question was for what *services* was this bond given? White maintained that it was for services *promised*, for future contributions to his *Egyptian*

History, for assistance to be furnished. Gabriel was Miss Badcock's friend, and her brother had been Gabriel's assistant at the Octagon-Chapel at Bath. It was maintained on the other hand that the *Lectures* contained a part of the services, for which the bond was given; and this enquiry laid open all the literary connection between White and Badcock. I have not Gabriel's pamphlet. How the services were made out to be equivalent to the sum specified in the bond, I do not know. A conference took place at Bath, at which were present White, and his friend, Philip Smith of New-College, and Dr. Gabriel, and Dr. Falconer. I was desired to copy out a Sermon from Badcock's MS. The Sermon had been preached by Badcock at South-Moulton upon the death of a young person. White omitted the occasional and local topics and allusions, and preached it at Oxford, where it was much admired. I was to write out a copy of this Sermon as fast as I could, and I made some blunders, which constituted *variations*, and on the strength of these *differences* White maintained that it was not the same Sermon, that he preached, and that I had copied! White was not a man to give £500 for anything, in prospect, of a literary kind, indefinite in quantity, and uncertain whether it could be supplied. A person at Oxford, who knew White, says that there never was a greater impostor except *Mahomet himself*! Did White write the *Ægyptiaca* himself? Parr's constant defence of White was that he was a fool for asking for assistance; for he could have written the *Lectures* without it. If Parr had said, or *could* have said, that the man, who wrote the latter Sermons, was a fool for asking for assistance in the former, he would have proved his remark to be just; but the man, who could write the latter Sermons, would have written without assistance the former likewise. Gabriel had assistance in writing his pamphlet, and it was natural that he should lay his MS. before some friend, and no friend so likely to be consulted as Parr. I think Parr's silence on this occasion was most singular, and nothing accounts for it but his previous acquaintance with the contents of Gabriel's pamphlet. I suspect also that Parr knew more of White's proceedings than any other person in England. I believe that Parr wrote the *Inaugural Speech*, except the note, where the Arabic citation appears, which he delivered, when he was made Laudian Professor. The *fifth of November Discourse* was Parr's. The *Sermon on the Consecration of an American Bishop*

was Parr's. Are you reduced to the shift of examining a few private Letters to find out what White's talents were, and what his style? He is not worth the trouble of such an analysis. Do you intend to tell the public how he bilked a class of 70 academics, who had assembled to form a body of students, under his auspices, of the Hebrew language, and expected him to give a course of Lectures? The less you say of this man, the better. Valpy can tell you how he whiled away the hour in cutting a pen, and forming specimens of the letters, and all the trifling of the promise he made and never kept of meeting them again. I can conceive no sin, that he could commit in his *capacity* of Professor, greater than this."

" May 9. I believe that Gabriel had some assistance from Parr in the preparation of his pamphlet, and from no other person, and I am persuaded that he would not have ventured to print anything without Parr's knowledge and privy. I am only surprized that Parr, who liked enquiry, and testimony, and discussion, did not propose to White to settle his dispute by the assistance of friends in private, and to avoid the appeal to the public. Dr. Parr's part in that business I have not the means of understanding and explaining. He thought that he had offended White; for in his pamphlet against Curtis, (*Sequel to a printed Paper* p. 108,) when he enumerates the guests at a dinner-party at a bookseller's in London, he says of White, 'the celebrated Dr. White, whom I have yet the pleasure to call my friend.' I know that Dr. Parr maintained White's ability to write the *Lectures*; but I never heard that he produced any proof of that ability. Did White himself say anywhere but in his title-page, that he wrote any one, any half *Lecture* of the ten *Lectures*? I should think that the Rev. Philip Smith of New-College, but who is beneficed in Shropshire, might furnish, if he would, some curious particulars about White. Parr he disliked very stongly. Indolence alone was not White's failing. Indolence may be overcome by the necessity of exertion. Such necessity occurred in White's case; but he went to Parr to help him to overcome it. I mean when he undertook to preach a *Consecration-Sermon at Lambeth*, which *Sermon* will make one of Parr's collection, not an addition to the *Bampton-Lectures* of White. Surely no man could write those *Lectures*, who had not been excerciaed in writing something of more vigour,

and thought, and research, than eloquent Letters, and for many years; for style is not the acquirement of two or three years' practice. If your copy of the *Bampton-Lectures* of White is marked by White's pamphlet, where the shares are assigned to Parr and Badcock, you will see that Badcock excels Parr in beauty of style, and expression, and harmony of periods. Gabriel was a friend of Dr. Parr; for it was at his house in Bath, when Dr. Parr was upon a visit to him, that my father first became acquainted with Dr. Parr, and Dr. Parr had a very sufficient opportunity of measuring my father's powers of resistance, and of observing his disposition and temper in a very angry debate, on Dr. Parr's part, on the *first* Regency, when he expected the completion of all his sanguine hopes."

P. 356. The remark of the writer that Dr. Parr had a great dislike to the orthodox toast of '*Church and King*,' '*the King and his Friends*' etc., is fully confirmed by the following extract from Mr. Field's *Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Parr* p. 309. :—

"It happened, at this period, that, dining in a public company, Dr. Parr was called upon to drink *Church and King*, — the watch-word of a party, and the reigning toast of the times. At first he resolutely declined. But the obligation of compliance being urgently pressed upon him, — rising at length with firmness and dignity, — with a manner of impressive solemnity, and with a voice of powerful energy, he spoke thus — 'I am compelled to drink the toast given from the chair; but I shall do so with my own comment. Well, then, gentlemen, *Church and King*. Once it was the toast of Jacobites; now it is the toast of incendiaries. It means a *Church* without the *Gospel*; and a *King* above the *Law*!' The wit of this cutting reproof may claim to be admired; but the manly and noble spirit, which dared, at this season of popular fury and frenzy, to espouse the cause of the persecuted, and to rebuke the insolent triumph of the mad persecutors, demands to be gratefully and fervently applauded."

Mr. Field has overlooked Dr. Parr's allusion to this circumstance in a note to the *Sequel to a Printed Paper*, p. 196, edn. 2. :—
 "On the day of the riots, I dined with the President and Fellows of Magdalen-College, Oxford, and sure I am that the kingdom cannot furnish a body of men more sincerely attached to our civil and ecclesiastical constitution. I do not, however, suppose that they

would have joined in the savage yell of *Church and King*, id est, a *Church* WITHOUT Christianity, and a *King* ABOVE law. Such a Church and such a King, however popular among rioters and the abettors of riot, are unknown among learned academies, who understand what they approve, who reverence public regulations for their public utility, and who, in defending the privileges of their governors, would be ashamed to invade the rights of their fellow citizens."

P. 359. Read: (*An Essay*—— p. 129.)

P. 405. Let the reader contrast Dr. Parr's testimony to the intellectual and the moral merits of Dr. Routh with the recent testimony of Sir Francis Burdett, in which the worthy Baronet also intimates his feelings at the NON-PROMOTION of this excellent person:—"It has been my lot to find some of my earliest and most valued friends amongst the Ministers of the Established Church; and now that I have touched upon this topic, I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of boasting of my friendship with a distinguished ornament of the Establishment,—an individual, who, however he may be hid in retirement, can never be concealed in obscurity,—a man adorned with the greatest talents and the highest virtues,—and never was strong ability and deep learning accompanied by more perfect candour and sincerity in the investigation of truth, than in the case of the esteemed person, to whom I have alluded, and whom I shall now take the liberty to name,—his name being indeed his best panegyric,—I mean DR. ROUTH, the Head of Magdalen-College, Oxford. I know not, Sir, whether my mention of his name in this public manner may not be offensive to this distinguished and respected ornament of his sacred profession." *Sir Francis Burdett*, in the Debate on the Roman Catholics, *Courier*, May 9, 1828.

P. 409. There is yet one other publication respecting W. H. Ireland's *Shakespeare-Forgeries*, which should have been noticed. "Amongst other gentlemen, who came to view the MSS., were Dr. P—r, and Dr. W—n. I was in my father's study at the time they passed the highest encomiums on the style of the papers in general; and I particularly well remember, after having heard read the *Profession of Faith*, one of them used the following words to my father:—'Mr. Ireland, we have very fine things in our Church-service, and our *Litany* abounds with beauties; but here is a man,

'has distanced us all.' I scarce could refrain from laughter on hearing such praises lavished on myself, particularly on a composition not even studied, when wrote. I was, however, struck with astonishment at having attracted the applause of two such learned men; — then I first began to think I had any abilities." W. H. Ireland's *Authentic Account of the Shakesperian MSS. etc.* 1796. 8. p. 16.

In an article on the *Bibliotheca Parriana*, extracted from the *Sun Newspaper*, which I have cited in p. 540, the writer states that Dr. Parr worshipped on his knees the *Shakespeare-Forgeries*, when the truth is that that extravagant act of adoration was, according to the *Confessions* of W. H. Ireland himself, (quoted by me in p. 411,) performed by James Boswell.

P. 439. The Rev. Henry Meen was Fellow of Emmanuel College, and Minor Canon of St. Paul's; and according to the testimony of my worthy friend, the Rev. D. Roderick, finished Fawkes's posthumous *Translation of the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius*, (which was published in 1780, 8vo. by Mr. Green of Emmanuel College.) He was a man of great simplicity. Parr had, it seems, occasionally met him. "Some years ago," says Mr. Roderick in a *Letter* to me dated *March 23, 1828*. "Meen being in company with Dr. Parr in London, told him that he had a design to undertake an edition of Lycophron. Parr advised him by all means to set about it; 'for,' said he, 'many books have been very well 'edited by men, who were no scholars.' " A punning friend, on hearing this, remarked that it must necessarily have been 'a MEAN edition.' Meen, however, was not deterred by this sarcasm from pursuing his object; and, though he never completed an edition of Lycophro, yet he in 1800, did publish in 8vo. a pamphlet entitled *Remarks on the Cassandra of Lycophron*; they were "originally published in the *European Magazine*, and afterwards reprinted in a distinct form," says Dr. Watt *Bibl. Brit.*, who also assigns to the pen of Mr. Meen a work published under this title — *Succisivæ Operæ, or Selections from Ancient Writers, Sacred and Profane, with Translations and Notes*, Lond. 1815. 8vo.

P. 442. In a *Letter* from the same intelligent friend, dated *April 23, 1828*. occur these words: —

"Referring again to your *Letter*, Mr. Leman was not related to the Bishop of Cloyne; but they were very great friends for many

years, and explored the Roman roads together. Mr. Leman was Chancellor of Cloyne. Did I give you Mr. Leman's motto right? *Volens, semperque juvare paratus.*"

In an elegant Oration by Mr. Hunter, entitled *The Connection of Bath with the Literature and Science of England*; read before the *Literary and Philosophical Association*, Nov. 6, 1826. Mr. Leman is thus mentioned p. 18:—"And last, only because he was the last, who ceased to pour upon the world of the lights of his antiquarian and historical knowledge, must be named that careful investigator of one very important branch of our national antiquities, the early roads and other earth-works, which are scattered in such abundance over the surface of this island, the Rev. Mr. Leman, a founder and original Trustee of this institution, and who has marked his sense of its usefulness and permanency by making its library the depository of many volumes of *Genealogical Collections* in his own neat and beautiful hand, and many scattered, but precious notices of various English antiquities. Few are the works in English topography, that have appeared in his time, that have not owed something to the assistance, ever so kindly rendered, of Mr. Leman.

P. 494. See p. 549. I had overlooked the following note on *Hampton's Polybius*, which is decisive as to the opinion of Dr. Parr:—

"Polybius, translated by Mr. Hampton, 4 vol. 1761. 8. 'The gift of my illustrious friend, James Mackintosh, Nov. 26, 1794. I was very little acquainted with the merits of this work till they were pointed out by Jebb. The *Preface* was certainly revised and improved by Johnson'. S. P." *Bibliotheca Parriana* p. 226.

P. 508. The word *ἐνν* should, I suppose, be *ἐννῇ*, *inerat*.

* * If any mistakes should be discovered by the reader, and communicated to the Author, publicly or privately, with any additional matter, respecting any facts, circumstances, or individuals referred to in this work, the AUTHOR will, in the *Second Volume*, be happy to avail himself of the information from whatever quarter it may proceed.

He has not had leisure to examine the Volume carefully for the purpose of noting down errors of the press; but he hopes and believes that none of any importance will be found.

May 26, 1828.

PARRIANA:
OR NOTICES
OF THE
REV. SAMUEL PARR, LL.D.

I.

In this collection the following biographical article, from its well-known authenticity, is entitled to the first place. It is extracted from the *European Magazine and London Review* for Aug. Sept. and Oct. 1809.

Memoirs of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.

DR. PARR was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, January 15th, O. S. 1747. He was the son of Ann Parr, the daughter of Elizabeth Bates, of Stamford, Lincolnshire, and Leonard Mignart, who was descended from a French refugee family, was related to Mignart the painter, of whom some account is given by Lord Orford, and practised as an apothecary at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

The doctor's father was Samuel Parr, the third and youngest son of the Rev. Mr. Parr, vicar of

Hinckley, and Stoke, Leicestershire, and of Dorothy Brokesby, a daughter of the Rev. Francis Brokesby, who was once a member of Trinity College, Cambridge ; who was afterwards Rector of Rowley, Yorkshire ; who communicated to Mr. Ray, when preparing the second edition of his Collection of English Proverbs, a very large catalogue, and some very ingenious interpretations of old words used in the north of England ; who in 1715. published the Life of the celebrated Henry Dodwell ; and is said to have been, like several of Mr. Dodwell's friends, a very conscientious and inflexible non-juror.

Robert Parr, the doctor's great uncle, who lived at Hinckley, but had preferment in Warwickshire, was an excellent Greek scholar, and a most orthodox divine. The same praise is due to the doctor's uncle, Mr. Robert Parr. This gentleman stood high in the esteem of Dr. Snape, once Master of Eton, and afterwards Provost of King's College, Cambridge ; was himself a Fellow of that society, and was presented by it to the rectories of Horstead and Coltishall, in Norfolk, where his literary attainments, unblemished integrity, and unfeigned piety, will be long remembered.

The doctor's father succeeded Leonard Mignart, as a surgeon and apothecary at Harrow, and died there January 23, 1766. having lost his

first and justly beloved wife, Ann, by death, November 5, 1762. Mr. Parr was distinguished by great professional knowledge, by strong common sense, by a correct taste in the English and Latin languages, by fidelity and activity in his business, by the rectitude of his principles, by a manly and dignified independence of spirit, and by a noble disregard to the accumulation of wealth. As the doctor himself is well known in the world by a steady and disinterested adherence to the tenets of whiggism, it may be proper to remark, that his family, in all its various branches, and for several successive generations, were firmly attached to toryism, in church and state. Through the changes of public affairs, their political tenets have always been unfavourable to their personal interests; and from a laudable inflexibility of spirit, those interests have never deterred them from the avowal of their respective tenets. The grandfather, Brokesby, resigned the living of Rowley; the uncle Robert Parr could not accomplish his wishes of being elected to a fellowship of Eton; and the doctor is not unlikely to remain a country-clergyman.

The doctor, from his infancy, gave manifest indications of his thirst for knowledge, and of his ability to acquire it. At Easter 1752. he was admitted on the foundation of the free school raised and endowed by John Lyon, at Harrow.

He passed through the different classes with great approbation from his teachers, and became the head-boy January 1761, when he had not completed his fourteenth year. He always speaks with filial regard and thankfulness of the kind treatment he received from the Rev. Dr. Thackeray, who resigned the mastership in the summer of 1760, and died in the succeeding autumn.

While Dr. Parr was a boy, he formed a close and lasting friendship with his schoolfellows, the celebrated Sir William Jones, and the learned Dr. Bennet, now Bishop of Cloyne. The literary curiosity of the three boys extended far beyond the regular business of the school, and influenced their harmless, and even useful amusements. They assumed the office of sovereigns ; they took ancient names ; and, with little regard to chronology or geography, they selected their dominions from the neighbouring fields. Thus Jones was called Euryalus, King of Arcadia ; Bennet, Nisus, King of Argos ; Parr, Leander, Prince of Abydos and Sestos ; and it is probable that these places, and these names, were suggested to the minds of the young men by forcible impressions made upon them, while their imaginations were active, and before their judgment was mature. In those fields, which they visited while other boys were intent upon different amusements, they were often engaged in

intellectual competition. They acquired the art of logic, and disputed in syllogism, sometimes upon subjects of natural history, and sometimes upon metaphysical questions, which were suggested to them by Dacier's Translation of Plato's Dialogues. They displayed their oratory, such as it was, in lively debates, upon the interests of their ideal kingdoms, and triumphant descriptions of their success in trials of skill and strength with some of their brave and sturdy schoolfellows. The doctor and Sir William Jones wrote tragedies upon some of the stories, by which they had been interested in the course of their reading. They had a custom of attempting to imitate any English writer, by whose excellencies of style they had been powerfully impressed; and the doctor is known to speak with rapture of his endeavours to rival Sir William Jones in the short and abrupt sentences of Phalaris's Epistles, and Bennet in the gaudy and captivating diction of Harvey's Meditations. While they excelled in the ordinary exercises of the school in the learned languages, they improved their English style by a diligent perusal of Addison, Johnson, and other elegant authors, whose comparative merits they discussed in conversation, and whose peculiar forms of writing they selected, as models for imitation, according to their different judgments. To these early and singular operations of their

understandings may, in a great degree, be ascribed the eminence, which they have since reached in the republic of letters. But for the regularity and the rapidity of their progress in classical learning, they were yet more indebted to the instruction of Dr. Robert Sumner, who in 1760. became the successor of Dr. Thackeray, and whose character is beautifully described by Sir William Jones, in his Preface to the Commentaries upon Asiatic Poetry. It was the happier lot of Sir William Jones and Bishop Bennet to remain for several years under the care of Dr. Sumner. Dr. Parr enjoyed this advantage only from the summer of 1760. to the spring of 1761, when he was removed from school, and employed in the business of his father. But the progress which he made in the writings of antiquity, and the habits which he had formed for the cultivation of his mind, enabled him to continue his studies with unwearied industry, and with increasing effect. In the midst of the duties, which were imposed upon him by his father, he read the best authors in Greek and Latin. He applied himself most earnestly to those philological inquiries, which have since occupied so large a portion of his time. He indulged the fondness, which he had felt very early for metaphysical investigation. He frequently wrote upon classical subjects, both in verse and prose. He improved his talent for

English composition by two series of moral essays, in which his style was gradually formed into that resemblance, which it has since preserved, to the energy of Johnson's language, and the harmony of his periods.

Observing the ardour of his son's spirit, and the vigour of his understanding, the father, after instructing him in the elementary parts of medicine, sometimes meant to place him in the shop of Mr. Trusdale, in London, where his experience would be more extensive ; and sometimes he permitted the young man to indulge the expectation of prosecuting his studies upon a more enlarged scale in one of the Scotch universities. But the doctor was never reconciled to any class of the medical profession, and obtained leave from his father to enter at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in the summer of 1765. The doctor began his academical residence in the autumn of that year, and had the good fortune to be placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, and the Rev. Mr. Farmer, for both of whom, as men of letters and men of virtue, he entertained the most profound respect. During his continuance at Cambridge, his spirits were lively, and his temper was social ; but his companions were few ; his pleasures were innocent. His application was incessant ; and his obedience to the established discipline of his college was most exemplary. The

force of his mind was chiefly directed to classical and philological reading; yet he at the same time had formed the most serious determination to prepare himself for his degree; and he secretly aspired to a high class in those academical honours, which are bestowed upon great proficiency in mathematical knowledge. But these prospects, which delighted his ambition and animated his diligence, were of short duration. The fortune bequeathed to him by his father was very scanty; the college, in which he was placed, afforded him no chance of a fellowship. His abilities and his worth had recommended him to the notice of Dr. Sumner; at whose pressing solicitation he, in January 1767. accepted the office of first assistant in Harrow school. His habitual prudence and his invincible firmness enabled him to overcome all the disadvantages of his youth. The toils, which he underwent in performing the public business of the school, and in communicating instruction to private pupils, neither impaired his health nor obstructed his studies. By night and by day he was intent upon the improvement of his own mind. He extended his researches in classical authors, in the writings of commentators and critics, both ancient and modern, and in the most celebrated works of metaphysicians and theologians. In Dr. Sumner, he found a wise counsellor, a zealous protector, and a most faithful and

affectionate friend. When, with the highest credit to himself, and the greatest satisfaction to his employers, Mr. Parr had nearly for five years sustained the office of an assistant, Dr. Sumner, in the autumn of 1771, was carried off by an apoplexy. Mr. Parr was a candidate for the head-mastership, and his youth was pleaded by the governors as a reason for rejecting his pretensions. The boys, whom he had instructed with so much activity, and governed with so much wisdom, were anxious for his success; and when the election fell upon the learned Mr. Benjamin Heath, the young gentlemen endeavoured to avenge the cause of their favourite master by overt acts of violent rebellion. Mr. Parr instantly resigned his assistantship. He opened a school at Stanmore on the 14th of October 1771; he carried with him about forty boys from Harrow. He, without submitting to the degrading toil of reiterated solicitation, obtained from Dr. Terrick, the then Bishop of London, a licence, which had been at first refused to him with peculiar circumstances of contumely and unkindness; and he finally triumphed over the calumnies of those persons, who had basely represented him as an encourager of the disturbance. It is difficult to describe the anguish of his honest and ingenuous mind, when he had been thus forcibly driven from the place, in which he had drawn his first

breath, in which he had received his earliest education, in which he had formed the most endearing connections, and in which he had faithfully discharged the most important duties.

In November 1771. Mr. Parr married Miss Jane Marsingale, a lady maternally descended from the ancient family of the Maulevelers, in Yorkshire, and much admired for the soundness of her judgment and the keenness of her penetration. While the doctor continued at Stanmore, the number of his scholars never exceeded sixty, and the profits of his severe labours were exhausted by the heavy debts, which he was compelled to contract in the purchase of a house and furniture, and in making proper accommodation for the reception of his scholars. But his spirits were not broken down, either by former disappointment or by former distresses. He taught the young men committed to his care with his usual earnestness and usual ability; and it deserves to be remembered, that, in the presence of Sir William Jones, Mr. Bennet Langton, and other well-known scholars, they performed the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and the *Trachinians* of Sophocles. The choruses were omitted; but the dialogue was spoken in the most judicious and impressive manner by the different performers. The scenes were furnished by Mr. Foote; the dresses by Mr. Garrick; and some particular

robes, which the doctor's erudition pointed out to him as necessary for the representation of a Greek play, were prepared, under his directions, by his own family. The doctor has often expressed a wish that similar experiments were made in our public seminaries, where detached and select speeches from the best writers are now delivered. His scholars, as he observed, with greater ease conquered the difficulties, of which young men complain, when their minds are first turned towards the dramatic writings of antiquity. Their attention to Greek phraseology and Greek metre was invigorated; their views of the plans and characters in the Greek drama became more correct and enlarged; and their recitation in dialogue was found to be very efficacious in quickening their sensibility, strengthening their memory, and refining their taste.

Oppressed by the prevalence of the old and extensive interests, which supported the neighbouring school at Harrow, and desirous to procure some settled situation, Mr. Parr, in 1776. accepted the mastership of Colchester school, which had become vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Smythies. He went thither in the spring of 1777. He repaired the school-house; he took a neighbouring house for the reception of scholars; and though the success of his endeavours to establish a flourishing seminary was

very inconsiderable, he always looked back with pleasure to that period of his life, in which he had an opportunity to cultivate the friendship of the Rev. Thomas Twining and the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Forster. The society of Mr. Twining was exquisitely agreeable to the doctor, from the simplicity of his manners, from the exactness of his taste, from the elegance of his wit, and from those abundant stores of classical learning, the fruits of which are well known to scholars, in a translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which is equally distinguished by correctness and perspicuity, and in the notes to that work, where consummate judgment is united with various and recondite erudition. The conversation of Dr. Forster was peculiarly interesting to Dr. Parr, from his deep and clear views upon metaphysical and political subjects; nor was their harmony for one moment disturbed by difference of opinion, upon the grounds of the American war, and the measures of Lord North's administration. Each respected the talents, and each confided in the candour of the other.

In the summer of 1778, the head-mastership of Norwich school became vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Lemon, author of an Etymological Dictionary. As Mr. Parr was not without agreeable connections in Norfolk, and was most affectionately attached to his cousin

Mr. Robert Parr, who resided in Norwich, he became a candidate for the free school in that city, was elected in the autumn of 1778, and removed thither in January 1779. He introduced many useful improvements in the instruction and government of that school, and remained there till Michaelmas 1785, when he resigned his office. The frequent change of situation, the expense of successive removals, the contracted plan upon which he was doomed to act, and an habitual disregard to pecuniary concerns, made it impossible for the doctor to accumulate any large savings from his meritorious labours. The mingled love and fear with which he inspired his scholars; the attention which he paid to their intellectual and moral improvement; the friendships which he contracted with many of them; and the numerous instances of respect and gratitude which he experienced from them, were a recompense most ample to his enlarged and generous mind. He has often declared, that upon his intentions and exertions as a teacher and governor of youth, he must to the latest hour in his life look back with the purest satisfaction. He professed himself an advocate for the old and salutary discipline of our public schools. He resisted all the specious arguments, which are employed in vindicating those refinements, which the partiality of parents, the ingenuity of experiment-

alists, and the growing luxury of the age, have introduced into the education of our youth. He stoutly appealed to his own personal experience, and to the established practice of our most celebrated seminaries, in favour of those rules, which for many ages have produced the best scholars, the finest writers, the most useful members of society in private life, and the most distinguished characters in public. Though strict in enforcing the laws, which appeared to him necessary for awakening attention in the indolent, and animating perseverance in the ingenious, he was always liberal of praise, and always anxious to rescue those, who were placed under his care, from all serious consequences of their juvenile indiscretion. He secretly respected the judgment, which young men might be disposed to form of his talents, principles, and temper. He encouraged in them the noblest sentiments of honour, and an unshaken regard to truth. He took in a wide, but accurate, view of the causes, by which their future conduct was to be regulated, and their future happiness promoted. He was not only a learned instructor, but a faithful adviser, and a steady friend.

Such were the opinions and such the measures of Dr. Parr, in that humble path of life, in which he was doomed to tread, while the companions of his youth were pushing forward with distin-

guished, but merited success in that wider field, which was open to them for the display of their great talents, and the gratification of their honourable ambition. The doctor, it must be remembered, was always eager to do justice to the merit of contemporary teachers; and he conceived that their qualifications in the present age were sufficient to support the credit of classical learning, and, by the diffusion of it, to correct the mischiefs, which sometimes arise from that superficial and desultory reading, which is now become fashionable, under the imposing name of general knowledge. He praised the proficiency made in the Greek language by the scholars of Dr. Raine, at the Charter-House. He thought that in composition Etonians were distinguished by correctness, and Wykehamists by elegance; and he with marked approbation would expatiate upon the Winchester-practice, which directs boys frequently to recite very large portions of Greek and Latin verses. He maintained that inquisitive and ingenious boys, after repeating passages, which they have not regularly learnt, would be anxious to understand what they had read, would remember with ease what, of their own accord, and by their own efforts, they had understood; and that by this process they laid up for themselves a copious and varied supply of poetical imagery and poetical expression. He suspected that the minds of

very young boys were seldom improved by writing or reading epigrams ; and he contended, that the Psalms and scriptural history were unfit to be translated by beginners, while their stock of Latin words was very small, and while the mechanical structure of hexameters and pentameters was not very familiar to their ears. But the chief defects, which he imputed to our public seminaries, were that sufficient portions of Latin prose, especially in Cicero and Cæsar, were not read ; that too little time was bestowed upon prose-composition in that language ; and that boys were called upon to invent, before materials for invention could have been collected.

Having been in his boyhood the pupil, and afterwards the occasional companion of Dr. Parr, the writer of this article can vouch for the accuracy of the foregoing statement. He supposes that readers, who reflect upon the importance of education, will have some curiosity to know the sentiments of a man, who, like Dr. Parr, added long experience to great sagacity, and who, in the general turn of his mind, was solicitous to correct, rather than to abolish, the institutions of civilized life.

I shall hereafter state such particulars as will enable the reader to form a just estimate of the doctor's character as an ecclesiastic and a writer.

As the academical studies of Dr. Parr had been

interrupted by his acceptance of the head-assistantship in Harrow School, 1767, he, of course, could not proceed regularly to the degree of A.B. He kept, however, his name upon the books of Emmanuel College, and he intended to perform his exercises for a bachelorship in divinity, which, according to the customs of the University, was granted to non-resident members, who had been in holy orders for ten years. But, in 1771, when he became a candidate for the mastership at Harrow, he found it necessary to have the degree of A.M. as required by the will of the founder; he therefore applied to the Duke of Grafton, chancellor of Cambridge, who, with the greatest kindness, recommended him to the heads of colleges. They afterwards put their names to the proper papers; the royal signature was obtained for a mandate; and in the winter of 1771, the doctor was made a master of arts. Supposing that a doctor's degree would be creditable to him, as a teacher, and wishing to get it by the earliest opportunity, he, in opposition to the advice of his much-respected tutor, Mr. Hubbard, went over to the law-line. Hence in proceeding to the degree of doctor, he, for the first time, brought his erudition and his talents within the view of the university. The subject of a thesis which he delivered July 6, 1781. was this — *Hæres ex delicto defuncti non tenetur* : and

on the succeeding Friday he read another thesis upon the following subject—*Jus interpretandi leges privatis, perinde ac principi, constat*. The schools were unusually crowded for both days : and when the disputation began, the doctor shewed, that his long absence from the university had not lessened his talent for promptness of reply, and subtlety of distinction in the logical forms of academical exercise. But the attention of his hearers was chiefly excited by the variety, and, in some instances, the novelty, of the arguments, which he adduced in his theses, by the copiousness of his diction, by the harmony of his sentences, and by his extensive knowledge of those historical facts and legal principles, which were connected with his questions. In the first of his theses he paid many splendid compliments to the memory of Mr. Charles Yorke ; opposed the doctrines, which that celebrated man had defended in his book upon the Law of Forfeiture ; and resisted the authority of every passage quoted by Mr. Yorke from the correspondence between Cicero and Brutus, on the ground, that the correspondence itself is not genuine. The mind of the doctor had been previously impressed by the reasoning of Mr. Markland, with whom he sided against the learned Gesner. Dr. Hallifax, then professor of law, was delighted with the unusual elegance of the composition de-

livered by Dr. Parr in the law-schools ; and at the close of what is called the professor's determination, earnestly entreated the doctor to commit them to the press. With this request the doctor, for some unknown reasons, did not comply ; but was content to complete his degree at the commencement of 1781.

As public curiosity takes more or less interest in all the events of such a man's life, I shall now proceed to give some account of him as an ecclesiastic. At Christmas 1769. he was ordained deacon by Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London, upon the curacies of Willsden and Kingsbury, in Middlesex, to which he had a title from the incumbent, the Rev. Moses Wight. The difficulty of serving them, while he was assistant at Harrow, from which they were distant nearly six miles, induced him to resign them at Easter 1770. Afterwards, when he went to Colchester 1777, he, at the request of his friend Dr. Forster, entered upon the curacies of the Hythe and Trinity Church, in that town, and was ordained priest by Bishop Lowth, in the summer of 1777. Here it may be worth while to remark, that, at Colchester, he generally preached extempore. He had begun to do so, while he was a curate in Middlesex ; and at a later period, the writer of this article has often had occasion to admire the fluency, correctness, and energy of his eloquence, in these extemporaneous effusions.

Much, doubtless, is to be ascribed to the natural force of his understanding, to the variety and extent of his researches, to the earnestness of his mind upon every subject, on which it was employed, and to the habit of communicating oral instruction, as a teacher of youth. But in answer to the inquiry of his friends, the doctor, I have been told, has sometimes declared, that for the quick succession, and even methodical arrangement of his ideas, and his words, he thinks himself much indebted to the early practice of making speeches on the various topics, which interested him, when, as a school-boy, he had to contend with such rivals as Sir William Jones and Bishop Bennet.

Soon after his removal to Norwich, he was curate to the Rev. William Tapps, and served the churches of St. George Colgate and St. Saviour. Here he preached some well-written discourses ; of which it has been said, that they were now and then above the level of the apprehension of his hearers. But he frequently addressed them without preparation, and was accustomed to select for illustration some difficult passage, or some striking event, in the Lessons or the Gospel, or the Epistle of the day. Finding the labour of these curacies too severe for a mind, which was daily employed in the duties of a school and in private studies, he did not hold them more than a twelvemonth.

In the spring of 1780. he was presented by Jane Lady Trafford to the rectory of Asterby, in Lincolnshire ; and this first preferment was bestowed upon him, in consequence of his attention to her only son, Mr. Sigismond Trafford, with whom his friendship is known to continue to this day. In 1783. the same patroness gave him the perpetual curacy of Hatton, in Warwickshire. He resigned Asterby, which Dr. Thurlow, Bishop of Lincoln, had advised him to resume ; and he persuaded Lady Trafford to confer the living upon his curate, the Rev. Mr. Fowler, of Horncastle, who had no other preferment, and who, having kept Asterby till the lease upon an enclosure expired, has since found it far more valuable to himself than it had been to his predecessor. From Asterby, the doctor, as I have heard, after paying all necessary expenses, never cleared more than thirty-six pounds per annum ; and even from the perpetual curacy of Hatton, while he held it, the yearly profits fell short of one hundred pounds.

Early in 1783. the doctor was presented to the prebend of Wenlock Barnes, in St. Paul's Cathedral, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Wickins ; and for this prebend he had been recommended to Bishop Lowth by the late Earl of Dartmouth, several of whose sons had been educated by the doctor. For nearly twenty-

one years, the reserved rent for Wenlock Barnes was less than twenty pounds. But the doctor seeing little probability of his own promotion in the church, did not grant any new lease ; and therefore, by living to 1804, he became entitled to the whole profits of the prebendal estate, which, after several expensive surveys, was let upon new leases, at an improved rent.

The doctor, who had begun to reside at Hatton about Easter 1786, exchanged, in 1791, his perpetual curacy there for the rectory of Waddenhoe, Northamptonshire, and stipulated for his continuance at Hatton, and the undisturbed exercise of his ministerial functions, with his successor, the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bridges. In 1801, the late Lord Chedworth offered Dr. Parr the vicarage of Winterborne-Stoke, in Wilts. The doctor declined taking it as untenable with Waddenhoe, but prevailed upon his honoured friend to bestow Winterbourne upon a friend, whose face Lord Chedworth had never seen, but in whose situation he became interested, upon hearing from the doctor that the person recommended by him had reached his fiftieth year without any preferment in the church ; that he was burthened with a large family ; that his moral character was quite irreproachable ; and that to sterling sense he united a very laudable share of useful knowledge. In 1802. Sir Francis Burdett, with

whom the doctor had scarcely any connexion, either personal or political, was pleased to present him to the rectory of Graffham, in Huntingdonshire. This unexpected and unsolicited patronage does very high honour to the discernment and generosity of Sir Francis. Mr. Coke, of Holkham, Norfolk, in the summer of 1803, spontaneously offered the doctor the living of Buckingham, the value of which far exceeded the separate profits of Waddenhoe or Graffham, and the tenure of which required the resignation only of one of his livings. But as residence was necessary in a large town, as the parsonage was in a ruinous state, as no room was left for building a new one with any convenience, and as the doctor had formed many agreeable connexions in Warwickshire, he, in terms of the most ardent and sincere gratitude, acknowledged the kindness of Mr. Coke, and at the same time assigned his reasons for not accepting the preferment, which that highly-distinguished gentleman wished to bestow upon him.

During the contest about the regency, several pieces of preferment were assigned to the doctor by public rumour. But I have been credibly informed, that no direct negociation ever passed between the doctor and his friends, who were then expected to come into power; that the doctor himself derided the notion of being ap-

pointed to the mastership of Trinity College, which abounded, as he affirmed again and again with men eminently qualified to fill that high office ; that the bishoprick of Bristol, which, upon a change of ministers, might have become vacant by the promotion of Dr. Wilson, was designed for Dr Chevalier, then master of St. John's College, Cambridge ; and that there was a remote probability of Dr. Parr's being advanced to the residentiaryship of St. Paul's. The doctor has been heard to remark, that before this time he did not fully understand the firmness of his own mind ; that, from motives of delicacy, he disdained to trouble his political friends with any request ; that he would thankfully have accepted such preferment as it might have been convenient or agreeable for them to bestow upon him ; and, that his disappointment, in the first chance he ever had of an ecclesiastical dignity, did not, for one moment, give him the slightest uneasiness.

It is generally supposed, that, if Mr. Fox had lived, the doctor would have been raised to some great situation in the church ; and it has been rumoured, that after the death of Mr. Fox, an excellent person, who well knew the respect of that great statesman for Dr. Parr's abilities and virtues, recommended the doctor to the minister. The immediate answer given to that recommendation is unknown, I have heard, to the

doctor himself; and the subsequent overthrow of the administration put an end to expectations, which were of very short continuance, and which, in all probability, had not taken any strong hold upon the mind of the doctor. In every part of life, he had abstained even from those honourable measures, which are usually employed for acquiring dignities in the church, and, reposing on the consciousness of his own unshaken firmness and unsullied honour, he, in a spirit of calm and dignified content, is now enjoying those comforts, which had for many years been denied to him, and which have at last been abundantly supplied to him by two rectories, the prebend of Wenlock Barnes, and a few other inconsiderable resources.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that, upon coming to Hatton, the doctor derived his chief support through every passing day from the care of private pupils, and that he continued this useful, but laborious practice for the space of fourteen years; when the influence of political animosities roused his indignation, and determined him to give up the advantages of an employment, for which he had been most insultingly proclaimed unfit, in consequence of his undisguised adherence to the opinions of Mr. Fox.

That the doctor should not have reached any high station in the church, will not appear sur-

prising to persons, who are acquainted with those political tenets, which he disdained to dissemble, or those political connexions, which he never deserted. But it is somewhat remarkable, that a man, whose learning, sense, probity, and benevolence, are respected by his acquaintance, and acknowledged even by his enemies, should have been doomed to inaction in those concerns of private life, which seem to have little or no relation to his sentiments upon politics. By his clerical superiors he has never been called upon to preach at a visitation ; nor has he been permitted to be useful to his neighbourhood, in the capacity of a country-magistrate. It were to be wished, however, that party-animosity had been satisfied with these and similar instances of studied neglect. No man of sense expects preferment from the members of an administration, which he has avowedly opposed ; and a man of spirit would feel himself debased by asking, or perhaps accepting it, under such circumstances. But political enmity is not wholly without boundaries from magnanimity, or at least decorum ; and surely there are some indignities, which the inhabitants of free and civilized countries ought not to offer to their fellow-subjects, on account of mere difference of opinion upon the dubious and transient politics of the day.

The doctor now resides in a parsonage, which

he has enlarged and improved ; and probably no ecclesiastic was ever more fondly attached to the place of his residence than the doctor is to Hatton. His library consists of near five thousand books, replete with instruction to classical scholars, to critics, to theologians, to antiquaries, and to metaphysicians. He lives with great hospitality, and his house is often honoured by the presence of men eminently distinguished by rank, or by learning. His attention to the comforts and the morals of his parishioners is most praise-worthy ; and it may be said, with truth, that no man was ever more punctual and zealous than the doctor is, in performing the various offices of a parish-priest. His discourses are very instructive ; his delivery is animated ; and in his manner of reading the prayers of the established church, correctness, ardour, and reverence are happily united. The most careless hearer would be struck with awe at the solemn and authoritative tone, in which he delivers the decalogue ; and his method of administering the sacrament must call into action the very best feelings of the most devout Christian. It may be readily supposed, that before a country-congregation, such a man as Dr. Parr studiously abstains from those controversial subjects, which perplex rather than edify common hearers ; and that, while he enforces the great principles of virtue and genuine

piety, he never gives the slightest encouragement to superstition, fanaticism, bigotry, or uncharitableness. His well-meant labours are amply repaid by the constant attention of his parishioners : and the effects of his precepts are visible in their improved manners, in their habits of industry and regularity, and in the exercise of that peaceable and neighbourly disposition, which their pastor inculcates with peculiar earnestness. His kindness to the poor, his vigilance and activity in the management of parochial charities, and his good-natured, and almost parental, behaviour to persons of every class, have justly procured for him the affection, confidence, and sincere respect of all his parishioners. It cannot be improper to add, that the generosity and taste of the doctor have been employed in the choice of painted windows and other decorations for his parish-church, and that he has frequently levied contributions upon his pupils and his friends, when he has been forming plans for adorning his favourite place of worship.

The doctor, though a strenuous and avowed advocate for toleration, is firmly attached to the interests and honour of the established church ; and perhaps it is to be ranked among the most valuable properties of his mind, that the consciousness of great erudition and great abilities has not slackened his diligence in those humbler

duties, which alone he has been permitted to discharge, as an ecclesiastic.

It is well known, that the intellectual powers of the doctor are very strongly marked in his conversation ; that he readily communicates his knowledge to those who consult him ; and that he lives upon terms of the closest friendship with men of sense and virtue, whether churchmen or sectaries, whigs or tories.

The abhorrence, which he feels, of cruelty to animals, and the disapprobation, with which he looks upon the rigorous treatment of offenders against the laws, are visible in his publications ; and to his well-wishers it must afford high satisfaction, that, in the exercise of mercy, his actions are in unison with his opinions.

In the common concerns of life, whether they relate to amusement or business, the doctor is a strict exactor, and a most strict observer, of punctuality ; and perhaps there is no human being, whether the occasion be great or little, who adheres to truth more uniformly and inflexibly. He gives indeed no quarter to what, in his lofty way of talking, he calls deliberate exaggeration, or assiduous ambiguity ; nor is there any subject, upon which he expatiates more indignantly, than the meanness, insecurity, and mischievous consequences, of all falsehood whatsoever.

The regularity of the doctor's conduct in the earlier period of his life, aided by the natural strength of his constitution, has preserved him from those maladies of mind and body, to which studious persons are unfortunately exposed. He rises early ; and after taking his breakfast, which rarely continues ten minutes, he retires to his books, or writes to his numerous correspondents. He is utterly a stranger to the rural amusements of shooting and hunting, but preserves his health by gentle riding. His afternoons he likes to spend in the society of his acquaintance or his family ; and, though he has now relinquished those severe and dangerous studies, which the necessary business of every revolving day formerly compelled him to prosecute till midnight, yet, upon some occasions, his mind is employed with great activity till ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. The habits of industry, which he acquired in boyhood, are indeed quite undiminished ; his curiosity for the attainment of fresh knowledge is unabated ; and such is his perseverance, even on the threshold of his grand climacteric, that, when perplexed by the construction of a sentence, or the signification of a single word, he will instantly consult ten or twenty authors, till his doubts are removed.

The general course of his reading lies in those

books, which hold the chief rank in the libraries of scholars, and which require the severest exercise of the understanding. But, when modern publications are recommended to him, as worthy of his perusal, he reads them with eagerness, and converses upon their contents with his usual acuteness and vivacity. His remembrance of events and names, his readiness and accuracy in quoting pertinent passages from authors both ancient and modern, were surpassed only by the wonderful, and perhaps unparalleled, faculties of the same kind in Mr. Professor Porson. The rapidity, with which the doctor composes or dictates upon every subject, which interests him, would be almost incredible to those, who have not been immediate observers of the fact. But, when his eyes are directed towards his own confused hand-writing, evident marks of shame and regret may be observed in his countenance ; and to his most confidential companions he has repeatedly declared, that the perplexity, which he finds in reading what he has formerly put to paper, in his own scrawl, and the difficulty, which he experiences in getting precarious, irregular, and sometimes reluctant assistance from his visitors, are among the chief causes of his disinclination to lay before the world the results of his laborious and various enquiries. He is well aware how much the scantiness of his publica-

tions has been blamed by friends and strangers ; and so far as his inability to write intelligibly has occasioned that scantiness, it seems to be lamented quite as seriously by himself as by other men.

The minuteness of the foregoing detail will not be condemned by those readers, who recollect that events, which pass unheeded in the bulk of mankind, become interesting and instructive, when they are associated with the example of men deservedly eminent for their proficiency in learning, or their usefulness in common life.

Dr. Johnson in his *Lives of the English Poets*, has occasionally recorded their infirmities and singularities ; and probably some future biographer will think it worth his while to collect and describe those, from which Dr. Parr is not exempt. The most remarkable, which have fallen under my notice, are his fits of slovenliness and pomp in matters of dress ; his aversion to the taste of cheese ; his fondness for smoking tobacco ; his extraordinary skilfulness in ringing church-bells ; and his whimsical, but invincible, resolution of playing for a nominal stake only at games, which he understands very well, and in which he confessedly finds the most agreeable relaxation for his leisure-hours.

Of the doctor's publications I have, after several inquiries, been enabled to make out the following catalogue : — In 1781. he published

Two Sermons at Norwich; in 1783, a Discourse which is called *Philoleutherus Norfolciensis*, and which he is said to consider as nearly his best composition; in 1785, a *Sermon upon Education*, with learned and copious notes; in 1787, the Preface to *Bellendenus de Statu*; in 1788, the *Warburtonian Tracts*; in 1792, *Irenopolis*; in 1801, a *Spital Sermon*; in 1804, a *Fast Sermon*; in 1809, *Philopatris Varvicensis*. In 1792, and in 1795, the doctor was engaged in controversy with two respectable individuals, whom it is unnecessary to name; and, though the immediate subjects of his pamphlets were unlikely to create a general interest, the fertility of his mind enabled him to interweave many valuable observations upon politics and criticism. The quickness of his resentments is well known to be accompanied by a most amiable placability; and they who have access to the real feelings of his heart, will hear without surprise, that he frequently visits one of the gentlemen, who had formerly given him offence, and speaks with esteem and kindness of the other.

The doctor has occasionally written in the *Monthly Review*, and the *British Critic*; and in the last-mentioned publication are inserted some learned observations upon passages in Horace, which the doctor supposes to be spurious. The share he had in the *Bampton Lectures*, has been

already stated with fidelity by the very learned Professor White. The doctor has written many Latin epitaphs. Those which have come to my knowledge, were upon the late Dr. Sumner, of Harrow; Dr. Samuel Johnson; Mr. Gibbon, the historian; Mr. John Baynes, a celebrated member of Trinity College, Cambridge; the acute and learned Mr. Daniel Gaches; Dr. Lubbock, a much-respected physician, at Norwich; Dr. Percival, of Manchester; the late Mr. Felix Vaughan; and Mr. John Smitheman, who died while a pupil of the doctor's at Hatton. The style of these epitaphs is various; some are embellished with the most copious and magnificent diction; and in others the doctor has preserved that plainness and simplicity, which he is supposed to admire in the Latin inscriptions of antiquity, and of which he deserves, perhaps, to be considered the first systematic and professed imitator, that has appeared in this country. The epitaph upon Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's does not retain the same form, in which it was originally composed. In consequence of several objections, which were started by the admirers of Dr. Johnson, some alterations were made, which, in the doctor's opinion, destroyed the uniformity of the style. It has fallen in my way to see two or three English epitaphs, which bear very strong marks of

the doctor's language. But he seems to be particularly successful in that, which he wrote for the late Mrs. Coke, of Norfolk. I have been told, that the whole force of his mind has been employed in Latin inscriptions upon three illustrious statesmen of our own age. But upon the merit of performances, which have not yet seen the light, it is impossible to form any precise opinion. It is not unknown to the doctor's friends, that his papers contain many discussions and observations upon subjects of theology, criticism, and metaphysics; but the strong and peculiar reluctance, which he feels to publication, will, it is thought, prevent him from committing any of those works to the press, however elaborate they may be in themselves, and however worthy they may be of the writer's literary reputation. Men of letters have already formed their judgment upon those writings, which the doctor has laid before the public; and it seems to be generally agreed, that, in their matter and style, they evince the depth of his learning, the correctness of his taste, and the liberality of his principles.

II.

A Sketch of Dr. Parr, by Miss Seward.

“LETTER 59. [vol. 3. p. 195.]

“TO MR. SAVILLE,

Wellesbourne, Dec. 17, 1792.

In this interesting* scene of friendship, literature, and the arts, I have been introduced to that intellectual luminary, Dr. Parr. When I had the honour of a visit from Dr. Parr, he staid two days and nights at Wellesbourne. I was prepared to expect extraordinary colloquial powers, but they exceeded every description I had received of them. He is styled the Johnson of the present day. In strength of thought, in promptness and plenteousness of allusion, in wit and humour, in that high-coloured eloquence, which results from poetic imagination — there is

* “The seat of Court Dewes, Esq., near Stratford upon Avon.” — S.

a very striking similarity to the departed despot. That, when irritated, he can chastise with the same overwhelming force, I can believe ; but unprovoked, Dr. Parr is wholly free from the caustic acrimony of that splenetic being. Benign rays of ingenuous urbanity dart in his smile, and from beneath the sable shade of his large and masking eyebrows, and from the fine orbs they overhang. The characters he draws of distinguished people, and of such of his friends, whose talents, though not yet emerged, are considerable, are given with a free, discriminating, and masterly power, and with general independence of party-prejudices.

If he throws into deepest shade the vices of those, whose hearts he thinks corrupt, his spirit luxuriates in placing the virtues and abilities of those he esteems, in the fairest and fullest lights ; a gratification, which the gloomy Johnson seldom, if ever, knew.

Dr. Parr is accused of egotism ; but, if he often talks of himself, all he says on that, as on every other theme, interests the attention, and charms the fancy. — It is surely the dull and the envious only, who deem his frankness vanity. Great minds must feel, and have a right to avow their sense of, the high ground on which they stand. Who, that has a soul, but is gratified by Milton's avowal of this kind, when, in the civil

wars, exhorting the soldier to spare his dwelling, the poet declares his powers to requite the clemency, to spread the name of him, who shewed it, over seas and lands,

In every clime the sun's bright circle warms ?

Dr. Parr is a warm whig, loves our constitution, and ardently wishes its preservation ; but he says malignant and able spirits are at work to overthrow it, and that with their efforts a fatal train of causes co-operates.

I saw him depart with much regret, though his morning, noon, and evening pipe involved us in clouds of tobacco while he staid, but they were gilded by perpetual volleys of genius and wit.

Adieu ! It delights me that you have been so tolerably well, since I left the spiral precincts."

III.

PARRIANA,

By the Rev. JOHN STEWART, Curate of Sporle cum
Palgrave, in the County of Norfolk, communicated to
me at my own request in September, 1827.

It was in 1809, that I first corresponded with Parr. As "Philopatris Varvicensis," he had just published "Characters of Fox;" and in that work passed a marked compliment on my poem of "the Resurrection."* A justly-celebrated

* [It may be convenient to the reader to be presented with a list of my amiable and talented friend, Mr. Stewart's writings, and I therefore subjoin it.

1. *The Pleasures of Love, (a Moral Poem,)* 1806. 8vo. pp. 117. Mawman, pr. 6s.

2. *The Resurrection, a Poem in five Books,* 1808. 8vo. pp. 253. Longman, pr. 7s.

3. *Genevieve, or, The Spirit of the Drave, with other Poems,* 1810. 8vo. pp. 328. Longman, pr. 9s.

4. *Alhagranza; a Moorish Metrical Romance, in ten Cantos,* 1816. 4to. pp. 446. pr. £2. 2s.

5. *Two Sermons on the Fall and Final Restoration of the Jews,* 1826. 8vo. pp. 88. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, pr. 3s. 6d.

6. *Bible Gems, illustrative of the Leading Beauties of Scripture-History,* 1827. 8vo. pp. 401. pr. 8s.

northern Dignitary, himself eminent for talent and learning, having informed me that Doctor Parr was the author, I lost no time in acknowledging the honour of his attention. This opened

The work last mentioned was published in November of the present year, (1827.) The Poem on the *Resurrection* drew from the late Bishop Percy the high and sententious eulogy, 'that the genius of the author did honour to the place of his birth.' The following is the passage, which was quoted by Dr. Parr in his *Characters of Fox*, 1, 134. : —

"Mr. Stewart, author of an elegant Poem, called *The Resurrection*, after paying a just and solemn tribute of praise to the memory of Archdeacon Paley, Hussey Burgh, and Mr. Howard, writes of Mr. Fox as follows, p. 91. :—

' With these, the Man, his mourning country's pride,
' Whose acts diffused beneficence so wide ;
' Who strove to calm a warring world to peace,
' And bid the horrors of dissention cease !
' From East to Western worlds where Indus glows,
' Or wild Ohio's beauteous current flows,
' Or where Emana's hills of green appear,
' Or winds Sclavonian ohill the stunted year ;
' His gen'rous soul, by distance unconfin'd,
' Felt for the varied woes of human kind,
' And toil'd with pious zeal and patriot worth,
' To make the olive shoot its scions forth.'

"The following Note, p. 234. is subjoined by the author :—

' CHARLES JAMES FOX, whose eloquence and commanding talents were uniformly directed to every humane and liberal object. The giant powers of his mind, far from being confined to any isolated spot, embraced the Universe in their exertion. Asia, America, Europe, and Africa, they have successively, and some of them successfully, advocated. His

the way to our intercourse, and he urged me to pay him a visit at Hatton;* and as if unconscious that his society alone must at all times have constituted the paramount attraction, he sought to allure me by volunteering to become my guide to some very fine and venerable relics of the "olden time," scattered in its vicinity. I can

' famous India-Bill, his Plan of Conciliation to America, his recent endeavours to give peace to Europe, and his death-bed legacy of liberty and happiness to Africa, emblazon a recorded glory to his memory as imperishable as the existence of virtue and principle.' " E. H. B.]

* The following is the Letter alluded to in the text, and the reader may well suppose that, after the lapse of so many years, the person addressed has somewhat improved his style of poetry.

" *Hatton, Febr. 22, 1811.*

" Sir,

I read with great pleasure the polite and well-written Letter, which sometime ago was forwarded to me by your order from London, and I now desire to make my thankful acknowledgments for the honour you have done me in sending me your Poems. I did not know your name, when I commended one of your former publications. But the little volume, which I have lately received, convinces me that I am justified in the favourable opinion I had formed of your abilities. The merit of all the Poems neither is, nor can be equal; but their aggregate merit will procure for you an honourable place among your contemporaries. You have great richness, vivacity, and poetical expression. The poetical imagery is copious, and sometimes splendid. But you will forgive an old, and perhaps a morose sort of reader, for telling you that

never be insensible to the debt of gratitude I owe to Archdeacon Wrangham, for his having been unconsciously instrumental in thus making Parr and me known to each other. To me, at least, that acquaintance uniformly proved to be a source of pride and pleasure ; and cold, and selfish, and narrow must have been the heart, that derived neither benefit nor delight from the acquirements and friendship of such a character.

Many years elapsed before I could avail myself of the invitation to Warwickshire. But in 1820, I resolved to pay my visit.

The day before I started from town, I dined, *tete-a-tete* with a gentleman of much celebrity, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, when the subject of my

your versification, though very good, is capable of being made better — that your diction might now and then be improved in correctness — and that in your metaphors there is a luxuriance, which it might not be amiss for you occasionally to prune. After all, I have to impute to you only such faults, as generally accompany the earlier efforts of a vigorous intellect, and such as are abundantly compensated by concomitant excellencies.

“ I wish you health, prosperity, and fame, and if you should ever come into Warwickshire, while I am at Hatton, I shall be glad to shake you by the hand at my parsonage, and to converse with you unreservedly upon your own poetry, and that of your contemporaries.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very respectful and obedient humble Servant,
S. PARR.”

“ To John Stewart, Esq.”

next day's journey came naturally on the tapis. I was asked — "had I ever met Parr?" — "Never." "Well, then, thank your stars that you have met with one able to furnish you with useful hints about him. He has no manners; you must expect none. He is a bear! Wherever he goes, you are suffocated with his beastly use of tobacco. To be sure, he is a lump of learning; and when I have said that, I have said all. I repeat, Sir, you will see a lump of learning — nothing more!"

This intimation, however oracular, did not daunt me. I have long ceased to take character upon trust. I decided to see with my own eyes, and judge from personal observation. Besides, I considered, however correct my narrator might be, still I was sure of seeing, at least, a Colossus of Literature; and that object, in my mind, was well worth the journey. However, I had some grounds to suspect, that the medium, by which the Philosopher of Hatton was thus presented to me, was not a quite unjaundiced one. And, in so far as the generous and valuable feelings of our nature are susceptible of delineation in correspondence, I was already prepared to question the justice of the sentence, now pronounced, and to ascribe the moral and amiable dispositions of Parr to a very elevated range of virtue.

It was about noon when I first reached Hat-

ton. I was ushered into a parlour lined with books. At a table, sat the late Rev. John Bartlam, formerly of Merton, Parr's favourite and "*fidus Achates*." It was not long before the sage himself appeared. I happened to be seated with my back to the door, when a quick rustling made me turn round, and at that instant, Parr, full-dressed at all points, came sliding in with a rapid, noiseless step ; gave me a cordial and sinewy squeeze as he passed ; seated himself in the next moment by my side ; entered at once deeply into conversation, and our personal intimacy was made ! In a few minutes we were old friends. Nothing could surpass the unaffected benevolence and gracious urbanity of my reception.

The first marked peculiarity, that struck me in his face, was the shaggy curtain of his eyebrows. His eyes had occasionally a half-downcast, half-sidelong glance ; and the general mould of the head had in it something cumbrous, while he paused in conversation, or mused upon a point. But every thing was changed, the moment that the fires of intellect, or the benignity of his heart, lit up the expression of his eye. Then it flashed with the combinations of transcendent powers, or shone radiant with the reflections of his virtues. At such times, I have confessed that Parr was equally invincible in the loftiness of his genius, and exalted in the morality of his nature.

I have neither the design nor presumption to attempt the span of such a master-mind. Others, far better qualified, have tried it ; others, yet, may try it. In my present observations, I seek to do justice to the man, rather than the scholar ; and to assay the sterling value of the metal, whose purity has been arraigned, and whose dross has been magnified, by those ignorant of its worth, or interested to underrate it.

Doctor Parr was habitually humane and polite. So far from his prodigious acquisitions being his sole merit, had he never been eminent as a scholar, he must have been estimable as a man. Too learned to be a pedant, and too pious to be a pretender, he freely poured forth the copious stores of his exhaustless knowledge, to improve his fellow-men, and hung up the blazon of his honours in the shield of his liberality. His grand ambition, (and could there be a nobler ?) was, to make his singular attainments, as much as possible, beneficial to others ; and to amend the heart, while he embellished the understanding. There was in all he said, of men and things, a candour, which elicited confidence, and a Roman sincerity, which told you it never could be abused. It is true that, upon various occasions, against trading politicians, and such as he conceived to be notorious hypocrites and voluntary errorists, — whether in politics, or religion, or li-

terature, or philosophy — he was wont to exercise those tremendous weapons of language, which are suitably a giant's arms, and perhaps without much of a giant's forbearance ; yet did no person wince under them, whose motives were suspected to be pure, or whose principles were believed to be honest. It was only when the rein of his strong good sense was flung loose to his fiery indignation, that he so effectively, and (too often) unsparingly, brandished the scalping-knife ; that his overleaping eloquence swept away all opposed to it with the impetuosity of the cataract, and stunned with the thunders of its fall. But Parr scrupulously dispensed justice, even when he allotted punishment ; and conscientiously meted out the extremest pretensions of individual merit, even to his most virulent adversaries. Opposed as he was to the Ministers of the day, upon general grounds, he scorned to divest them of those personal qualities, which threw a redeeming lustre on their names ; or to stint the measure of his praise, because they dissented from his opinions. Often and often would he wind up a philippic against their official measures, by a delicate eulogy on their private virtues. After he had rung against them, very sharply, the usual changes practised by opponents, often has he conferred upon them, in my hearing, the dis-

tion, of being "good men." This was the very acme of Parr's commendation. His manner of bestowing it gave it double effect. After having visited any of these distinguished Statesmen with strictures, in no very measured terms, he would next compress his lips, look solemnly grave, give a significant nod, and, in a subdued tone, as if reading a parenthesis, would impressively ejaculate, "But, he is a good man."

In sketching character, he employed a tact peculiarly his own. It is the ordinary practice to put the favourable points forward in the first instance; and, then, to dash them with the dark shadows of imperfections, faults, and crimes. By such means, the brighter tints are often lost; while the sombre are preserved with too terrible a fidelity. But Parr's limning went on principles diametrically opposite. He, in the first place, arranged and criticised, pungently, the catalogue of faults, without mitigating one of them, or screening one of them; — and then he relieved it by every agreeable light, that an anxious and unswerving justice could be authorized to admit. Whatever talents, accomplishments, or valuable dispositions appertained to each, were conspicuously arrayed, with a solicitude truly admirable, and beyond all praise.

It is most erroneous to accuse Parr of being

negligent of the essential forms of polished life ; or of wilfully offending against even the very punctilios of etiquette. No such thing. Parr's inclination and habit were indisposed to all such violation. It is true he now and then "disclosed a bold neglect," but the rareness of the exception establishes my point. The prevalent rumours to the contrary must therefore have been circulated by persons, who boasted of admission to a society, to which they never had access ; or by those, who adopted without examination, some travelling *on dits* ; or again, by such as malignantly lent themselves to the vile purposes of slander. Few have been more misunderstood or maligned than this celebrated scholar.

It has been objected to him, and probably with some justice, that he was too prone to engross conversation. Still, even upon occasions, when he hardly ceased talking, he never uttered a word but was worth remembering. Some time before his decease, he had made the acquaintance of a most learned, and exemplary Prelate of the sister kingdom, who had sought the Chalybeate of Leamington for the restoration of health. The Archbishop dined at Hatton, and the doctor shewed off upon the occasion in a style to distance all competition. His volubility was so extreme, and the transition from one important topic to another so rapid, while every subject

almost within the grasp of his mighty mind was so accurately and profoundly handled, that the Prelate ceased to do honour to the substantial repast before him, crossed his knife and fork upon his plate, and sat in mute astonishment at the phenomenon, to whom he listened. Few men have ever known so much — fewer still have ever expressed themselves so well.

No man, elevated to such lofty distinction by the sheer force of such intellectual endowments, could have borne his faculties more meekly, unless when his path was crossed by pedants, pretenders, or parasites. Even against these, justice compels me to admit that the sting of his satire, and the lash of his ridicule were, perhaps, too unmercifully applied, and too long persisted in. But this was not invariably the case. And I have known him to endure much from individuals, incalculably beneath him upon every score of merit, to whom from multitudinous favours, his peculiar irascibilities ought to have been sacred ; and his virtues, by which they had profited, atoning. Nay, I have been along with him in moments, when he has been so assailed, and assailed too unjustly, by one whom he had fostered in his bosom ; but, the assailant was safe — “ the lion preys not upon carcasses ! ” This storm of pettish impatience he bore without the discomposure of a muscle, and looked down upon

his dwarfish antagonist in the calm majesty of a superior spirit, that but pitied the weakness it might so portentously have crushed. In the society of those too, whose judgment he respected, and whose esteem he prized, he would frequently lay aside the abstruseness of ethics, the profoundness of ratiocination, and the caustic of criticism, and condescend to desert the banners of philosophy and literature for a season, to mingle in the coruscations of wit, and the flirtings of fancy, and the sportive badinage of the circle. He was perfectly versed in the public and private memoirs of almost every distinguished individual, who figured in the annals of rank and science, and his conversation was rich in the raciness of anecdote. He retailed it well, and enjoyed it heartily. And if sometimes the ardour of his nature hurried him into too great breadth of colouring, the disposition was in the succeeding moment corrected. He seldom permitted in himself, or sanctioned in others, the slightest infringement on the most sensitive delicacy. Of course, I now speak of Parr as Parr, in a state of quiescence, when the torrent of irrepressible argument and of overwhelming language rolled no longer — when Parr was arranged for social happiness, and determined to be happy.

But Doctor Parr was no sample of human per-

fection : he was not exempt from serious failings ; and which, if they could not overlay his talents, or extinguish his genius, or deface his merits, yet, it cannot be denied, formed a heavy drawback upon all.

He was irascible to a proverb. I could compare his bursts of passion to nothing but the hurricane of the tropics, so fierce, so appalling, and so sudden. The metamorphose, indeed, from calm to storm in him was frequently so instantaneous, so unlooked for, that the victim was beaten to the ground before he could see an arm raised to threaten him : no warning preluded the change. At other times he was so fitfully testy, and, as must often happen, too, in such a case, so unreflectingly, that those, who had innocently excited his indignation, were generally unconscious of all intentional offence, and first heard their crime in their punishment. Here there was no distant rolling of the thunder : it burst upon the head at once. To be sure, the tempest was short-lived : this was the sole negative consolation.

It occurs to me, that Parr was more than properly anxious to monopolize attention in company ; and I think I have more than once traced a flying displeasure cross his brow, when any very particular notice has been bestowed upon others in his presence. This feeling seemed

utterly incomprehensible to me. So far did he overtop all others, whom I have met with him, that his and their relative pretensions were irreducible to any common standard. However I may have been wrong in this observation, and wrong, too, I ought to have been, because few indeed dare venture to compete, and fewer still had any chance of success in competition with such a man.

The alleged pomposity of Parr's manner was, to a certain extent, true ; very often it was only assumed. This a familiar observer could not fail to perceive ; and its sure indication was a concluding, ill-suppressed chuckle, which, in despite of him, would force its way, at recollection of the cast of character he had just been rehearsing. At the same time I may remark, that the consciousness of such transcendent powers of mind, of such accumulations of varied, and profound, and extensive knowledge, seldom fails to impress the possessor very deeply with his own indisputable pre-eminence.

Irritable, however, as he constitutionally was, and injudiciously as he has suffered that irritation to master him, rather than submit it to the curb of a wholesome discretion, still I have witnessed him evince a self-command on some delicate occasions, as I have before hinted, almost miraculous in his case, and truly difficult in any.

These specimens of self-discipline and controul made me regret that an early and dignified restraint had not deprived his enemies of the capability of attacking him where he, assuredly, was most vulnerable. Had he, in his outset of life, adopted such a plan, what a desirable eucrazy might he not have exhibited!

Parr and I were on a visit, about twenty miles from Hatton. One day we were sumptuously regaled with part of a fat buck, from the park of a neighbouring nobleman. The dish was in high repute with the Doctor, and the flattering politeness of the donor, the cordiality of our host, and the excellence of the venison, combined to make Parr more than usually brilliant over this favourite repast. He left table in one of his happiest tempers. During coffee he placed himself on a sofa, among a bevy of young ladies, and in his loudest key, summoning me from the opposite end of the room, thundered forth — “Stewart, do you mean to play the fool to-night?” “No, Doctor, I do not feel inclined.” “I don’t believe you, and for two reasons; the first is, because you are an Irishman; the second is, because you are a man of genius. As for myself, I hope I shall play the fool as long as I live.” Soon after, the card-tables were arranged. Parr sat down to his rubber, and, unluckily, had for partner a person, who presumed too much on

the Doctor's attachment to him. Upon his scientific precision at whist Parr prided himself not a little. It was the laudable pride of a man, whose mind prompted, and whose abilities justified him in seeking to excel at every thing, which required combination of ideas and accuracy in their exercise. I think I never saw a genuine, fame-loving whist-player except Parr. Victory was his sole aim. The spoils of it he left to others. One rubber always amused him — he seldom played a second — he paid always, when he lost — he never accepted payment, when he won, in so far as I have seen him. It so happened that, upon the night in question, Parr's partner ruinously finessed, and Parr remonstrated. The former, who had hoped to "shadow himself with laurels," felt compelled, on the contrary, to "pass under the yoke." To extenuate his own disgrace, he flew at a noble quarry, and made a sharp and offensive retort. As he waxed warmer, Parr became cooler, until the latter had finally reasoned down his temper to the most enviable repose. For some time he remained silent ; but it was an eloquent silence, felt as well as seen ; and when at last he did speak, in place of the terrible chastisement fairly earned, and by me anticipated, Parr coolly reviewed and pointedly censured his faults, both of play and temper, demonstrated, triumphantly, his egregious blun-

ders in each, and made him the slave of his pity rather than his anger. Nothing ever exalted Parr more in my estimation than his behaviour on this occasion. He was imperturbably resolute that no provocations should make him descend from the dignified attitude he had assumed ; and he distinctly shewed the aggressor, that while he could not wink at his impudence, yet he freely forgave it. He knew the feebleness of his assailant, and he spared him. The integrity and benevolence of Parr's nature furnished truly a beautiful exemplification of that evangelical charity, which ranks deservedly as the first of the virtues.

It always occurred to me, that he was less inaccessible than most persons may have supposed to the attentions of rank and fortune. I beg not to be misunderstood. I do not mean that Parr would not have preferred, at all times, the homage of original talent, and genius, and profound research, but still, I do say, that the attentions of those, by common parlance 'yclept *great*, seemed more than ordinarily acceptable to him.

As we journeyed together between Hatton and Alcester, he was indefatigable in pointing out to my notice every object, that could afford any interest, even to the style of architecture belonging to the age of James II., which was chiefly observable. He was sedulous in calling my at-

tention to the wood, then spread before us, where Shakspeare shot the deer ; to the plain on the Avon's banks, where the Jubilee was held ; and to the scite, consecrated by the remnant-stump of his famous mulberry-tree. Arrived at Stratford, we alighted while changing horses, and the Doctor's arrival being expected, the pipes, tobacco, and paper-matches, were in due attendance. While thus occupied himself, he did not forget me. A summons brought in the *maitre-d'hotel*, to whom the selection of an intelligent conductor to the house, where the Bard of Avon had been born, was in proper form entrusted. Full of poetic thought, I sallied forth with my guide, and having done homage to the *Lares* of Genius, rejoined Parr just as he was ready to wish for me. We proceeded on our journey, and I was becoming, mile by mile, more deeply his debtor — he was loading me with the most particular and incessant favours, and I could not be insensible to the very least of them. How nobly did they reply to his calumniators !

When we passed through Warwick, the London-papers, that arrived that day, had been put into the coach at the post-office, and I had occasionally read parts of them aloud as we proceeded to Stratford. Upon leaving the latter place, Parr did me the honour to bear a too partial tes-

timony to my reading. "Stewart," (said he,) "you are a superior reader — you read most distinctly. I tell you, Sir, you are both an agreeable and energetic reader. Proceed ; it gives me pleasure to hear you." In the course of skimming over one of these prints, some observation, (I think it was,) in a paragraph touched upon dreams. It became the signal of a very animated discussion. The paper was soon laid aside, and the conversation as to the cause of dreams grew inexpressibly interesting: Parr entered into it with the acumen of a logician, and the diffidence of a christian.

I can have little doubt of a general coincidence between him and our amiable Addison upon the intricate subject. He repeatedly interrogated me, if I had lately thought upon Addison's paper, No. 487. of the *Spectator*, in reference to our opinions? I had not read it since my leaving college, twenty years ago. He therefore pressed me to read it without delay, and grew solicitous for an opportunity to put it into my hands. Nor was this anxiety the mere excitement of the moment — nor was the wish neutralized by any change of society and topics. The very next morning after we reached Alcester, and in all the bustle of arranging his Will, he sought for the volume, and having secured it, proceeded to put it into my hands, open at the pa-

per in question, and gave orders for my being uninterrupted, while I carefully read it. He immediately left me with my companion.

Some time before dinner he came to seek me. His eye was brimful of expression, and a half-smile curled his lip. He enquired — had I read it properly, thoroughly, effectively? “I replied, “I had perused it with deep interest.” Never shall I forget the intellectual glance he threw upon me, or the speaking smile, which accompanied it. He stood full opposite to me, without changing either, for about a minute, and stedfastly examining me, when he slowly and thoughtfully quitted the room, without uttering another word. *

* [To gratify the curiosity of the reader without giving to him the trouble of a reference, I will transcribe the paper in question : —

“No. 487. *Thursday, Sept. 18, 1712.*

*Cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit.*

PETR.

‘While sleep oppresses the tir’d limbs, the mind
‘Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin’d.’

“Though there are many authors, who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

Christmas-eve, at the Parsonage, brought an order for all the guests to attend the Major-Domo to the kitchen, to be regaled with the melody of the village-choristers. Parr on this

“I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of the human soul, and some intimation of its independency on matter.

“In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity, which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part of his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance, to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disencumbered of her machine,—her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

“In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection, which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction with a companion, that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages, that they are but little acquainted with — the grave abound in pleasantries — the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention ; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity, that we are not sensible, when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that

occasion looked the patriarch. He alone was seated. A chair was placed for him in the centre of the circle. The hymns were respectably sung, and when the singers ended, Parr play-

he is reading papers, books, or letters ; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

“ I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and waking thoughts : —

‘ We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason ; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendent was the watry sign of *Scorpius* ; I was born in the planetary hour of *Saturn*, and I think that I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company : yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams ; and this time also would I choose for my devotions ; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that, that has passed.—Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves ; for the soul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.’

“ We may likewise observe in the third place that the passions affect the mind with greater strength, when we are asleep,

fully levied a contribution for his rustic *élèves* from all his visitors, handed over the amount to the performers, and the performers themselves to the freedom of his larder.

than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time, than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this might happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

“There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas, which then arise in her. Were that active watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does, when she dreams that she is in such solitude:

semperque relinqui

Sola sibi, semper longam incommittata videtur

Ire viam.

Virg. *Æn.* 4, 446.

It would be unjust to the memory of this excellent man to pass by in silence the great improvements, (almost the rebuilding,) which he effected nearly, if not altogether, at his private

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark is that wonderful power in the soul, of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actors, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying, which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, *That all men, whilst they are awake, are in one common world, but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own.* The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps, he retires to a private world, that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

“ I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestible, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

expense, in Hatton-Church. In these there was no evidence of a stingy doling out of parish-funds ; no pitiful subscription of grudging parishioners. His own purse was opened with a liberality emblematic of his heart, and applied with a taste worthy of his judgment. I defy any person of proper feeling or ordinary discernment to have entered that church, so adorned by his bounty, without experiencing the convictions of the power of some extraneous circumstances, even of the " dim, religious gloom," to aid the devotion of the heart. The chaste beauty and the solemn grandeur of the pile, dedicated to the worship of the Almighty, impress insensibly many a person with a religious sobriety, who might have been slow to share it, under other

" I do not suppose that the soul in these circumstances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body ; it is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations, with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring, which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

" The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they (*dele*) are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body ; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons, that are altogether unanswerable." E. H. B.]

less touching appearances. What a contrast did this church exhibit, under Parr's presiding care, to the melancholy wreck of but too many village-churches, which I have seen nearly in ruins ! Parr's pure ambition sprang from the desire of having the temple as little as possible unworthy of the Divine Being, to whose honour it was erected. The neat and regular white marble-monuments, that decked the walls, the freshness and brilliancy of the stained windows, the holy gloom from the pictured glass thrown upon the altar, the mellow little organ, with its scarlet-curtains, in front of the gallery ; the respectable brass-branches, the handsome pulpit, and desk, and altar, dressed in ruby velvet and broad gold-fringe, the universal good state and uniformity of the pews, &c. rendered Hatton-Church very interesting ; creditable to the parish, and honourable to its Pastor. Its bells also were particularly attended to by Parr ; they were musically sweet to his ear, and he often mentioned, with a laudable complacency, that few village-churches in England could excel his in that respect. One very fine window of stained glass, now in Hatton-Church, had been the property of a lady, (the late Mrs. Price of Baginton, near Warwick,) whom the doctor persuaded to present it to the house of God. It contains, (I think,) six compartments, in which are represented the

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twelve Apostles, two in each, with an ornamental separation. They occupy the entire width of the Gothic window, the narrow vacant space, at the top and bottom of the lancet-arch, being striking. The colours are vivid, the countenances expressive, and the attitudes dignified. The name of each, in Latin, occupies a scroll, in keeping with the drapery. The Doctor had pleasure in relating the particulars of this donation. Two fine heads of Cranmer and Tillotson occupied the centre of two handsome smaller windows of stained glass, opposite each other; and these Parr seldom passed without recording the piety and devotedness of the eminent prelates. The first he characterized as the father of the Protestant religion in Britain, the latter as the confirmer of that restoration, which the former had begun. A painting over the altar represents the Saviour on the Cross, St. John on one side, and (I believe) the Virgin Mother on the opposite. The verdure of Calvary is well relieved by the deep purple of the sky reflected on the distant landscape, and is again favourably contrasted by the rich embrowned foliage of the surrounding trees. The expences of Parr in the repair and embellishment of this church, I am told, fell little short of £1,000. Nor were these the only purposes, to which he devoted a large portion of his income. During the year of my first visit to

him, (1820,) he had advanced to his poorer parishioners, and most likely to other indigent and meritorious objects, considerable sums, in the way of loan, to help them to meet the casualties of an unfavourable season. I happened to be alone with him, when an application from a new candidate for such a grant was made to him ; and, unconscious of my presence, upon his breaking the seal, he inadvertently muttered the impossibility of acquiescence, with this further remark, (in an under tone,) that he had already lent, on similar applications, in the course of twelve months, upwards of £700. Such a man was indeed a blessing to his flock, and an honour to human nature. *He* required *no* mitre to distinguish him.

The morning of the sabbath, at Hatton, was invariably sacred to Parr's privacy, until the hour for divine service was near. He usually breakfasted alone in his library about 7 o'clock. A little before 11, he proceeded with his family and visitors to church. While there, he discharged every sacred duty, not as the "hireling," but the "true shepherd." The first time I saw him officiate, he very much astonished me by his occasional pauses, as he went through the lessons, in order to explain to the congregation the correct meaning of any ambiguous passage, or make critical comments on any faulty translation.

But the interruption was far from agreeable, and its effects far from devotional. When ascending the pulpit, he carried in his hand a small printed octavo, in brown binding, from which he pronounced a discourse. His delivery was always animated; at times, somewhat fierce. In early life he had been admired as an energetic preacher, and, I have no doubt, justly. Throughout the entire service his face beamed with an ardent piety; and, while he subsequently administered the sacrament, it assumed an intenseness of devotion — even a sacred sublimity of expression.

One morning, I hastily entered his library, and found him calmly occupied in dictating to two amanuenses at the same moment. He appeared the very personification of the “*clarum et venerabile nomen*”; enjoying “*otium cum dignitate*.” Seated in his easy chair, and crowned with his *bonnet rouge*, with paper-matches, a lighted candle, and ammunition-saucer of prime Nicotiana, upon a very small table to his right, there he held his long pipe with a graceful *nonchalance*; awaiting in a half-recumbent posture of tranquillity and self-possession, the transcription of his thoughts. His whole expression of face seemed an expansion of intellect, and his ideas to be centred in even more than an usual profundity of reflection. I was ashamed to have broken in upon him; but he did not

manifest the slightest displeasure ; silently bowed me into a chair opposite, and left me to the undisturbed observation of what was passing. I noticed that according as each amanuensis finished copying the portion repeated, Parr proceeded directly, without pause or embarrassment, to dictate farther to whichever of the two might require it first. I remarked, with admiration, that the intervention of the one or the other had no effect to snap or even entangle the respective threads of his communications. The same distinctness, and acuteness, and energy, were exercised in speaking to each. No matter whether the first he dictated to, was the first to have done, or, *vice versa* ; it was quite the same to Parr. At last, there was, of necessity, a stop. The sage's tube had to be cleared by a couple of smart taps on the small table, before he could enter upon the process of replenishing ; and while the interlude lasted, he thus accosted me :—
“ My friend, mind ! — Voltaire could occupy three secretaries at the same time. I am able to cut out work for two ! ” The pipe was already renewed ; its active fragrance was felt ; and Parr's eye bent on me, and his finger at the same instant pressed upon his lips, significantly enjoined silence. I readily obeyed the warning, while business progressed rapidly, regularly, and without an apparent effort.

Upon one occasion, I accompanied him to Leamington, where we dined, at the house of a physician of merited celebrity. Parr enacted there in perfection the part of master of the ceremonies, and made my individual introduction quite a *scena*. He had previously honoured me in a similar manner, on our journey through Warwick. This practice was Parr's amiable *forte*. I never knew a man more delighted to bring forward such as he believed or knew to have any pretensions, into respectable or useful notice. He did good for the pure love of doing good. This generous principle gave a complexion to all his actions. He was a prompt friend to the friendless ; his purse was as ready as his counsel. To those anxious for, and susceptible of, education, struggling amidst pecuniary obstacles to obtain, and yet unable to secure it, he held out the golden talisman, before which difficulties vanish. Virtuous poverty never found a more apt advocate than in him. Against the semblance of oppression, in any rank, or under any pretence, his whole mighty spirit rose up in arms, uncajoled by any sophistry, and unintimidated by any Goliath. To his well-adjusted mind, it mattered not whether the tyrant was patrician or plebeian ; it was quite enough that he *was* a tyrant. At this Leamington-dinner, Parr was the presiding genius, and I was told that the

bill of fare, and the mode of cooking, had been previously sanctioned by his *fiat* — that a redundant dish had been censured — and that the list of to-be-invited was very usually laid before him, before the final decree for ensuring their society was issued, at the houses of some of his particular friends. This evening he amused himself at quadrille.

Parr was a great and stirring enemy to all lavish expenditure of time at the breakfast-meal. Often have I seen the slap on the shoulder, and heard the call away from it, bestowed on some scions of *Alma Mater*, visitors under his roof: “To the library — the library!” was the summons. He always sharply censured the loss of this morning-hour, so misapplied, and at a period of the day so invaluable for mental improvement. I quite agree with him, although I must confess, that a short sojourn at the Parsonage breakfast-table was likely to prove a momentous sacrifice to any college-*gourmand*. Warwickshire is proverbial for the excellence of its pork-pies, and Hatton-Parsonage was proverbial, even in Warwickshire, for their manufacture. These and a sightly pyramid of Shrewsbury-brawn, you were generally sure to meet at Parr’s *déjeuné*; and he himself boasted of both, and relished both. After dinner, in his latter years, he was much in the habit of dozing for a quarter of an hour, and

usually with his tube of enjoyment between his fingers, and often at such times have I contemplated the reposing mass of intelligence before me, and delighted to exercise my ingenuity, in extricating his pipe without disturbing him.

The most important festival observed at Hatton, was now fast approaching. The sage's birth-day was the 21st of January. It was customary, at this time, for a large party of distinguished men, from various places, to meet at the Parsonage. Those invited had a long notice given them. Notes of invitation were issued, (if I rightly recollect,) not less than three months before the birth-day; as well, to obviate all chance of pre-engagements, as to make the Doctor happy in the assurance of meeting his contemporaries. I was pressed to remain for it, and I was anxious to do so; but urgent business refused to indulge me. However, I promised that my heart should be amongst them, and it was.

In the country, Parr had a perplexing habit, when asked out to dinner, of going himself, and taking along with him his visitors, hours before the appointed time. I have reached the friend's house, under his pilotage, before two o'clock, when four or five was the dinner-hour, and when the family, on a morning excursion to some neighbouring ruins, or romantic drive, had not yet returned to dress. On such occasions, I sen-

sibly felt that the custom was an awkward one, equally to the inopportune guest and the intended entertainer. But as for Parr, it was all in his way ; he never thought of anything awkward in it, nor supposed that any such feeling could distress others. To be sure, he was privileged. His society was too much courted, and his conversation too valuable, to cause an extra-portion of it to be disesteemed. The custom may, perhaps, have appeared for a moment extraordinary; but his whole composition was gigantically so.

Two of our present prelates, I believe, were at one time his pupils. One, at least, I am sure was. Parr used to exult in the narrative of the sound birchings he conferred on him — rehearse it with his hands, and chuckle during the rehearsal. This very circumstance augers well of the prelate's merit! While Parr wielded the ferule, his invariable rule was, never to punish lads of stunted capacity, nor try to extort, from mediocrity of talent, treasures which nature had not been prodigal enough to bestow. No, the really talented he attacked—to those, nature had been bountiful—and resolute Parr was to make her gifts be cultivated. There is a distinguished divine of the day, justly respected for his attainments and merits, who was mainly indebted to Parr's instruction for his celebrity. For some time after he entered the seminary,

over which this great scholar ruled, the lad was classed as a "*mediocre* ;" and engaged in consequence the comparative amnesty extended to that grade. It happened, however, that one evening, (after school-hours,) the head-assistant called to acquaint Parr with the momentous discovery that, "from some recent observations, he was led to conclude * * * was a lad of genius." "Say you so?" (roared out Parr, in one of his delighted chuckles,) — "then begin to flog to-morrow morning!!!" — The distinctive birch was, I learn, not forgotten. The eclipse of genius speedily wore off.

The period was now arrived, when I was constrained to bid farewell, for a time, to the hospitalities of Hatton-Parsonage. It was the week after Christmas, and the ground was coated with frost and snow. From the moment I fixed my departure, the Doctor became singularly interested for the safety and comfort of my journey; urging the inclemency of the season, and enjoining repeated precautions against it. The cold of that winter (1820,) was very intense. The day before we parted, he boldly attacked me on this point : — "Now, my friend, I am unreasonable and despotic enough to demand of you "implicit obedience in two particulars, about "neither of which I will explain a word until full "obedience is promised. Yes, you may look—"

(here I smiled) "that will serve you nothing. " Promise, promise, Sir. I must have it. It is " true I keep you in darkness ; but a chain is " equally strong, equally binding, whether worn " in darkness or sunshine ; perhaps it is even " more felt, stronger, in the latter case." " At " once I promise." " Good ! — then you assure " me that you will take half a glass of brandy in " your latest cup of tea to-morrow morning, " before you enter the coach ! — Will you ? " " Why — I never before have done so ; — to gra- " tify your wishes, I will try a little." " No, no ! " do promise me you will take half a wine-glass " full." " Well, my considerate guardian, posi- " tively, I will." " That's right, now — that's " right. Come, agree to my second stipulation ! " " Its nature ? " " Wear two waistcoats, or two " shirts, which of these you prefer, during your " journey. Your society has been pleasing — " more than that, it is agreeable to me. I " am anxious for your welfare. I know my " present injunction to be most salutary in tra- " velling. Do you promise to observe it ? " " I " do." — And Parr actually seemed to be made happy by my acquiescence ; and terminated the negociation by the impressive — " Now, remem- ber ! " —

Is it asked, why I detail these apparently tri- vial reminiscences ? I reply — because minute

occurrences form the most infallible guide to the natural dispositions of the heart. They are always valuable, as characteristic of men, elevated by justly-acquired fame, above the ordinary standard of human growth. They are points, not arranged like grander features for public effect, but suffered to develope themselves agreeably to nature and truth. And I was the more resolved not to be accessory to the concealment or loss of a single one of these, because the individuals, who have misrepresented him, whether from ignorance or design, have pressed into their service the *minutiæ* of his private hours, to arraign the amiableness of his private dispositions.

Upon the evening before I left him, Parr was very thoughtful. Contrary to my almost invariable custom, I made up the rubber for him, and was his partner. Mrs. Parr enquired, "What sort of game I played?" "Why, *à la, la* game, —but I can bear any thing unless a conceited player. Ignorance in the imperative is indeed intolerable." The rubber ended. Parr's usual hour of retiring was nine o'clock. But nine struck, and he did not move. Ten o'clock came — a quarter past ten — and still he lingered. At last, he quickly arose from his chair, passed the rest of the company, and silently pressed on to where I sat. With a warm pressure he grasped my hand, and said in a broken voice — "Take

“ my blessing — a good man ! — Farewell, farewell — May God bless you — I do. Remember — write, write, the moment you reach town.”

Before day-light, on a piercingly-cold December morning, (the last of the year,) I descended to breakfast. Sam, the Doctor's confidential Sam, was already sentinel at the door of the breakfast-parlour. This long-tried domestic was not an undignified personage in his way — of measured step, solemn deportment, and rather consequential manner. On the present occasion he seemed labouring with importance. Silently he arranged my chair in the “ canniest nook” — saw me proceed with my breakfast without a word, until he perceived me pouring out my second cup of tea ; when dreading he might be too late, if he waited longer, he, in due form, recited his commission : — “ Sir, after my master was in bed last night and just before I left him, he called me, and desired me, without fail, to remind you this morning of your engagements ; to assure myself that you had put on the second waistcoat ; and to see myself to your putting the half-glass of brandy into your last cup of tea.” Sam immediately stepped aside, poured a half-glass of brandy, critically measured, into my tea-cup, and resumed his stand behind my chair. I could not but admire the tact, with which

the thing was done. I left an assurance for my host that the treaty had been rigidly observed with all possible good faith by me, and I entered the coach.

The gratifying favours I have enumerated, were clearly the offspring of Parr's pervading benevolence. They could spring from no other source, and are referable to no other cause. Neither were these fickle in their nature or duration. They continued to distinguish me without a shadow of a change, in every moment of our future intercourse, until his death. Individually, I dare not arrogate but the most slender claims to such regard; unless, indeed, in my grateful attachment to his person, and my profound admiration of his wonderful endowments and colossean talents. That our intercourse might not flag from absence, he established a rule, never to be infringed by me, of writing to him, in full confidence, upon every subject, (public or private,) upon the 20th of each month, regularly, and as often, too, besides, as my occupations would permit. Even during the two closing years of his life, when his thoughts became gradually more and more abstracted from worldly objects, and at a time when increasing bodily infirmities combined with these better inclinations to make him contract the extended circle of his correspondents, I had the proud sa-

tisfaction of being one of those unaffected by the change. He still did me the honour of pressing me to continue to write to him, "because," (he was kind enough to add,) "your Letters both refresh and delight me."

The next time I met him, was about fifteen months afterwards, in the spring of 1822. He arrived in town for the purpose of assisting the election of a valued friend to a Preachership, or Chaplaincy, of repute, in the metropolis. He had advised me of his intended arrival; and owing to some misconception of his address, he had been some days in town, before I could meet him. He sent me an upbraiding note. However, I saw him afterwards every succeeding morning at eight, during his stay in town. It was the only time, when we could indulge in confidential intercourse without interruption; so much was his society in request during the remainder of the day. At this period I was solicited by an accomplished scholar of celebrity in his Greek translations, and amiable in his private character, to effect his introduction to Parr. The latter had read some of his productions with pleasure, and always expressed his high opinion of the virtues of their author. I took an opportunity of mentioning the Grecian's wish, and Parr promptly proposed to accompany me to visit him, on the first morning he could snatch

from business. But Parr was suddenly summoned into Warwickshire before the acquaintance could be made, and I much regretted the disappointment. In a Letter I subsequently received from Hatton, Parr regretted likewise that the interview did not take place, and again paid the Grecian many valuable compliments. I had no future opportunity of remedying this.

Upon the often-discussed subject of clergymen acting as magistrates Parr expressed a very strong opinion. He considered it one of grave importance, and connected with the serious interests of religion.

Some time before we last met, I had told him of some very discreditable outrages committed on a vicar of the diocese, to which I belonged; and who, for many years, had been in the commission of the peace. Parr attributed the outrage, (and perhaps justly,) to the unpopularity caused by his magisterial duties. "Tell him," (said he,) "in the *first* place, to give up his lay-employment — to retire, altogether, from the committee-room. Clergymen have *no business* there. The squires are delighted to throw the burthen of committees and punishments on the shoulders of the clergy. His retirement will be a *great* point gained. At his rubber, he may amuse himself every night except Sunday, and no *odium* can attach to *that*. But as things stand at pre-

sent, old-age creeps upon him ; and old-age and dissension agree ill with the decline of life and the calm of a Christian."

In discourse upon the subject, Parr was quite energetic. He said he had long thought that *no minister* ought to be a *magistrate*, the functions of the two being totally opposite ; — that the "gospel of love," and the "*mittimus*" of the "Bench," savoured little of each other ; and the work of a "minister of wrath" and that of an "evangelist" could not, with any propriety, be the office of one and the same person. "What relation," (he asked,) "has the 'executioner of the law,' and the 'dispenser of pastoral comfort,' to each other? The harshness of the *one* destroys the influence of the *other*. Ought *this* to be? — Assuredly not. My objections to this anomalous character are adopted on inexpugnable grounds. In our own day we have seen the church literally militant. Think of 1798, in Ireland, when "ministers," under the effigy of the great seal, headed armed bodies against their own parishioners. Yes, I have been told they were then seen mounted on dragoon-horses, or at least on chargers, caparisoned for battle, bolstered, belted, and branded, as partisan cavalry ! O, for the pen of a Swift, or a Byron ! Every day shews me the growing unpopularity of clerical magistrates, and the ungene-

rous efforts repeatedly made to drag them before the public, as men departing from a gospel-simplicity and pre-disposed to be tyrannical. No proper union *can* exist, and no union at all ever *will* exist, with impunity, between the pastoral and magisterial offices. No, Sir, even the infliction of a wholesome severity, by the hand of a clergyman, is *out of place*."

He repeatedly enforced, that, if a christian pastor would try to act up to the engagements he contracted at ordination, he could not possibly afford leisure for intermeddling in secular concerns. He urged that the commission to preach the doctrines of divine mercy, would be ill assorted with passing sentence, clothed in the rigours of human law, from an earthly tribunal; and that proselytes to religion could seldom be gained by a parson, whose instruments of conversion were the dungeon, exile, and the gibbet! He knew, (he averred,) the two offices to be so incompatible, that they could not beneficially, and ought not at all, to co-exist in the same individual. "No matter," (proceeded he,) "*how* meritorious may be the exercise of the magisterial duties by a clergyman — no matter, how amenable to justice the delinquents may be; still, the duty, on the minister's part, is an unnecessary and invidious one, and severs the ties of affection that, for the best purposes of Christian

usefulness, should always subsist between the shepherd and his flock. From the loss of *those* ties, every thing akin to confidence, mutual confidence, would be lost ; and disunion, dislike, resentment, and injuries, would inevitably prevail. He considered *this* to be a natural state of things between the parties, and that, in despite of the criminality of the culprit, or the rectitude of the magistrate, *still* heart-burnings, bickerings, and perhaps a neglect of the House of God, would not fail to be a common result of the rupture.

I ventured to suggest that, admitting the cogency of his arguments for a moment, I must suppose any sudden and general removal of the present clerical magistracy, might be deeply injurious to society ; that their local knowledge admirably fitted them for the office ; and their education and profession afforded the best security for a *conscientious* and enlightened discharge of it ; and that highly as I estimated the lay-gentry, (and no one *could* do so *more* highly,) still, that it was with me a question, how any selection of the latter could at once compensate for the loss of the former. To all this Parr turned a deaf ear ; he would not admit any such possible contingency. He insisted that the exclusive attainments of the clergy might have been a *saving argument* a hundred or even sixty years ago, but as an argument now, it was utterly worthless ;

that barely to meet such a topic at this day, would be a libel against the mass of intellect abroad in all directions, and that every corner of the land could readily supply an abundance of country-gentlemen able and willing substitutes, and every way qualified to do credit to the unpaid magistracy : and that, were all the clerical justices *at one brush* to be swept away, not an hour's inconvenience would be felt throughout England." He then added, "that he had good reason to know *he* was by no means solitary in his opinions — that three most influential members of the cabinet," (and these he named,) "*were with him* ; and he could not doubt but the nation would shortly release the clergy from the onerous inquietude, that such conflicting principles of action were so well calculated to produce."

The last time I saw this truly great and amiable man was at the close of the autumn of 1824, but a very few months before his decease. For many weeks his Letters had excited my uneasiness, from the settled tone of conviction that pervaded them as to his speedily being removed from us ; and I found it impossible to conquer my apprehensions, or the peculiar impatience I felt to see him once more. Fortunately for my object, I was at this period called to Ireland, and I took Warwick *en route*. I found, however,

upon my arrival there, that Parr was not yet returned from Worcestershire ; that he had been detained by serious illness ; and although now slowly recovering, was as yet unequal to the journey to Hatton. Under these circumstances, I crossed the Channel, consoling myself with the probable opportunity of making amends for the disappointment upon my return ; nor was I deceived. After an absence of six weeks, I found myself again at the porch of the philosopher, and understood that his arrival had preceded mine but by a single day. I had reason to congratulate myself. I had reached the parsonage in the first days of October ; it was about noon when I called upon him, and he had retired to take some repose, a custom which I then learned to have been forced upon him by the sensible decay of his physical powers. This of itself spoke volumes. The instant we met, I was electrified by the alteration so perceptible in his person. No change, indeed, had taken place in the warmth of his feelings, or in the cordial cheerfulness of his welcome ; these were still as I found them in my last visit ; but the usual dimensions of his person seemed actually contracted. The outlines of his frame appeared as if reduced to a similar size — cast in a miniature-model. The entire muscular fulness was shrunk, and yet without any very visible impairment of

wonted activity or rapid strides to debility. These were but my first impressions ; they became soon sensibly qualified by maturer observation. It could not be long before significant symptoms of a change in these, too, was forced upon me. The idolatry to his favourite tobacco was now relinquished, on the remonstrance of his physicians ; and the use of dried chamomile substituted. His appetite, which had been so long excellent, was gone. In conversation, indeed, the blaze of his intellect was still inextinguishable ; but its former magnificence was now reduced into a more mellowed grandeur, and some portion, (however slight,) of that superlative selection of words and phrases, which had in other days established his masterdom and rendered him inimitable, could not so clearly be traced. The capacious calibre of his mind was not at all narrowed ; the expansion of his mighty genius was equally illimitable ; the treasury of his vast knowledge was as abundantly supplied, and its doors stood as open for all to share it ; — but the lassitude of years, the desertion of appetite, the advance of disease, and the absorbing resignation to his great approaching change, made him feel as though his divorce from time was already commenced, and the putting forth of his strength no longer an object for his care.

Upon this occasion, he gave into my hand

a paper, which a young amanuensis was in the act of transcribing fairly as I joined them in the library. To my surprise, I found it to be his latest instruction about the place of his interment, together with the epitaph — plain, simple, and admonitory — which he designed for his own place of rest. It affected me much. He noticed my feelings, and repaid them with the richness of a smile, that seemed to say : — “ Why do you “ grieve ? Death has no terrors for me. I know “ that I must pass through the grave and gate of “ death to my joyful resurrection ! ” Again, I began to read over the epitaph, when, in good-humoured raillery, he exclaimed to his young friend — “ Take it away, take it away ! do not “ let him read it again ; his retentive memory “ will purloin it.”

Doctor Parr retained a love for poetry to the last. His taste was exquisite, his judgment infallible. How delightful was this bewitching relaxation to a mind, that was so much wont to expatiate among the researches of philosophy — to be immersed in the depths of metaphysics ! It was when on my last visit to him, that he ordered a port-folio to be brought forth, from which he took a MS. poem of considerable extent, and paid me the compliment to solicit my opinion of it, significantly assuring me, that few indeed had ever seen it.” I read it aloud. It betrayed

the towering independence of Parr, in the nervous eloquence of Dryden. It revealed its author. I characterised it in the language of truth. He was very reserved about it.

In a late periodical work, containing details of Dr. Parr, his opinion of the living poets is given. The account is perfectly correct as far as it goes. It contains the truth, but not the whole truth. I shall briefly state his conversation with me on the subject.

One morning he sent for me to attend him in his library. I found him seated at one side of the fire, Mrs. Parr leaning against the mantle on the opposite, and a chair placed for me between them. "Mrs. Parr," (he began,) "you have seen Moore in this spot, some time ago; you now see Mr. Stewart. The race of true poets is now nearly extinct. There is you," (turning to me,) and Moore, and Byron, and Crabbe, and Campbell, — I hardly know of another. You, Stewart, are a man of genius, of real genius, and of science, too, as well as genius. I tell you so. It is here, it is here," (shaking his head, and sagaciously touching his forehead with his finger,) "I tell you, again, it is here! As to Walter Scott, his jingle will not out-live the next century; it is namby pamby. I do not enumerate him with poets!"

He told me that upon a late memorable occa-

sion, and during the fever of party-excitement, he had business in London. It happened that he was in company with a noble dignitary, who took a very different side in politics from himself.

They had last parted on peculiarly gracious terms, and Parr now approached him with the same unaffected esteem. Not so the other. "In place of meeting me as I met him," (said Parr,) "he freezingly threw me a half-nod, half-bow, meaning anything or nothing. Speaking was out of the question. I carried this nod-bow home with me, and carefully kept it until I might want it. The time arrived. I was again in town, where our respective duties brought us in contact. By this time the curtain had dropped — the tragedy was over — there was no longer occasion for acting. The noble friend approached me with much graciousness, his face was in smiles — 'I am glad to see Doctor Parr — Doctor Parr is well, &c. &c.' My part was clear. I threw him back his half-nod, half-bow, exactly as I received it. It was his own, not mine ; and it was now my turn to observe profound silence. I have not seen him since. But I know," (and here he gave a wise nod, half-closing his eyes, at the same instant,) "I know how to manage such cattle !"

In this case, Parr considered it due to the

peculiar character he had to support, to make the retort courteous; but this had no reference whatever to any party-hostility either in religion or politics. He owned no such meanness of sentiment; so far to the contrary, that an honest difference of opinion never in the least affected his attachments. He and I dissented upon some cardinal points; points, too, that admitted but little likelihood of our ever approximating; yet this decrepancy cast not even a shadow on our friendship. He was far from too loftily-minded not to respect scruples conscientiously maintained, however erroneous he might deem them. Upon an infinite majority of cases I would have distrusted my own decisions incalculably rather than his; and when principle taught me to be thus tenacious, he well knew that in venturing to oppose him I could be actuated by a sense of rectitude alone. His esteem, consequently, was never withdrawn from me.

It was long after my arrival before we found ourselves occupied, confidentially, in a most solemn conversation respecting his state of health, and the probability of his approaching end. Far from shrinking, he evidently courted such a discussion; and canvassed its trials, without a single apprehension. His tone and manner were equally distinct from the presumption of the self-righteous, and the gloom of the fanatic. During this

interview his uplifted eyes were directed to his God, and the aspirations of a soul-speaking piety quivered on his lips. He looked and expressed himself with the calmness of a philosopher, the intrepidity of a man, the humility of a sinner, and the glowing energy of a christian. I have met with few instances, where the descent to the grave has been made so pleasingly familiar, where dust and ashes have discussed so calmly their own decedence, and where the settled hope of another and imperishable being has shone with more serenitude. With Parr, the king of terrors was converted into an expected friend, who is waited for, not with impatience, but with cheerfulness, as the appointed companion of a long and momentous journey.

Parr had lost nothing of the amiable condescension, which first attached me to him. I was to officiate in his church upon the next Sunday, and the circumstance seemed to occupy him much. On the day before, he sent for Osborn, his clerk. In due time and form the latter was ushered into the library. Osborn was a fine puritanical specimen of Walter Scott's descriptive pencil. His face was serene and pale; and his grizzled-hair, critically divided by a seam on the top of his head, was sleekly arranged on each side. He lowly, but stiffly made obeisance to his leige lord, as though he could have regretted

that the flexion of his muscles so aptly responded his involuntary homage. "Osborn, mind! "this gentleman, a friend, not only a friend, but "a particular friend of mine," (this drew from Osborn a second bend turned full upon myself,) "preaches in my pulpit to-morrow. Let it be "put in the best order. Dress out the church. "Have nothing wanting. It is for a minister, "who will become it. — Go!"

Sunday-morning came. I was summoned early before him. Sam, the important Sam, was called. "Bring my best gown, and air it, Sam, at this fire." Again the bell rings. "Send up Mary Fennel," (a female servant, who had long resided at the parsonage,) "I want her." She soon appeared. "Tie on Mr. Stewart's band — so — there." It was methodically arranged. "Now, Sam, Sam, the gown!" Sam dressed me in it. During this important preparation, Parr, in the unsophisticated goodness of his heart, sat and superintended it with a minuteness of care, as though his time was to be devoted exclusively to that object. I was now required to stand up for his inspection, and a fond father could not have evinced more apparent pride in me. It was the first occasion of his seeing me in canonicals, as I had taken orders since our last meeting in town; and in that ordination he had professed a lively interest. He now turned me

round and round, gave a nod of gratified approval, and murmured, involuntarily, “ a respectable man, a respectable man ! ”

As I have often mentioned the library, a description of it may not be out of place here. I am not scientific enough to state its precise dimensions, but it was a spacious, pleasant room. Its windows gave the prospect of the garden and the green fields beyond. As Parr always concluded every thing connected with study or correspondence before dinner, that meal was invariably served up in the library, and he constantly dressed for it, in a manner suited to the dignity of his station and character. He was averse to carving, and was accused by Mrs. Parr, too, of carving clumsily ; so that he never, while I have been present, did the honours of the table. Parr ate heartily, but he was no glutton — he liked to feed daintily, but he was no Epicurean. His table it was his delight to see surrounded by attached friends and talented and respectable strangers. His amenity of manner, and his cordial hospitalities soon made every one at ease ; and his instructive and amusing conversation rendered it a truly Attic repast. By me they can never be forgotten.

Porson, Burney, and Lowth graced the library-mantle. The Doctor's usual seat was an ordinary elbow-chair, with an indifferent green

cushion, and placed with the back to the windows. I think he occasionally used a sofa, for the convenience of supporting his leg, which for years had been a victim to erysipelas. His morning-dress, until about two o'clock, was a dingy suit of brownish black, clerical stockings, hanging in wrinkles, easy shoes, and a well-worn, red night-cap. His faithful pipe was ever at his side, as well as his tiny table, candlestick, and fuses. His favourite posture was leaning backwards ; and when on active duty, his pipe was displayed between two fingers.

The *beau ideal* of a dandy-penman would shrug his shoulders to contemplate Parr's writing-apparatus and materials. In that library he could meet with no splendid writing-table, nor desk of satin-wood inlaid with silver or ivory ; nor tortoise-shell inkstand with burnished appendages. Parr contemned every thing of the sort. He never wrote upon any kind of desk ; he always laid his paper flat on the table ; there was no other preparation. Upon a long deal-table, whose site was between the windows, commonly stood a supply of ragged-edged foolscap, and which Parr could convert, with the dexterity of a juggler, into the *pabulum proprium pennæ*. The mode of operation was this ; — when he himself was to be the scribe, this foolscap was transferred to the round table,

which stood in the centre of the room. He would then detach a sheet, pass it neatly and lightly between his lips, divide it, fold up each leaf double, and thus you had in a moment, the sheet of foolscap transformed into something like two passable sheets of pigmy letter-paper, with all its roughness preserved. There was no occasion for paper-cutters, or penknives. The inkstand was *en suite* : it was, I think, of tin ; but so battered and grim from age and service, that its original composition was doubtful. The stumps it usually contained, were sacred to the Doctor's hieroglyphics ; few beside could use them. A bundle of pens was mostly thrown down for any other writer's use, and a box of wafers and a wafer-seal, a stick of wax and Parr's own armorial signet, were at your option. What a homely contrast to Mrs. Parr's splendid writing-apparatus, in the adjoining room !

The walls of this spacious library were not only covered with valuable books, but with the very best editions of them, as were also other rooms, and the lobbies, from top to bottom. In parts of the room were various small deal packing-cases, chiefly under and near the table ; these were depositaries of confidential papers, or of Letters from correspondents high in his favour. Some of these packets were farther particularized by tapes.

At this period Parr had become less agile in shifting his books from place to place, and which exercise was in frequent operation. He had, therefore, taken into drill for the office a tall, slim, gawky rustic, and Parr's temper was not the best qualified for the occupation of training him. He had regularly dubbed him with the title, (very likely a legitimate patronymic,) of *Booby*. But however characteristic the name, *Booby* was, by habitude, a Stoic, and could meet rebuffs with the most provoking indifference. His step was leisurely and shuffling, and he held the even tenor of his course, unwarped by scoldings or directions. He passed the latitude of storms without manifesting the slightest flurry. *Mutatis mutandis* had Parr encountered him in other days, he might have been admitted to the order of the birch, and Parr have new-moulded *Booby's* destiny. He was quite a gem in his way.

On the day of my departure, Parr and I set off from Hatton, to dine in Warwick with a clerical intimate of his. As I was to start by the night-mail, my travelling trunk was put into the Doctor's coach, to accompany us. I demurred to its introduction, reluctant to intrude such an incumbrance. Suddenly he fired at my false delicacy, (as he termed it,) and became satirically indignant at what he christened my fastidious-

ness : “ Are you afraid,” (cried he,) “ that a snake will spring out of it upon us ? ” “ No, no, far from it, Doctor. You overlook that I am fresh imported from the Isle of Saints. No venomous reptile harbours in its sacred soil ! A dove, perhaps, might nestle here — for a dove is the emblem of affection and constancy.” “ Right, right, Sir,” (he exclaimed,) “ I love the people, and their land.” He extended to me his hand, smiled good-humouredly ; and the summer cloud on his brow had passed away.

After dinner I rose to take leave. He parted from me with a powerful presentiment that we were never again to meet in this life. The irresistible conviction at the moment quite overcame him. His voice faltered. — His eyes were full of tears. “ I shall see you no more,” he said ; and in that upraised look of resignation, which harmonized with the words, was conveyed also the prayer for my future happiness. A second time he called me to him, grasped convulsively both my hands in his, pressed them to his heart, repeated, with a solemn affection — “ It is our last “ meeting, I know ; I feel that our present separation will be final : — deliver, in person, this “ Letter to the Duke of Sussex — take it yourself to Kensington — unless you do, I never will “ consent to receive another line from you.” This conversation took place in presence of the

dinner-circle. I punctually obeyed his wishes; I redeemed the pledge I here gave to him. It was his parting request.

In less than six months afterwards, his anticipations and my fears were fatally verified, and this pre-eminently accomplished scholar and most virtuous man, had disappeared from the theatre of time.

From so recent an intimation to me, of his design to be interred in Devonshire, and of other particulars relating to that event, I was surprized that his remains were to be deposited at Hatton. But when I recollected the attachment and high character of his executors, I could refer the adoption of the latter spot to one of two causes, either of which would be authority sufficient. Even in the short period that elapsed, between my last interview with him and his death, he might have altered his intention; or, in the event of his not having done so, still he might have left it optional with his surviving relatives to choose between Warwick and Devon. In giving a preference to the former, I am sure they exercised a sound discretion, and consulted the high claims of justice. Who, indeed, could so properly be the mourners at the bier of Parr, as the flock, who for more than forty years had grown in grace under their venerable pastor; who so long had heard his pious eloquence, witnessed his mo-

ral life, benefitted by his wise counsel, and shared in his overflowing bounty? What cold soil of a stranger-county could have appreciated the honoured relics? What mausoleum could so nobly have enshrined his ashes, as the temple by himself re-built and beautified, to the glory of the Creator, and for the best interests of man?

[The attention of the reader has in p. 58, been called to Addison's paper on *Dreams*, and this may be a convenient opportunity for submitting to his consideration the theory of Mr. Green, of Ipswich, as contained in the *Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of Literature*, published in 1810. 4to. p. 193 : —

“Newton remarks, that our sensations are more vivid in dreams than when awake; and represents Milton as ascribing it to the action of some spiritual being on the sensory. I see no reason to alter the opinion I long since formed upon this subject.

Of the fact itself, there can be no question — it must have fallen, I should suppose, within almost every one's experience; and this superior susceptibility seems by no means confined to impressions from the fair and beautiful, but to ex-

tend to every species of emotion whatever. If it be a scene of horror — if we are encountered, on a trackless heath, by some dire form — if it hunts us, with a murderer's knife, to the edge of some hanging precipice — if we struggle to shriek for some near help, and utterance is denied, there is a degree of anguish and wretchedness in our sufferings, and a prostration of all manly energy under an irresistible and overwhelming terror, exceeding far, I conceive, what any mortal ever endured from real apprehension. If it be a scene of sensibility — if we recognize some long-lost friend — if we meet, after hapless separation, the dear object of our tenderest affection — if we hold sweet intercourse — if we mingle heart with heart, and pour out all our fondest wishes, the melting soul dissolves in a *deliquium* of tenderness and delight, which I doubt whether the warmest friend or most passionate lover ever experienced. We feel when we awake from such glowing visions, and while their effects still vibrate on the mind, that every thing in this life is stale and flat and tasteless on the comparison. It is related of the celebrated Tartini, that he once dreamed he had entered into a compact with the Devil, who, to exhibit a specimen of his powers, played him a *solo* so divinely on the fiddle, that the musician waked with transports, seized his violin, and tried to catch the fleeting idea, but

felt his utmost efforts at imitation so tame and unavailing, that he dashed his instrument in despair to the ground ; and ever after declared, he should never have brought himself to touch cat-gut again, could he possibly have gained a livelihood without it. This story is by no means incredible : though, probably, had Tartini heard, when awake, the same notes, which ravished him in vision, he would have formed a very different estimate of their merit. I have always found, at least, when successful in calling any specific object — a piece of poetry or eloquence, for instance, which delighted me beyond measure in a dream — that it has appeared on the revision very puerile or uncouth. For a time indeed, and whilst the intense idea still breathes its charms or its horrors on the mind, the delusion may continue, but it soon vanishes : and had we an opportunity of making the comparison, I suspect we should invariably discover, that the strength of the emotion in our dreams, was quite disproportionate to the apparent occasion, which produced it.

This curious phænomenon, which seems to have escaped investigation, may perhaps admit of the following easy and simple solution. In sleep, not only are our senses closed against all impressions from without, but the command, which we possess over the train of our ideas,

when awake, seems entirely suspended ; nor do these ideas appear to suggest many of the various associations, with which on other occasions they are usually combined : of course, whatever image is presented to the imagination under these circumstances, must exert its whole influence on the sensibility, undiminished by any disturbing action whatever ; and enjoying full occupation of the mind, must excite there all the effect, which such a cause operating on such a substance is capable of producing. The case is obviously very different, when we are awake ; since, to say nothing of the constant importunity of what is passing around us, some voluntary or some spontaneous suggestion is for ever mingling with the immediate object of our thoughts. If we are assailed by distress, the mind naturally turns to its resources ; it looks backward, it looks forward ; it adopts some fortifying reflection, it encourages some soothing hope ; and contrives to abate its present suffering, by the powers of consolation, or the prospect of deliverance. In our happiest moments, on the other hand, our delight is not unadulterated : some obtrusive care, some obscure suspicion, some cruel jealousy or apprehension, the mere reflection that all this bliss *must* soon end, and *may* be interrupted, alloys and vitiates our very purest enjoyments. We are more poignantly affected in our dreams

than when awake, not because our sensibility is more acute, or the objects presented to it are more forcible and impressive than in real life; — for the contrary may rather be presumed; — but because whatever affects us in this state, operates undisturbed by the various interfering influences, which are perpetually mingling with the proper current of our ideas when awake, and abating the force of the predominant impression, which obtains there. A consideration of two or three cases, something analogous to dreaming, will perhaps throw some additional light and evidence on this attempted explication.

I. The susceptibility of little children to gratification or distress, is obvious to every one. Children have little to look back upon; and they look forward, still less; nor is their attention diverted by any of those associations, which farther experience contracts: their minds are almost entirely engrossed with the occupation, whatever it be, of the moment. The morning of life, therefore, is something like a dream; and real existences affect us, in this state, much in the same manner as visions do in sleep. A child, who has its favourite plaything taken away, suffers more than a monarch from the dismemberment of his empire. The monarch, indeed, by summoning before him, in succession, all the consequences of his loss, his diminution of revenue, of power,

and reputation, may protract his sufferings longer, but it is impossible not to think, that the little urchin, who shrieks, and stamps his foot, and is convulsed with grief, endures, for the time, more real vexation and anguish, than the unhappy sovereign, who eats his dinner very calmly, and partakes, though somewhat cloudy perhaps, of his ordinary amusements. ‘I despair,’ says Mr. Burke, in his introduction to the *Sublime and Beautiful*, ‘of ever receiving the same degree of pleasure from the most excellent performances of genius, which I felt, at that age, from pieces, which my present judgment regards as trifling and contemptible.’ Mr. B. ascribes this principally to the fastidiousness, which a mind acquires from cultivation. And in some measure, no doubt, this accounts for the phænomenon; but not, I think, completely. There are many persons, who pass in the world for men of fair understandings and competent taste, who are just as incapable, I apprehend, of discovering the blemishes of a first-rate composition, as a child is, of detecting the nonsense of *Tom Thumb*; yet I much question whether such a reader would derive half the gratification from the first perusal of the *Æneid*, which infant curiosity eagerly extracts from the life and achievements of the other ill-fated hero. It is not merely that in early youth we are blind to defects, but that

we enter with an *entire* and cordial interest into whatever captivates the imagination. When I first read *Robinson Crusoe*, (the remembrance of it is still delightful, and refreshing to the spirits,) I went along with him completely — I was absorbed in his adventures — I sailed with him on the raft — I saw the print of the foot upon the sands — I prattled with Friday. The most devoted novel-reader, in maturer life, I should suppose, never attains to such a perfection of illusion and interest. It is indeed scarcely possible that he should. As we advance in years, a thousand collateral considerations, the fruits of our knowledge and experience, break in upon our thoughts, and mingle their influences with whatever engages our attention ; that *integrity* of feeling, which gave to youth its frankness and its fire, its keen susceptibility and ardent passions, gradually yields to the temperament of suggestions, which at once abate our joys and sorrows, our pleasures and our pains ; and life insensibly assumes, under this equalising process, that subdued tone and evenness of tenor, which distinguish old-age, and for which a mere decay of sensibility, or of the stimulus of novelty in the objects, which act upon it, (though these causes, no doubt, co-operate,) will be found, in themselves, very insufficient to account.

II. Intoxication, like sleep, induces an obli-

vion of the past and neglect of the future ; dissolves the associations, by which our ideas are ordinarily combined ; and disposes us to a vivid perception of the images and feelings of the moment, by obstructing the avenues to other impressions. I am not sure that it materially promotes hilarity in any other than this negative way ; for those, who besot themselves privately, are often sufficiently grave, and conscious of no other effect from the stimulus of their potations, than the dispersion of care. Men assemble at the table on purpose to be gay ; and festivity usually accompanies the social circulation of the bottle : our hearts expand ; trifles delight us ; an ordinary anecdote assumes poignancy and spirit ; we are enchanted with a joke, which our returning reason disdains ; our mirth is intemperate, boisterous, and absurdly disproportionate to the occasion. It is not however to *joyous* emotions, exclusively, that wine quickens us, but as we should naturally expect from the influence of such a cause, to the predominant impression, whatever it may be. Joy commonly prevails at the table, because it is preconcerted that it should do so : this convivial arrangement, however, is sometimes disturbed : men are often exquisitely sore and irascible in their cups, whether replenished with Falernian or Champagne ; and, though certainly more rare, and somewhat ridi-

culous, I have witnessed scenes of drunken grief and tenderness, surpassing, to all appearance, what sober sensibility ever felt, and which the parties concerned have compared, on recollection, to the vivid mockery of dreams.

III. Though it be difficult to speculate on a condition of our unhappy species, which we never experienced, and whose afflicting presence, wherever it prevails, we approach with trembling and horror, yet, as we can explore this obscure and dreadful visitation, there seems a striking analogy between insanity and dreaming. In both cases, an unreal vision is presented to the fancy, which extinguishing memory and foresight, and arresting the whole attention of the mind, induces the deluded patient to think and reason and act, in a way, which, however consistent with the scene before him, appears to the waking and rational spectator in the highest degree incoherent and preposterous. In dreams, indeed, these apparent extravagancies are usually veiled ; they are not however always so. There are persons, who preserve in sleep a sufficient knowledge of their actual situation, to rise, dress themselves, and perform many of the common offices of life, though actuated all the time by a phantastic illusion. Such persons, on such occasions, exhibit the picture of madness. When Lady Macbeth, under the visitation of those

‘terrible dreams’ that ‘shake her nightly,’ seizes her taper and stalks forth; when she sees and smells the blood upon her hand, which is not there; when, in vacancy, she communes with her husband, so express an image does she present of mental alienation, that an audience, not previously prepared for the purpose, would naturally conclude that the great master of the human heart designed to exhibit, in her person, the hideous, but less original and striking spectacle, of a mind impelled to distraction, and permanently deranged, by the complicated pangs of horror and remorse. The maniac, indeed, perceives more distinctly than the somnambulist, the real situation of things around him: his external senses are commonly perfect and acute; nor is there visibly any thing in the construction of his organs, calculated to distort the representations they transmit. It is the vision *within*, that disturbs him. Partly, this vision confounds the real representation, and assimilates it to its own ideal forms; partly, it should seem incapable of completing the delusion. The lunatic discovers that things about him are not, as according to the phantasm, that possesses his mind, they ought to be: this distracts his hurried fancy; every thing around, seems wild and discomposed; his dearest friends appear his bitterest enemies; the order of nature, to his imagination, is subverted;

he feels oppressed by a general conspiracy of his species ; and is filled with those dark, jealous, and malignant suspicions, which are considered, I believe, by those conversant with this dreadful calamity, as, above all others, the most decisive tokens of insanity. As insanity bears this resemblance to dreaming, so it seems to partake of that extreme susceptibility, and to be exposed to those excesses of delight and sorrow, which form so remarkable a feature in our dreams. That there are 'joys in madness, which none but madmen know,' has been affirmed by one, who is supposed to have felt them ; and is attested by the tumultuous and frantic transports, which some maniacs exhibit. We shudder, indeed, at beholding them ; and Gray's image, of

Moody Madness, laughing wild
Amidst severest woe,

is amongst the most affecting that poetry presents : the woe, however, seems altogether confined to the spectator, who is naturally shocked at witnessing such insensibility to the heaviest affliction, with which it has pleased the Almighty to humble the arrogance of man : the maniac himself seems perfectly and eminently happy. As there occurs, in some sorts of madness, a vacancy from care and a swelling rapture of heart, surpassing, apparently, the most pleasurable emotions a sane mind ever feels, so, in

other descriptions of this deplorable malady, we behold a settled and brooding melancholy, a deep despair, whose gloomy horrors no art can assuage, and of whose unutterable anguish, the sound imagination, it may be presumed, can form no conception whatever. The mind shrinks with dismay from the aspect and contagion of a woe, which, as it springs from no visible cause, admits of no discoverable relief; nor can we easily account for the exorbitance of misery, any more than for the extravagance of joy, in disordered intellects, but by supposing (as in dreams) a total absorption of the soul in the scene presented to it, and an entire seclusion from the influence of those palliative principles, which, in a waking and sober and rational agent, produce a sort of equanimity through all the vicissitudes of existence; and if they deaden our sensibility to some of the most endearing and exalted pleasures of life, seem designed, too, in the constitution of our being, to mitigate its insupportable afflictions. The poignancy of existence, no doubt, is degraded by their action: but hope, which may be regarded as a kind of voluntary and flattering dream of the future, still remains, our last best friend, to triumph over experience; and by anticipating only the bright side of the prospect before us, to shed a ray of interest upon scenes, which, were they presented to the mind with all

the drawbacks, that we are morally assured must attend the actual accomplishment of our fondest wishes, would stifle every generous exertion, and sink the human heart in listlessness and despondency."]

IV.

*Extract from the Birmingham Chronicle,
March 10, 1825.*

“ Death, and Biographical Notice,

OF THE

REV. DR. PARR.*

At length the hopes and fears, which the illness of this great and good man has for several weeks excited through the county, are terminated by his dissolution, which took place on Sunday

* “ *Bust of the late Dr. Parr, By Mr. Clarke.*

We have been favoured with a sight of the Bust of the late reverend and venerable Dr. Parr, now nearly completed by Mr Clarke, of this town, who intends shortly to offer it to the notice of the public. The Doctor sat to Mr. Clarke some time ago, and an excellent resemblance was produced ; but, as in a character of such peculiar interest every minute perfection was desirable, permission was requested and granted to make a model in plaster after his death. By this means the entire

last at six o'clock in the evening, in the 79th year of his age; and it is pleasing to consider that the anxiety, which has been so universally manifested respecting him, is a tribute, which no elevation of rank or station could have called forth, but which is only to be commanded by the pre-eminence of moral and intellectual worth.

Dr. Samuel Parr was born at Harrow. His father was a surgeon in that place, and his paternal grandfather was Rector of Hinckley, in Leicestershire. He was at the head of Harrow-School in his 14th year, and on the death of the Rev. Dr. Sumner, who strongly recommended him as his successor, he was not appointed to the head-mastership on account of his youthful age. At Harrow was formed his friendship with the celebrated Sir William Jones and the Right Rev. Dr. Bennet, late Bishop of Cloyne; and almost all the boys in the upper part of this school accompanied him, when he removed to establish himself as a Teacher at Stanmore, in Middlesex.

form of the head was most accurately preserved, and some minor corrections in the features effected, so that the resemblance, by those who best knew the Doctor, is now considered perfect.

But we are not content with bestowing on the ingenious artist the praise of simply producing a *fac-simile of nature*;—a landscape may be faithfully sketched by a person of correct eye, but wanting imagination and genius, and the resemblance may be universally but frigidly acknowledged. But how dif-

He was successively Master of the Grammar-Schools of Colchester and Norwich, and in 1780, received his first ecclesiastical preferment, the Rectory of Asterby, in the Diocese of Lincoln. In the year 1785, the exchange of Asterby for the perpetual Curacy of Hatton, brought him into Warwickshire, where he continued to reside till the day of his death. The Rev. Dr. Parr was twice married, first to Jane, of the ancient House of Mauleverer, in Yorkshire, and afterwards to Mary, sister of the late Rev. James Eyre, of Solihull, in this county. By his first wife he had several children, all of whom died in their infancy, except Sarah and Catharine. Of these daughters,

ferent is the result, when the very same outlines are filled up by one, who has taste to discern, and skill to embody the happy moment, when the early ray of morning sweetly and softly irradiates the scene ; or when the rich evening-sun showers down its lavish gold on every object ! So in the human countenance, the true artist will study the form before him ; — will make it his principal object to catch the moment of bright and characteristic, though, perhaps, evanescent *effect*.

Mr. Clarke has, we think, happily succeeded in that, which renders an effort of imitation eminently *a work of art*, in preserving the character, moral and intellectual, of his subject. The expression of benignant placidity, which so often dwelt on the features of the deceased ; — the quiescent, but easily-excited smile of playful thought and vivid and rapid fancy, which illuminated his countenance ; — the head slightly inclined, the eye looking forwards, but in a downward direction, from beneath the projecting, but not severe brow ; consistently with

both of whom he survived, the former was married to John Wynne, Esq. of Garthmeilio, in Denbighshire, and left two daughters, now living, Caroline and Augusta, the eldest of whom is the wife of the Rev. John Lynes, Rector of Elmley-Lovett, in Worcestershire. In addition to the small benefice before mentioned, Dr. Parr held the living of Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, to which he was presented by Sir Francis Burdett. Through the kindness and interest of the present Earl of Dartmouth's grandfather, he also obtained from Bishop Lowth, a prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral, which, though for many years of little value to him, was happily the means of se-

the character of him, who sought not always for excitement from external objects ; all these are perpetuated by the sculptor, and give life and animation to his material.

The busts will be presented in two forms. The one in the usual professional costume ; the shoulders clerically draped, and the head enveloped in its technical load of foreign curls : these are addressed to those intimate friends, who will love to see him they esteemed, live as he was wont to do in their sight. The other is of the antique character and terminal form, partially clothed in a simple drapery, falling in well-arranged and sober folds,—the head bare, exhibiting the fine and bold contour of that seat of acute reflection and multifarious acquirements. This is addressed to the world at large. The one is DOCTOR PARR, the Warwickshire DIVINE, the delight of the friendly circle ; — the other is PARR, THE PHILOSOPHER, the philanthropist, the friend of all the virtuous and independent, the citizen of the world.— *Utrum horum mavis, accipe.*"

curing him, to an ample degree, *otium cum dignitate*, in the decline of his life. He was thus indebted for all his preferment to the affection of private friends ; for, though he was animated by an ardent, but liberal, and enlightened, attachment to our civil and ecclesiastical Constitution ; though he was distinguished by unparalleled learning, by gigantic strength of intellect, by the most unblemished morals, and by profound unaffected piety, he was never patronised by the government of his country. This is a circumstance, which many will perhaps consider explained by his own words in his admirable work on the Character of Mr. Fox, in which he truly states of himself that ‘ from his youth upward, he never deserted a private friend, or violated a public principle — that he was the slave of no patron, and the drudge of no party — that he formed his political opinions without the smallest regard, and acted upon them with an utter disregard, to personal emoluments and professional honours.’ He further adds, (what his friends must rejoice at,) ‘ that, although for many and the best years of his life he endured very irksome toil, and suffered very galling need, he eventfully united a competent fortune with an independent spirit — and that looking back to this life and onward to another, he possessed that inward peace of mind, which the

‘ world can neither give nor take away.’ Nor will this be wondered at by those, who know that his long residence at Hatton was spent by him in diligently performing all the duties of a Parish-priest, in assisting, advising, and befriending the poor, in the exercise of a generous hospitality, in encouraging and patronising merit, in communicating knowledge, whenever required, from his own inexhaustible stores, in contributing, by a most extensive correspondence, to the general illumination of the literary world, in manifesting by his words and deeds that he cultivated a spirit of unbounded philanthropy as the practical essence of our holy religion, and in endeavours to promote from the pulpit and the press whatever is most conducive to the public and private welfare of mankind. It need not be added that such a man was venerated for his wisdom and beloved for his goodness by all, who had the happiness of knowing him. He accordingly died as a righteous man ought to die, in peace and charity with all men, and in a firm reliance on the precious promises of the gospel ; nor can it be doubted that by those, who are capable of appreciating true greatness of character, he will ever be considered not only as an ornament to this county, but an honour to his country, and to the human race.”

R. K.

V.

*Extract from the Birmingham Chronicle,
March 17, 1825.*

**“Funeral of the Rev. Dr. Parr,
AT HATTON,
ON MONDAY LAST, MARCH 14.**

Dr. Parr, with that greatness of mind, which can anticipate calmly and cheerfully the last awful change of mortal man, gave previously to his illness, minute directions respecting his funeral. They were characteristic of many of the amiable features of his character, indicating his affection to his surviving friends and neighbours, and the joyful hope in God, which accompanied his meditations on the prospect of death. These directions were dutifully observed by his executors. His remains were attended on foot by nearly 40 gentlemen in mourning, consisting of the clergy of the surrounding parishes, and of some of the

principal inhabitants of his own parish, of the medical men who attended him during his illness, of his own and Mrs. Parr's relations, and of some of his more intimate friends, together with a considerable number of individuals, chiefly dissenters from the Church of England, who, though uninvited, were desirous of testifying their sense of his great public worth, and especially of the enlarged Christian benevolence and enlightened piety, which he always manifested by extending his kind feelings and generous countenance to persons of every religious denomination, and by shewing himself to be superior, as he taught them to be superior, to the narrow bigotry of sectarian prejudice. The whole of his parishioners, and probably many from the adjoining country, formed a rustic assemblage, whose decent, but varied and even gay attire produced a pleasing contrast with the sombre character of the procession, and at the same time reminded the spectator of the holy, useful, and affectionate labours, which had occupied half the life of this aged pastor of the mourning flock. Immediately as the procession began to move, the bell ceased to toll, and successive peals of soft and cheerful melody were heard from the grey tower. In these sounds, for which he himself made provision, Dr. Parr in his life always took delight ; and on this occasion they were, no doubt, designed by him to produce the same

happy frame of mind, with which his hearers had been accustomed to enter the house of prayer, and to tell them that to the Christian, death is no cause of grief, but the appointed and desired exchange of earthly for celestial blessings. A pause for reflection was afforded at two or three places, which he had specified, probably with the kind intention of relieving the bodily fatigue of those, who carried his remains. The church, which his own bounty enlarged, decorated, and in a great measure re-built, was darkened so as to resemble a capacious vault, a few rays only escaping through the painted windows, the admission of which, though accidental, had a beautiful effect. As the eye gradually adapted itself to the funereal light of the numerous wax-tapers, the marble monuments, which enrich the walls, became conspicuous.

Agreeably to his express direction, the burial service was read by the Rev. Rann Kennedy, Minister of St. Paul's Chapel, in Birmingham, and we may truly say it was read in the most solemn, feeling, and impressive manner. The rustic choir of singers, in performing at intervals some simple pieces of music, were accompanied by a small sweet-toned organ, placed in the church by Dr. Parr. Agreeably to the custom at 'funeral obsequies' in former times, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Butler, Vicar of Kenil-

worth, and Head-Master of Shrewsbury-School. This was introduced after the reading of the lesson. It was a masterly and eloquent delineation of the character of the great scholar and generous friend, whose coffin was before him. The preacher began by apologizing for the appearance of presumption in undertaking so arduous a task, but stated as his reason for engaging in it the earnest entreaty and 'express command' of his revered friend. He omitted not to notice the defects of the character, which he was about to describe, and thus rendered more valid the splendid eulogy which followed. He spoke, in terms adapted to the occasion, of the gigantic intellect of the deceased ; of his retentive memory, his exuberant imagination, and his profound and sagacious judgment ; of the vast extent and variety of his erudition ; his SUPREMACY as a classical scholar ; the ease, with which he appropriated to himself the learned stores of ancient and of modern times ; his intimate acquaintance with the writings of the Greek philosophers, especially those of the Academic and Peripatetic schools, and with all the metaphysical philosophy of modern ages ; his minute knowledge of English history, more especially of the history of the established church, of its liturgy, its doctrines, and its articles ; of the great men, who first framed and defended its constitution, of its voluminous and masculine

authors, who adorned the 17th century, and of the controversies, which it has sustained with the various bodies of dissenters. After speaking of him as a scholar and divine, the learned preacher dwelt upon the great and moral qualities of the deceased ; his ardent love of liberty, and his hatred of oppression ; his resolute independence, and invincible integrity ; the warmth of his friendship, which through five-and-twenty years the speaker had himself experienced ; and his affectionate and unremitting kindness, manifested during forty years to those of his parishioners and neighbours, who were now assembled at his grave. Due praise was also bestowed upon his bountiful zeal for the improvement of the edifice, which was at last to be still further consecrated by becoming the depository of his mortal frame ; upon his important assistance, often rendered without any expectation of acknowledgment, to the labours of literary men ; and upon his pecuniary munificence, continually bestowed upon persons of all descriptions, who needed it, but especially upon young men of merit in aid of their professional studies. The enumeration of these and other excellencies was summed up by a brief description of that piety to the supreme Being, unostentatious, but fervent, profound, and habitual, by which they were controuled, animated, and exalted. The discourse was pre-

faced and concluded by the portion of scripture, which Dr. Parr directed to be inscribed upon his monument, and by which he will continue to address his former hearers, ‘ *What doth the Lord, thy God, require of thee, but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*’ At length his honoured remains were deposited in the chancel of the church ; and whilst the peal of bells was again heard, the numerous congregation, which had witnessed the solemnity, departed to their homes with no expectation of beholding a second time a man so highly and nobly endowed.”

VI.

Extract from the Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature, No. 231. V. 20. March, 1825. p. 184.

“ Conclusion of a Sermon

PREACHED BY MR. YATES, AT THE NEW MEETING-HOUSE,
BIRMINGHAM,

On Sunday, March 13th, on occasion of the death of the

REV. DR. PARR.

“ To the views, which I have set before you (on the evils of sectarian animosity,) my own mind has been led by the feelings of solemn and affectionate reverence for the character of that distinguished minister of religion in the Church of England, whose life diffused instruction and delight amongst us, and whose death has occasioned a general regret throughout this neighbourhood. I need not apologize for introducing to a dissenting congregation the praise of a man, whose extensive attainments and wonderful

energy of character and understanding, joined to the most manly independence and the noblest virtues, rendered him an ornament to the Christian church, to his country, and to mankind. But, since his philanthropy was bounded by no sectarian prejudice, and extended its vital warmth and beneficial influence far beyond the circle of his own denomination, it becomes us to remember him as he would have wished us to remember him — as our friend and brother. *This congregation* more especially owes to him a large debt of gratitude and admiration. Let me recall to your memory those dreadful times, when the spot, where we are now assembled, was covered by a heap of ruins. How nobly did he then come forward to vindicate your body from unmerited reproach, and at the same time to preserve them by his earnest and affectionate entreaties, and his solemn and powerful admonitions, from rashly exposing themselves to a repetition of the same evils, under which they were still suffering : and, when the upright Christian philosopher, to whom this bereaved congregation then looked with sorrowing anxiety, was assailed from every side by the shafts of misguided rage and cruelty, how equitable, how kind, and how courageous was the support, which he received from the same nervous and

discriminating pen!* Dr. Parr was then in the prime of life; and had he put forth one-tenth part of his power in the methods usually adopted by ambitious ecclesiastics, he would have risen by easy and rapid strides to the highest honours and emoluments of his church. But he not only scorned to rise by defaming and oppressing his neighbours; he was always ready to clear the defamed, and to succour the oppressed: and the greatness of his mind appeared in this, that having resolved never to seek promotion at the expense of his independence and integrity, or by the violation of truth and charity, he remained to the end of his life satisfied with his choice, and continued his clerical labours in a comparatively humble rank, witnessing with a benevolent pleasure the success of those around him, but never complaining that *he* was left behind. Entertaining the most enlarged and enlightened views of the welfare of mankind, which were the result of profound and vigorous reflection, and

* “ The allusion is here more particularly to one of the most beautiful and elegant of Dr. Parr’s compositions, his ‘ *Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis*, A.D. 1792,’ and to the admirable remarks on the character of Dr. Priestley in that publication. After the death of Dr. Priestley, Dr. Parr obliged the same congregation, and renewed his testimony to the virtues and attainments of their former pastor, by furnishing the inscription for the monument erected by them in their place of worship.”

which were accompanied by an intenseness of benevolent feeling, he manifested the sincerity of these philanthropic views by his actions and habits of life. He delighted in society as the means of promoting mutual affection. He loved to bring together men of different religious sentiments, and by shewing to each the estimable qualities of the rest, to induce them to think well of one another. The flow of his kind and friendly feelings was strong and full as the conceptions of his mighty understanding, and unconfined as his ideas of the divine benevolence. He uniformly studied to efface those unhappy distinctions and antipathies, which separate man from man, and to diffuse around him by his preaching and his conversation, his influence and his example, the spirit of candour, moderation, and forbearance, and the blessings of Christian charity.

“ It becomes us to be grateful to God for raising up so great and good a man as our late venerated neighbour, and, according to our humble powers and limited opportunities, to endeavour like him to assuage among Christians the violence of sectarian animosity, and to practise ourselves and inculcate upon others the same spirit of *universal* benevolence.”

VII.

Extract from the Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature, No. 232. V. 32. April, 1825. p 249.

“Particulars of the Funeral

OF THE LATE

REV. DR. PARR.

From the Warwick Advertiser, March 19.

The mortal remains of Dr. SAMUEL PARR, — in whom the republic of letters has lost one of its brightest ornaments — the church one of its most eminent divines — the country one of its greatest patriots — society one of the best of men, — and civil and religious liberty, one of its most eloquent advocates, — were, on Monday last, interred, without pomp or ostentation, though with becoming solemnity, in the parish-church of Hatton; where, for the long period of forty years, both by precept and example, he had approved him-

self a faithful pastor over the flock committed to his care, as well as an able and successful minister of that gospel, which proved to him a source of unfailing consolation through life, and amidst the struggles of expiring nature.

The funeral, superintended by Mr. Bayly, of this place, was arranged, even in the most minute particulars, agreeably to the directions, which the deceased had left behind him.

At one o'clock, the bells of the parish-church, which had tolled, at intervals, throughout the day, suddenly ceased ; and a peal of cheerful melody from its humble tower, soon put the whole line of procession, which had previously been formed in front of the house, in motion. The Rev. Dr. Butler, and the Rev. Rann Kennedy, headed the mournful cavalcade. Two clergymen, who had occasionally discharged the duties of the ministry for their deceased friend during his last illness, next followed ; then came two other gentlemen, his friends, and four medical attendants, walking two and two.

The body of the deceased was borne from the parsonage-house — where he had closed his long and valuable life — by eight of his parishioners. These were afterwards relieved, at the church-yard, by eight others, who conveyed the sacred burden to the grave ; and happy indeed were those, who were permitted to perform this last

sad office for their beloved friend and benefactor. The pall was supported by seven clergymen, and one dissenting clergyman, of the neighbourhood, attired in the habits of their sacred office.

The chief mourner, the Rev. John Lynes, grandson to the deceased, supported by six of the late Doctor's friends, dressed in mourning cloaks, immediately followed the body; and though the executors had, in compliance with the directions of the deceased, strictly confined their invitations to the persons already noticed, a long train of gentlemen, dressed in black, with hatbands and scarfs, many of whom had come a considerable distance to pay the last tribute of respect to departed worth, were, at their own particular desire, allowed to join the mournful procession. The whole was closed by the domestics of the deceased, attended by all the inhabitants of the parish as mourners, except indeed those, whom necessity, age, or sickness, confined at home. Business was entirely suspended in Hatton; and even many of the inhabitants of the surrounding towns were not backward in testifying their respect and unfeigned sorrow on this melancholy occasion.

The proper Psalms and Lesson in the Burial Service having been read by the Rev. Rann Kennedy, a sermon was preached, according to the particular desire of the deceased, by his

learned and highly-valued friend, the Rev. Dr. Butler, from the following text:—“ He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?” *Micah* vi. 8.

In the progress of his discourse, which did equal credit to the talents and feelings of the preacher, the Rev. Doctor pronounced, in a strain of uncommon eloquence, a just and striking eulogy upon the character of the illustrious dead ; pointing out his piety, his moral rectitude, his profound learning, his unbounded benevolence, and the many rare virtues, by which he was so pre-eminently distinguished. Nor were the frailties of the deceased forgotten ; they were delineated with all the feeling of a man, and the fidelity of a Christian ; thus rendering more powerful and striking the splendid eulogium, which preceded. The sermon concluded with the words of the text, which the deceased has directed to be inscribed upon his monument, and by which he will continue to address his former parishioners.

The sermon being ended, the remaining part of the sublime service, which our Church hath appointed to be used at the Burial of the Dead, was then read ; the coffin was lowered into the vault, where the ashes of the late Mrs. Parr and

her daughters are deposited ; and, after an appropriate anthem had been sung by the choir, the funeral obsequies were closed with the apostolic benediction.

The congregation then separated, and successive peals from the muffled bells ended the melancholy solemnities of the day.

The church, which the Doctor's piety and munificence had beautified and enlarged at so much cost, was lighted up with numerous wax-lights ; the windows being darkened, so as to give the edifice the appearance of a capacious cemetery. The altar and communion-rails were covered with black cloth ; the latter being ornamented with several escutcheons of the deceased. The reading-desk and pulpit, in which the venerable Doctor never entered without claiming uncommon attention, from his unfeigned piety, his solemn deportment, and the great evangelical truths, which he delivered with so much energy and impressiveness, also exhibited the same symbols of mourning. The brilliancy of the lights, contrasted with the sable hangings of the church, and the funeral habiliments of the mourners, could not but impress the minds of all present with serious and awful sensations. The few rays of rainbow-varied light, which escaped here and there through the richly-illuminated windows, and rested upon the sculptured marble, which en-

riches the sides of the sacred edifice, produced a grand and pleasing effect.

The great concourse of persons of all ranks and denominations, that witnessed the funeral solemnities, and the extreme sensibility, with which they listened to the truly affecting and impressive discourse, delivered on this solemn occasion, are a strong eulogy on the life of the deceased, and evince how much he was revered as a minister, and beloved as a man. And though the tomb has closed upon his remains, he has left a name, that will never die among men, as long as religion and learning shall be respected. — The words written by the poet upon the death of a celebrated statesman, may with equal justice be applied to our lamented friend —

‘ A *patriot's* even course he steered,
‘Mid faction's wildest storms unmoved :
By all, who marked his mind, *revered* ;
By all, who knew his heart, *beloved*.’

FITZPATRICK.”

VIII.

*Extract from the Monthly Magazine, V. 59.
No. 408. April 1, 1825.*

“REV. DR. PARR.

Died, at Hatton-parsonage, near Warwick, on the evening of Sunday the 6th inst., in his 79th year, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Rector of Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, &c., after an illness of about two months' continuance; during which the affectionate sympathy of his friends was not less assiduous than the prayers and supplications of his parishioners, for the prolongation of the life of their most valued friend and pastor.

Rarely does it fall to the lot of men in general to witness such a splendid combination of talent, learning, and moral worth, as the character of Dr. Parr presented. In intellect, he was a giant, revelling and glorying in that strength, by means of which he was able to defy opposition, to over-

throw all competitors, to break them to pieces, and to trample them to dust, if they besought not that forbearance, which he refused to no man. Occasionally he might be thought, by some persons, to wanton in power — to assume the sceptre, and put on the purple ; for, enthroned in intellectual might, he dreaded no rivalry : — but let all remember, that he was incapable of the slightest feeling of jealousy at other men's claims, or victories ; he rejoiced in their powers, and aided their triumphs ; and seldom, indeed, has the world possessed a man, who has contributed so frequently, so essentially, and with so much delight, to the success of all, who sought his aid. He was not to be vexed by ignorance, irritated by dulness, or provoked by folly : for he always made unasked allowances for every man's situation, circumstances, capacity, or want of capacity ; and it was only when ignorance presumed to teach — when dulness pretended to be wit, or folly domineered, that his ire was kindled ; and he inflicted unforgotten, unforgiven wounds upon the self-love of persons, who neither knew him nor themselves.

The majesty of mind beamed in his eye, and was stamped upon his forehead, and required none of those external indications of coronets and mitres, which supply the absence of realities in the 'little great ;' — exhibiting the shadow with-

out the substance — the attestation without the signature.

His knowledge of the human character, in all its varieties, appeared to have been intuitive. He marked the eye ; he read the countenance ; and the prophet of old did not more fully comprehend the hand-writing upon the wall, than he all the latent, as well as all the obvious, features of the mind.

Endowed with that indispensable requisite to literary eminence, which is found in a memory at once retentive and exact, he extracted the pure ore from all that he read, and all that he heard. If any mind might be pronounced magnetic, it was his.

Possessing, in the stores of his capacious mind, the essence of all that the Fathers wrote ; profoundly skilled in all the best comments upon Jewish history and Christian doctrine ; master of all systems of divinity ; versed in all creeds, as well as in the decisions of councils and synods ; and equally well acquainted with the great controversies, which have agitated the Greek, the Latin, and the Protestant Churches ; as also those, which have, at various periods, divided the literary world ; being a most learned philologist, erudite classical scholar, and profound metaphysician ; skilled in general science, and more especially in the principles of legislation ; deeply read

in ecclesiastical and general history, as well as in the systems of ethics and philosophy, of all ages and nations ; — the “spirits of the mighty dead” might be said to come at his call ; and the poets, the orators, and philosophers of antiquity, mentally appeared at the invocation of a genius transcendent as themselves. To estimate his acquisitions to their full extent was impossible ; knowledge in him was an ocean, the *boundaries* of which no one ever discovered — the *depths* of which no one ever fathomed.

Such a man, enjoying unabated vigour of intellect, and undecaying firmness of purpose, though almost on the verge of his eightieth year, was a spectacle sublime as that of the polar sun blazing at midnight, and pouring forth floods of light, when the ordinary laws of nature decree darkness.

That such talents and such learning should be accompanied by a commensurate kindness of heart and urbanity of manners, is not more than thinking men would expect, nor less than good men would desire. He was the personal friend of his humblest parishioners ; and to them he was an expounder of Scripture, alike able, zealous, and faithful ; and whilst he taught them to abhor every species of hypocrisy and fraud, they witnessed that his practice and his precepts were in exact accordance. Religion in him had no

taint of superstition or bigotry : he believed that the fold of Christ included all that have faith in his mission, and obey his precepts ; and the rest of his fellow-beings he presumed not to judge. He soothed the afflicted, advised the friendless, consoled the widow and the fatherless, and sought to lighten the captive's fetters ; he was, indeed, the friend of those, " who had none beside to help them." His conversational intercourse was instructive and delightful, almost beyond parallel : the hospitality of ancient times prevailed at his table, and his hourly liberality proved his contempt for riches.

Dr. Parr was born at Harrow : his father was a surgeon of that place ; and his paternal grandfather was rector of Hinckley, in Leicestershire. He was at the head of Harrow-School in his fourteenth year ; and would, on the death of Dr. Sumner, who strongly recommended him as his successor, have been appointed to the head-mastership, had it not been for the immaturity of his age. At Harrow, he contracted a friendship with Dr. Bennet, late Bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Sir Wm. Jones. When he removed from Harrow, to establish himself as a teacher at Stanmore, almost all the boys of the upper school accompanied him. He became successively Master of the Grammar-Schools of Colchester and Norwich ; and was preferred, in

1780, to the rectory of Asterby, in the diocese of Lincoln. This, in 1785, he exchanged for the perpetual curacy of Hatton, in Warwickshire. In addition to the benefice above-mentioned, the Rev. Dr. Parr held the living of Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, which was presented to him by Sir Francis Burdett. Through the present Earl of Dartmouth's grandfather, he also obtained, from Bishop Lowth, a prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral. Dr. Parr was twice married — first to Ann, of the ancient house of Mauleverer, in Yorkshire; and afterwards to Mary, sister of the late Rev. James Eyre, of Solihull, in Warwickshire. By his first wife, he had several children, all of whom died in their infancy, except Sarah and Catharine, both of whom he survived: the first was married to John Wynne, Esq. of Garthmeilio, in Denbighshire, and left two daughters, now living — Caroline and Augusta; the eldest of whom is the wife of the Rev. John Lynes, Rector of Elmley Lovett, in Worcestershire.

Dr. Parr was not doomed to experience liberality, where it ought to have been most exhibited. He was never patronized by the government; but derived his preferments, and that competence, which so happily gilded the sunset of his life, and which he so nobly united with mental independence, from his own exertions,

and those of private friendship. Distinguished as Dr. Parr was for his moral character, his persevering exercise of all the duties of his station as a parish-pastor, and his zealous and enlightened attachment to our civil and religious constitution, this neglect of him, by the ruling powers, is obviously traceable to the known independence of his character. The secret, indeed, may be explained by an extract from his admirable work *on the Character of Mr. Fox*; in which he states, that, “from his youth upwards he never deserted a friend, nor violated a public principle; that he was the SLAVE OF NO PATRON, AND THE ORGAN OF NO PARTY; that he *formed* his political opinions without the slightest *regard*, and *acted* upon them with total *disregard* to personal emolument and professional promotion!”

IX.

*Extract from the Sunday Times, March 13,
1825.*

“DR. PARR. — This literary veteran breathed his last on Sunday the 6th inst. For some weeks past, all hopes of his recovery were at an end. But though borne down with years, and exhausted with the acutest pain, the extraordinary vigour of his mind, and his moral fortitude remained unshaken. Dr. Samuel Parr was the son of a surgeon, who practised with considerable reputation at Harrow-on-the-Hill. The place of his birth became the scene of his early attainments. At the age of fourteen he was at the head of the school, and in a very few years Dr. Sumner made him one of the sub-preceptors; and upon the death of that learned individual, he became a candidate for the place of Master; and he was only unsuccessful, because he was too young. Foiled in this subject, Dr. Parr established a school at Stanmore, which place he left in 1777, to become Master of the endowed Grammar-

School at Colchester ; and in the following year he was promoted to the still more important School at Norwich. Though he had been for some years in priest's orders, it was in this city that he first ascended the pulpit, for the benefit of the charity-schools there. His discourses upon these occasions were universally admired, for soundness of doctrine, touching invocation, and perspicuity and force of language. These sermons were afterwards printed, and are supposed to have paved the way to a prebendal stall in the cathedral of St. Paul. Upon his retiring from Norwich, having been first admitted in the year 1781, by the University of Cambridge, to the degree of LL.D. he took up his abode in the peaceful village of Hatton, in Warwickshire, where he limited himself to the instruction of seven pupils. Hitherto the literary fame of the Rev. Doctor had been comparatively limited ; but, upon the appearance of his Preface to the *Bellendenus de Statu*, and his Dedication for each part, he became an object of general inquiry. All good judges of whatever party conceded the pre-eminence of the style of this performance in strength of sentiment, purity of diction, and felicity of expression. They are unquestionably among the most finished pieces of our modern Latinity ; but the happiest and most popular specimen of his English composition, is the Dedic-

tion and Preface to the *Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian*. He was induced to this publication, by the marked neglect of the bishop of Worcester, by whom the tracts were omitted in his superb edition of Warburton's Works. The death of Dr. Parr closes the train of the old school. His erudition was extensive, and his memory was a boundless treasure of classical riches ; and they were always at his command. His mind was of the very first order ; grappling and subduing every thing, and succumbing to nothing. His liberality was equal to his learning, and, could he have overcome his contempt of political servility, he might long since have been a bishop. His ardent love of civil and religious liberty could not be restrained, even though a clergyman ; and in the warm periods of our political struggles, when Horsley was at the head of the church, and Pitt was revelling in his apostacy, he was suspected of being something of a heretic, both in his religion and in his politics. But it was in the domestic circle, where his merits were most conspicuous ; and here it was that he delighted to live and move. In struggling with an adversary in debate, he would occasionally hit too hard ; even with his gloves on, he prostrated every antagonist ; and at times he appeared more solicitous to be acknowledged, than felt a great man. In this respect he had

more of vanity than pride. In politics he uniformly thought and acted with Charles James Fox ; and in theology he candidly admitted that the articles and creed of his church were susceptible of improvement. Had the Whigs remained in office longer, or bishops been less tenacious of living, he would have had the first vacant see assigned to him. This would have been more profitable, but less gratifying, than the liberal provision, that Sir Francis Burdett subsequently made for him, by introducing him to one of his choicest livings. Dr. Parr was in the 77th year of his age, and was twice married."

X.

*Extract from the New Monthly Magazine, and
Literary Journal, No. 52, April 1, 1825.*

“BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS LATELY
DECEASED.

REV. DR. PARR.

On Sunday the 6th ult. at six o'clock in the evening, the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. He was born at Harrow. His father was a surgeon in that place, and his paternal grandfather was Rector of Hinckley, in Leicestershire. He was at the head of Harrow-School in his fourteenth year ; and on the death of the Rev. Dr. Sumner, who strongly recommended him as his successor, he was only not appointed to the head-mastership on account of his youth. At Harrow his friendship commenced with Sir William Jones, and the Right Rev. Dr. Bennet, late Bishop of Cloyne. Almost all the boys in the upper part of Harrow-School accompanied him, when he removed to establish himself at Stanmore soon afterwards.

He was successively Master of the Grammar-schools of Colchester and Norwich; and in 1780, received his first ecclesiastical preferment, the rectory of Asterby, in the diocese of Lincoln. In the year 1785, the exchange of Asterby for the perpetual curacy of Hatton, brought him into Warwickshire, where he continued to reside till his death. Dr. Parr was married first to Jane, of the ancient house of Mauleverer, in Yorkshire; and afterwards to Mary, sister of the late Rev. James Eyre, of Solihull. By his first wife he had several children, all of whom died in their infancy, except Sarah and Catharine. Of these daughters, both of whom he survived, the former was married to John Wynne, Esq. of Garthmeilio, in Denbighshire, and left two daughters, now living, Caroline and Augusta, the eldest of whom is the wife of the Rev. John Lynes, Rector of Elmley Lovett. In addition to the small benefice before mentioned, Dr. Parr held the living of Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, to which he was presented by Sir Francis Burdett. Through the kindness of the present Earl of Dartmouth's grandfather, he also obtained from Bishop Lowth, a prebend of St Paul's Cathedral; which, though for many years of little value to him, was happily the means of securing him, to an ample degree, *otium cum dignitate*, in the decline of his life. He was thus indebted for all his preferment to

the affection of private friends; for though he was animated by an ardent, but liberal and enlightened attachment to our civil and ecclesiastical Constitution; though he was distinguished by unparalleled learning, gigantic strength of intellect, the most unblemished morals, Christian humility, and profound unaffected piety, he was never patronized by the government of his country. This circumstance is easily explained by his own words in his *Characters of Mr. Fox*, in which he truly states of himself that ‘from his youth upward, he never deserted a private friend, or violated a public principle; that he was the slave of no patron, and the drudge of no party; that he formed his political opinions without the smallest regard, and acted upon them with utter disregard, to personal emoluments and professional honours.’ He further adds, (what his friends must rejoice at,) ‘that although for many and the best years of his life he endured very irksome toil, and suffered very galling need, he eventfully united a competent fortune with an independent spirit, and that, looking back to this life and onward to another, he possessed that inward peace of mind, which the world can neither give nor take away.’ Nor will this be wondered at by those, who know that his long residence at Hatton was spent by him in diligently performing all the duties of a parish-priest, in assisting,

advising, and befriending the poor ; in the exercise of a generous hospitality ; in encouraging and patronising merit ; in communicating knowledge, whenever required, from his own inexhaustible stores ; in contributing, by a most extensive correspondence, to the general illumination of the literary world ; in manifesting by his words and deeds, that he cultivated a spirit of unbounded philanthropy as the practical essence of our holy religion ; and in endeavours to promote from the pulpit and the press whatever is most conducive to the public and private welfare of mankind. He was not less distinguished by his learning than his virtues ; by his ardent love of civil and religious liberty, than by the benevolence and toleration of his principles. His classical knowledge, which, however, formed but a part of his many and great attainments, placed him far above all his contemporaries in that department of learning ; and his death has occasioned a chasm in literature, which it will be easier to lament than supply. In the course of his long-protracted illness, appearances were, more than once, so favourable as to excite, in the minds of his family and his physicians, the strongest hope of his recovery ; and to diffuse, through a large circle of those, who loved and honoured him, a joy, proportioned to the distress, which alarming reports had previously produced. But about twelve or

fourteen days before his death, all these flattering hopes took their flight. From that time he gradually declined, the vital powers slowly, almost imperceptibly wasting, till exhausted nature sunk : and he gently expired — having completed his 78th year on the 26th of February. His mind, whenever itself, during the solemn closing period, was serene and placid — calmly, even cheerfully resigned. It was most gratifying, said his weeping relatives and attendants, to hear, mingled with the devoutest breathings of pious acquiescence in the will of Providence, the warm and glowing expressions, which often broke from his lips, of the same intense feeling of generous concern he ever evinced for the welfare of his friends, his numerous acquaintance, his country, and his fellow men. Even in his last hours, it seemed to be still his delight, as it ever was in life, to range through the whole compass of rational creation : embracing, within his kindest thoughts and wishes, all human beings ; and interesting himself in every event, in every part of the world, which wore a favourable aspect on human improvement and human happiness. With that greatness of mind, which can anticipate calmly and cheerfully the last awful change of mortal man, he gave minute directions respecting his funeral. His remains were attended on foot by nearly forty gentlemen in mourning, con-

sisting of the clergy of the surrounding parishes, &c. Among the pall-bearers was one dissenting clergyman; and the coffin was borne by the Doctor's parishioners, named by himself for the purpose. Agreeably to his express direction, the burial-service was read by the Rev. Rann Kennedy, Minister of St. Paul's Chapel in Birmingham. A sermon was also preached by the Rev. Dr. Butler, Vicar of Kenilworth, and Head-Master of Shrewsbury School. This was introduced after the reading of the lesson. The warmth of his friendship, which through five-and-twenty years the speaker had himself experienced, and his affectionate and unremitting kindness, manifested during forty years to those of his mourning parishioners and neighbours, who were assembled at his grave, were particularly dwelt upon. Dr. Parr directed to be inscribed upon his monument, '*What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*' On the following Sunday a funeral sermon was preached for him by the Rev. Dr. Wade, Vicar of St. Nicholas, Warwick, which was attended by an immense concourse of persons of all ranks and parties. Many, who were opposed to Dr. Parr in opinion, hastened to bear testimony to the impress his memory had made, by attending this service. All confessed that a chasm was made in society that

could not be filled up—an old landmark removed for ever! At the High-street dissenting Chapel a funeral-sermon was also preached for him on the same day.

Dr. Parr wrote a *Sermon on Education* preached at Norwich. A *Sermon* called ‘Phileleutheros Norfolciensis,’ which the writer considered as his best composition. A second and much larger *Discourse on Education*, with copious notes. These were published during his residence at Norwich. After his residence at Hatton, he published—*A Spital Sermon*, which, with the notes, would form a common 8vo. vol. *A Fast-Sermon*. *A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis*. *A Letter to a neighbouring Clergyman*, in which a variety of topics, literary and political are discussed. A larger work, addressed to a co-editor, in which he vindicates his honour from unjust aspersion, and delivers his opinion upon many interesting topics of literature and criticism. *Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian*, of which the Preface and Dedication abound with proofs of his erudition, taste, and wit, and of which the composition has been much admired. A Latin Preface to some learned tracts of Bellendenus. *Philopatris Varvicensis*. *Characters of Charles James Fox*, 2 vols. 8vo. of which the first volume closes with a portrait of that greatest of modern

statesmen, pleasingly and powerfully delineated by the editor himself; and the second, consisting wholly of notes, contains, amidst much valuable instruction on many interesting and important subjects, a masterly discussion of a question, in which the justice, the policy, and the humanity of the country, are equally and highly concerned, viz. the state of its criminal code. In the *Monthly Review* and *British Critic* are several articles from his pen. But he is indebted for much of his literary fame to his great skill in writing Latin and English inscriptions, of which the number known amounts to thirty, and among which, three to the memory of Mr. Gibbon, Dr. Johnson, and Sir John Moore, are highly distinguished; and two to the memory of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox, are said to be written with great effect, but have not seen the light. His MS. sermons and discussions upon many points of literature and metaphysics are known to his friends to be numerous, but he seems to have had a peculiar and almost invincible dislike to publication; and there is, unhappily, a rumour that he has directed all his papers to be burnt after his decease."

XI.

*Extract from the Lady's Magazine, No. 29.
May, 1825.*

“Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DR. PARR was not, perhaps, a man of high or commanding genius ; but he was an elegant scholar, an able instructor of youth, a respectable parish-priest, and a friend of mankind ; and, if we do not say, with his zealous friends, that his death has made a chasm in society, we may at least regret, with some marks of feeling, the loss of so distinguished a man.

Harrow, famous for its school, was the birth-place of Samuel Parr ; and the time, when he entered the world, was early in the year 1747. His father, who practised as a surgeon and apothecary, was, (to use the son's words,) ‘a man of a very robust and vigorous intellect.’ The family was very respectable, but lost the greater part of its property, and in some measure its importance,

by persisting in its attachment to the declining cause of the Pretender. The boy, therefore, imbibed the principles of a Tory, which were first loosened or shaken by his father's inconsiderateness, in putting Rapin's *History of England* into his hands. According to his own account, he had a 'very precocious intellect,' and had attained an uncommon knowledge of Latin at four years of age. Once when called from his boyish play to compound medicines, he shewed his critical accuracy in pointing out to his father a mistake in the Latin prescription, which drew from the angry apothecary this authoritative injunction: 'Sam, d—n the language of the prescription, make the mixture.'

Young Parr, in 1758, was placed at Harrow-School, where several of the most distinguished political characters of the times were his contemporaries and friends; and there was first formed his friendship with Sir William Jones. His first literary attempt, executed in the spirit of boyish rivalry, was reported by himself to have been a drama from the *Book of Ruth*; and he scrupled not to say that, had he been born in Milton's age, he should have been a poet. It is said that at the early age of fourteen he was head-boy, and particularly attracted the notice of Dr. Sumner, the principal master. At what period he left the school is unknown, but it is believed that he

quitted it early ; and, for two or three years, he attended to his father's business.

He had a strong desire to enjoy the advantages of academical education ; but his step-mother was opposed to the expense, and influenced his father to make the condition of his going to the University his entry as a *sizar*.* This was what his independent spirit could not brook after quitting his schoolfellows as an equal : his father gave him a month to determine whether he would accept the proposed terms, or relinquish the idea of being a collegian. He chose the latter alternative ; but parental pride subsequently raised a small sum, which, on his admission into Emmanuel College, the youth confided to the care of his friend and schoolfellow Bennet, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne. His pecuniary necessities, however, soon became pressing, and he resolved to leave the University rather than to borrow. On balancing his accounts he found, to his extreme surprise, that he had 3*l.* 17*s.* over and above the full payment of his debts, and he now said, had he previously known of any such sum, he would have remained longer ! In one of his printed sermons he pathetically laments his inability to continue where his talents and acquirements seemed to promise him distinction and success.

* " A student, who, like an Oxford servitor, is obliged, on some occasions, to wait upon the rest."

Dr. Sumner, in 1767, appointed him a sub-preceptor of Harrow-School; and while he acted in that capacity, he received the most flattering marks of regard from that distinguished scholar, who, after the boys had been sent to bed, was accustomed to send for Parr into his study, where their literary and theological discussions, in a great degree, formed and confirmed those principles, which afterwards governed his whole life.

On the death of Dr. Sumner, in 1771, the Rev. Mr. Parr, (for he was ordained at the usual age,) became a candidate for the head-mastership; and, although sanguine hopes were entertained by his friends of his success, his youth, and other influence, prevailed against his nomination, to the extreme disappointment of the scholars, whose dissatisfaction was manifested in his favour in some overt acts of insubordination. Resigning his place, he organised a private academy at Stanmore, accompanied by many of the Harrow-boys. It seemed to be a necessary consequence of this plan, that he should be married: love had been no stranger to his heart, although a stranger to his marriage. He then contracted matrimony with Miss Marsengale, because he wanted a houskeeper; she married him because she wanted a house. She was an only child, bred up by three maiden aunts, as she said of herself, 'in rigidity and frigidity,' and she described him as

‘born in a whirlwind and bred a tyrant.’ Such discordant elements were not likely to end in harmony. Her disposition, it is said, was bad and malignant. She lost few opportunities of vexing her husband, which a strong understanding and caustic powers of language afforded her more than ordinary facilities of accomplishing : she always preferred exposing his foibles and ridiculing his peculiarities in the presence of others. These domestic matters are now only referred to as explaining some subsequent circumstances of the life and reputation of Dr. Parr. His mind and temper were kept in perpetual irritation ; he was driven to the resources of visiting, and to the excitement of that *table-talk*, which unfortunately superseded efforts of more lasting character.

The advantages of his school not being equal to his expectations, he accepted the mastership of an endowed School at Colchester, whence he removed to a similar establishment at Norwich. Here he published some sermons, which excited great attention. In 1780, he received his first ecclesiastical preferment, the rectory of Asterby, in the diocese of Lincoln ; and the patronage of Bishop Lowth, obtained by the extraordinary merit of his first sermon, presented him with a prebend in the cathedral of St. Paul. He was admitted, in 1781, to the degree of doctor of laws ;

and he soon after proved, by an admired sermon, that he was worthy of academical honours.

In 1783, lady Trafford, whose son he had educated, bestowed on him the perpetual curacy of Hatton, then worth about 100*l. per annum*, and he removed to that seat of hospitality, where he spent the remainder of his days, devoting his leisure to the private tuition of a limited number of pupils. In 1785, appeared his '*Discourse on Education, and on the Plans pursued in Charity Schools,*' and about a thousand copies of it were sold in a short time. It is an able and masterly argument for popular education and improvement, and had the distinguished merit of being one of the first publications, which concentrated public attention on the very important subject of the moral and intellectual instruction of the people.

In 1787, he assisted the Rev. Mr. Homer in a new edition of the three books of Bellenden, a learned Scot, master of requests to James I. These he respectively dedicated to Mr. Burke, Lord North, and Mr. Fox. He prefixed a Latin Preface, with characters of those distinguished statesmen, the style of which is perhaps the most successful of all modern imitations of Cicero. How far the Preface was appropriate may be doubted. Bellenden had intended a large work, *De Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*, or 'the Three Lights of Rome, Cicero, Seneca, and the elder

Pliny,' whence Dr. Parr conceived the idea of delineating the characters of the three, (as he thought,) most eminent senators of Great-Britain. But, however great the inappropriateness of the modern appendage to Bellenden may have been, the taste and character of the composition, and the singular discrimination in the portraits, created an extraordinary sensation in the literary and political world. He had thus fully committed himself on the side of the popular party. This naturally terminated all hope of church-preferment from the court; and such was the low state of his pecuniary resources, that a subscription was made by the leading Whigs of the day, and a well-merited annuity of £300. was secured to him for life.

In 1789, appeared '*Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian.*' Although personal feelings toward Bishop Hurd are thought to have given origin to this volume, yet it contains some admirable critical remarks. It produced a reply, which was not very forcible.

In 1790, Dr. Parr exchanged the curacy of Hatton, though he still continued to reside there as deputy-curate, for the rectory of Waddenhoe, in Northamptonshire. In the same year he became acquainted with Dr. Priestley. For this intimacy he thus apologises: — 'I am at a loss to see why a clergyman of the church of England

should shun the presence of a dissenting minister, merely because they do not agree on doctrinal points, which have long divided the Christian world ; and, indeed, I have always found, that, when men of sense and virtue mingle in conversation, the harsh and confused suspicions, which they entertained of each other, give way to more just and more candid sentiments.'

In 1791, happened the riots in Birmingham, when the library and philosophical apparatus of Dr. Priestley were destroyed, and the mob, hearing that Dr. Parr had been visiting the sectarian divine, made known their determination to proceed to Hatton, and burn his house and library also. For three days and nights he and his family were agitated with consternation and dismay ; but, before the mob could accomplish their purpose, the soldiery put an end to their horrible proceedings. In that unexampled period of national excitement, when political and religious prejudices raged together, Dr. Parr acted a manly, a decided, and a perfectly honourable part. He ardently strove to conciliate the divided parties of his countrymen, undismayed by the dangers of the attempt, and the unpromising consequences to his worldly interests. It is well known that the pretext for these outrages was a meeting of the dissenters in celebration of the French Revolution. In consequence of a report that a party

remained stubborn enough to meditate another commemoration, the Doctor in one day began and finished his '*Letter from Irenopolis, to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis, or a Serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham, by a Member of the Established Church.*' This extraordinary pamphlet produced an advertisement from the dissenters, in which they disclaimed all intention of meeting again on such an occasion. As a composition, it is distinguished by spirit and elegance.

An account of a controversy, into which our author now rushed, may serve to amuse the reader. Having received two anonymous *Letters*, he made no secret of attributing the fabrication of them to the Rev. Mr. Curtis. The grounds of this surmise rested on a few slight coincidences, which suspicion, as usual, magnified into proof. There is strong reason for believing that these *Letters* emanated from Dr. Parr's own pupils, who were fond of encouraging literary warfare. Mr. Curtis having contradicted the charge, the Doctor published a pamphlet entitled *A Sequel to the printed Paper lately circulated in Warwickshire by the Rev. Charles Curtis, Brother of Alderman Curtis, a Birmingham Rector, &c.* Though the subject was little worthy of our modern Aristarchus, its pages contain some admirable remarks on the political and

religious topics of the day. So open to ridicule, however, was this publication, that it tempted Cumberland to enter the field with a humorous pamphlet called *Curtius rescued from the Gulf, or the Retort Courteous to the Rev. Dr. Parr*. This mode of animadversion was so offensive to the vanity of our learned divine, that he frequently spoke of it in terms of disgust and indignation, and characterised Mr. Dilly's authors as 'hornets and scorpions.'

At Easter, in the year 1800, Dr. Parr preached his justly-celebrated *Spital-Sermon*; and it was published with copious notes and profuse illustrations. By some animadversions, which he then threw out, he incurred the censure of many persons, as having fostered the popular prejudices against Godwin, for whom he had formerly professed considerable friendship and respect. This occasioned the author of the *Political Justice* to publish a pamphlet in reply, and a suspension of intercourse was the consequence.

In 1802, he was presented by Sir Francis Burdett to the Rectory of Graffham in Huntingdonshire. For this preferment, which relieved him as to pecuniary resources, he always expressed a due sense of the kindness of the worthy baronet. Still, however, he continued attached to his residence at Hatton, where he had secured, and continued to maintain, the esteem of all; nor would

he have quitted this spot for any preferment short of a mitre, which in 1807, had nearly adorned his manly brows. — ‘ Had my friends,’ he once said, ‘ continued in power one fortnight longer, it would have been all settled: Dr. Huntingford was to have been translated to Hereford, and I should have had Gloucester. My family-arrangements were made; and I had determined that no clergyman in my diocese, who had occasion to call upon me, should depart without partaking of my dinner.’ After a momentary pause he observed: — ‘ In the house of peers I should seldom have opened my mouth, unless any one had presumed to attack the character of my friend, Charles Fox; and then I would have knocked him down with the full torrent of my impetuosity. Charles Fox was a great man; — and so was William Pitt; — and I can tell you, that if I had them both in this room, and only we three had been together, I would have locked the door, but first would have had plenty of wine on the table, and depend upon it we should not have disagreed!’

On the death of Mr. Fox, many of his friends seemed to expect an authentic and spirited account of his life from the pen of Dr. Parr; but he answered the call in a very imperfect manner. He produced two volumes, in one of which he added, to a series of extracts from the public

journals, an original character of his eloquent friend, in the form of an *Epistle to Mr. Coke*, while the other was devoted to religious liberty and a reform of the penal code.

These and other publications evince both his talent and learning; but it is to be lamented that he did not undertake some work of a superior kind, calculated for permanent utility and more durable fame. It is hinted, however, by a periodical writer, that he ‘*could* not produce more creditable works.’ The grounds of the opinion are thus stated: — ‘He was, as it were, overlaid with acquired knowledge: the flood of his memory burst in on his own original powers and drowned them. He never could clear his mind of its recollection of the modes of the ancients: he could not elect from the number and value of the precious stones: it was a diffidence of his ability, which ruined his publications: he should have trusted more to himself, and less to others. He never divested himself of the swaddling-clothes of his education. In his mental powers and erudition he resembled Milton, (he himself said so;) in the use of them he was like Prynne, of the latter of whom it was said that a marginal note would serve for a winding-sheet, and that his works were like thick-skinned fruits, all rind. Dr. Parr disappointed his reader by substituting other men’s opinions for his own:

his works resemble those of the man of learning described by Osborn, as so overawed by antiquity, that he dared present nothing to the public but what old authors had left them already published; and whose sentiments were put into *old forms, patched up with sentences, which unavoidably make a rent in the author's own style.*

In short, he had powers, which he dared not use,—armour, which he would not put on. This regret, however, for the comparatively little product of his mind, must not be allowed to extinguish our acknowledgements of his various contributions to the works of others. He was no antiquarian miser in knowledge; his generosity in communicating his own inexhaustible stores was even prodigal; and many have reaped the reputation of his labours. He was the patron and benefactor of needy men of letters and genius, and his correspondence was extensive and often laborious. He particularly delighted in the society and improvement of young men, and many an ardent and superior mind was ignited at his intellectual flame.'

Of his mental powers his friend Dr. Butler speaks in high terms.—'He was,' (says that divine,) 'gifted by nature with a most powerful and capacious intellect, which he cultivated by early and diligent application. His memory was almost miraculous; and the stores, which he

could pour forth from it, on every subject of literature, were perfectly inexhaustible. In abstruse and metaphysical inquiries he had no superior. The quickness of his perception led his mind to remote and occult causes and their consequences, and the soundness of his judgment enabled him to discriminate between truth and error, between hypothesis and fact. Deeply versed in the writings of the ancient philosophers, and especially in those of the Academic and Peripatetic schools, and intimately conversant*also with all the eminent writers on moral and metaphysical subjects in modern times, he could pierce into the most secret recesses of the human mind, and trace its passions and its habits, its virtues and its vices, to the very source, from which they spring.* He combined in himself a rare and happy union of qualities, that are seldom compatible with each other ; quick perception and sound judgment, retentive memory and vivid imagination, unwearied assiduity and accurate research.'

With regard to his preaching, we are informed

* " Without meaning to derogate from Dr. Parr's abilities or penetration, we may safely affirm that he could not do what is here ascribed to him : the human mind cannot be effectually fathomed even by the most acute observers of the behaviour and conduct of others, or by the most confident pretenders to intuitive sagacity. — EDIT."

that it was very frequently unpremeditated ; and it is remarked by one of his friends, that the ‘ardor of his temper, the fulness of his knowledge, and the strength of his understanding, always readily supplied him with matter pertinent, forcible, and abundant. He preached without any preparation whatsoever, and his custom was to select his subject from that, which struck him in the lessons, epistle, and gospel, or psalms of the day. There was always method in these extemporaneous effusions. They were frequently accompanied with critical remarks ; and they were delivered with an earnestness of manner, and a correctness and vigour of diction, most interesting to the hearers, and equal to the highest expectations, which could be formed of his powers, by men most prejudiced in his favour, and most accustomed to his conversation. At Hatton he generally took up a sermon written by Clarke, Balguy, or Jortin, or some other distinguished divine. But his own observations were always introduced ; and, from the peculiarity of his thinking and his style, the difference was easily discerned by an intelligent hearer. Such, indeed, was his readiness of his copiousness, that of sermons, which continued for half an hour or forty minutes, the parts, which he merely read, scarcely occupied five or six pages. He has been heard to attribute this talent partly

to the habit, which he had formed when a young man, of speaking with the late Sir William Jones and the late Bishop of Cloyne, in a fictitious character, upon various subjects of history, ethics, and politics; and partly to the necessity, which had been imposed upon him, of communicating oral instruction in his schools. The same talent often appeared with great lustre, when he threw out his thoughts upon any intricate and important topic in the presence of his friends. His views were most comprehensive, his arguments most acute: his diction correct without stiffness, and his imagery splendid without glare.'

But, whatever was the respectability of his character, we are not to suppose that it was free from inconsistencies and imperfections. 'The richest mines,' (says another friend,) 'abound with the greatest faults and derangement of *strata*; and analogically it would appear, that the highest class of intellectual and moral character is subject to peculiar and humiliating weaknesses. Dr. Parr, though he never feared to look truth in the face, was frequently afraid of treading on her heels. His physical courage was far below his intellectual intrepidity. He would often recommend, but not so often support. Although his penetration into character was at first sight almost miraculous, yet intercept his microscopic vision by the most minute

matter, and this power vanished. His prejudices being once excited, his judgment took its leave. He was always the easy prey of *minions* ; not that he had a taste for degraded intellect, but he was its unconscious dupe. It is said of the whale, that he is steered in his course by a fish of very contemptible dimensions, and that a yet more insignificant one will alter the course of a ship. He delighted in cabals, or else he was their most unlucky victim : he believed in any tales, however ridiculous, against his oldest friends, when inoculated upon him by cunning ; and, in any neighbouring family-quarrels or local feuds, he instantly took the field, (on the side he happened to enter it,) with the appetite of an Irishman, who, arriving at a *row*, is said to rush into the thick of it with the pious exclamation, *God grant I may take the right side !* This may be attributed to the natural simplicity of his mind, and the warmth of his temper. The constancy of his friendships was far from equalling their ardor. His best friends could not always evade his determination to quarrel. The subject of his advice was a fearful cause of rupture ; for he insisted that the whole should be taken, on pain of losing his friendship. His friends did not quarrel with him, but he with them. His placability, however, was equal to his irascibility ; and, when the tornado was over, the serenity of the natural

atmosphere returned. He not only forgave his supposed injuries, but he forgot them. He greatly resembled Goldsmith—*he was no man's enemy but his own*. Godwin said of him, that his friendships were far too easily gained and too easily lost to be of much consideration to any man. Nor was this infirmity of mind confined to his friendships. The most violent bursts of grief were often instantly succeeded by absurd and ludicrous ideas, and loud bursts of laughter; so rapid and instantaneous were his associations. The wisdom of enlightened conversation occasionally gave way to the most frivolous prating, and his judgment seemed to be absorbed in the vortex of absurdity.' "

XII.

*Extract from the Rev. William Field's History
of Warwick.*

“ Hatton is a small village, but highly distinguished as the chosen residence, for so many years, of one of the greatest scholars, and most enlightened men of the present age. It is hardly necessary to subjoin the name of the Rev. Dr. Parr — of whom, it still remains to be regretted that no literary work has yet proceeded from his pen,* worthy to transmit a name of so much ce-

* “ Yet the following, it must be gratefully acknowledged, is no scanty list of works, with which the learned Doctor has already favoured the public. A *Sermon on Education*, preached at Norwich. — A Sermon, called *Phileleutherus Norfolciensis*, which the writer is said to consider as his best composition. — A second and much larger *Discourse on Education*, with copious notes. These were published during his residence at Norwich. Since his residence at Hatton, he has published a *Spital-Sermon*,

lebrity, with all its due honour, to a distant posterity. The parsonage-house, where in studious and dignified retirement he has so long resided, is a commodious dwelling, and contains one noble room, built by himself, richly furnished with an extensive and valuable library, in which a fine collection of all the great works in the department of verbal criticism, classical literature, and theology, hold a pre-eminent station.

“ At a small distance from the parsonage-house is the pleasing village-church ; in which this very learned divine performs clerical duty, with all the attentive regularity, and all the solicitous care, of the most exemplary parish-priest. The interior is embellished, chiefly by his taste and

which, with the notes, would form a common 8vo. vol.— *A Fast-Sermon.* — *A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis.* — *A Letter to a Neighbouring Clergyman*, in which a variety of topics, literary and political, are discussed. — A yet larger work, addressed to a Co-editor, in which he vindicates his honour from unjust aspersion, and delivers his opinion upon many interesting topics of literature and criticism. — *Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian*, of which the Preface and Dedication abound with proofs of his erudition, taste, and wit ; and of which the composition has been much admired. — *A Latin Preface* to some learned Tracts of *Bellendenus.* — *Characters of Charles James Fox*, 2 vols. 8vo. of which the first volume closes with a portrait of that greatest of modern statesmen, pleasingly and powerfully delineated by the Editor himself ; and the second, consisting wholly of notes, contains, amidst much valuable instruction on many interest-

liberality, with every suitable decoration ; especially in the beautiful painted glass, with which the windows are adorned. Of the numerous monumental inscriptions, suspended round the walls, several are proved by their classical purity and elegance to be the production of his pen ; and of these, three are consecrated to the memory of the members of his own family, all of whom it is his melancholy fate to survive."

" Subjoined are copies of the inscriptions, in Hatton-Church, alluded to in the note to the foregoing article : —

I.

‘ Catharine Jane Parr, youngest Daughter of

ing and important subjects, a masterly discussion of a question, in which the justice, the policy, and the humanity of this country are equally and highly concerned, viz. the state of its criminal code. — In the *Monthly Review* and *British Critic*, are also several articles from his pen. — But he is indebted for much of his literary fame to his great skill in writing Latin and English inscriptions, of which the number already amounts to thirty ; and among which, three, — to the memory of Mr. Gibbon, Dr. Johnson, and Sir John Moore, are highly distinguished ; and two, — to the memory of Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke, are said to be written with great effort, but have not seen the light. His MS. sermons and discussions upon many points of literature and metaphysics, are known to his friends to be numerous ; but he seems to have a peculiar and almost invincible dislike to publication, and there is unhappily a rumour that all his MSS. are ordered to be destroyed after his decease."

‘ Samuel and Jane Parr, was born at Norwich,
 ‘ June 13th, 1782, died at East-Teignmouth, De-
 ‘ von, Nov. 22, 1805, and on Dec. 9, was buried
 ‘ in this Chancel, where the Remains of her afflict-
 ‘ ed Parents will hereafter be deposited, at the Re-
 ‘ quest of a most beloved Child, whom they hope
 ‘ to meet again, at the Resurrection of the Just
 ‘ to Life everlasting.

‘ *Quæ templo Catharina in hoc sepulta est,*
 ‘ *Prudens, casta, decens, severa, dulcis,*
 ‘ *Discordantia quæ solent putari,*
 ‘ *Morum Commoditate copulavit.*
 ‘ *Nam vitæ comites bonæ fuerunt*
 ‘ *Libertas gravis et Pudor facetus.*
 ‘ *His est junctus Amor pius suorum,*
 ‘ *Et Cura ex Animo Deum colendi.*

II.

‘ Mrs. Sarah Ann Wynne, the ingenious and
 ‘ beloved Daughter of Samuel and Jane Parr,
 ‘ was born at Stanmore, in Middlesex, Dec. 31st,
 ‘ 1772; died at Hatton, July 8th, 1810, and was
 ‘ interred in this Chancel, between the Remains
 ‘ of her Sister Catharine Jane Parr, and her third
 ‘ Daughter, Madalina Wynne, who departed this
 ‘ Life, May 26th, 1810, aged 2 years, 8 months,
 ‘ and 9 days.

III.

JOANNI· SMITHEMAN

QVI· VIX· ANN· $\overline{\text{XV}}$ · MENS· $\overline{\text{VIII}}$ · DIEB· $\overline{\text{XVII}}$ · HOR· $\overline{\text{III}}$ ·DECESSIT· $\overline{\text{VIII}}$ · ID· MART· ANNO· SACRO $\overline{\text{M·DCC·LXXXIII}}$ ·

JOANNES· ET· MARGARETTA· SMITHEMAN

PARENTES· INFELICISSIMI

VNICO· ET· CARISSIMO· FILIO

H· M·

CONTRA· VOTVM· POSVERVNT

IV.

P·

THOMAS· NELSON· A· M·

VIR· FRVGI· INTEGERRIMVS

SACERDOTALIBVS· IN· HAC· ECCLESIA· MVNERIBVS

IN· EXEMPLVM· PERPVNCTVS

ET· DE· SVCCESORIBVS· SVIS

QVORVM· REDITVS· AVGENDOS· CVRAVERAT

B· M·

DECESSIT· PRID· NON· OCTOBR·

ANNO· SACRO· $\overline{\text{M·DCC·LXX}}$ ·AETAT· SVAE· $\overline{\text{LXI}}$ ·

“ *In exemplum* : this phrase is seldom or never to be found in the writings called classical ; but it is perfectly correct in inscriptions upon monuments, as we were told by the learned writer, by

whom we were referred to p. 89. of the elegant *Inscriptions*, written by Stephen Anthony Morcellus 1783. Morcellus not only defends and explains, but employs the expression in his own inscription upon Cardinal Zeladas. There is a passage in Velleius Paterculus" [2,116.] "which approaches the above-mentioned : *Adolescens in omnium virtutum exempla genitus*.

" The lines in inverted commas are taken from Sidonius Appollinaris *Epist.* 8, 2. 1415. *Poet. Latin.*"

[Mr. Field appears to have misapprehended the meaning of Dr. Parr. The phrase *in exemplum*, or *ad exemplum*, 'so as to be or become a model or example,' is neither incorrect, nor doubtful, nor impure, nor inelegant Latin ; it needs no quotation to defend it, when it is used with an adjunct, as in the passage quoted from Velleius Paterculus. But in the inscription it is used absolutely, without any adjunct, and that usage requires the defence and illustration, which it has received from Morcellus. Suetonius says, *Claud.* 20. *Superposuit altissimam turrim in exemplum Alexandrini Phari*: Plaut. *Trin.* 4, 2, 75. CH. *At enim multi Lesbionici sunt hic: nisi nomen patris Dices, non monstrare possum istos homines, quos tu quæritas. Quod ad exemplum est? conjectura si reperire possumus. SY. Ad hoc exemplum est, Char. CH. an Chares? an Charide-*

mus? num Charmides? Plaut. *Pers.* 3, 1, 7. *Ea caussa ad hoc exemplum te exornavi ego:* (for which *exempli causa*, Cic. *Phil.* 13, 2. *pro Mur.* 12. *exempli gratia*, Nepos *Lysandro* c. 2. :) Quintil. 10, 2. *Assumere aliquid in exemplum, et, intueri aliquid in exemplum:* Plaut. *Mil.* 3, 1, 162. *Fit pol illud ad illud exemplum; ut docte et perfecte sapit!* Terent. *Hec.* 1, 2, 88. *Ad exemplum amborum mores earum existimans.* These examples occur in the *Lexicon* of Forcellinus, and the *The-saurus* of Gesner, but not one of them is to the purpose. In the inscription of Morcellus the words are,

SVMMS· REI· CHRISTIANAE· HONORIBVS
ET· MVNERIBVS
IN· EXEMPLVM· FVNGENTI.

Here the words are used absolutely, without an adjunct, as in the inscription of Dr. Parr, and this absolute use alone requires vindication. The note of Morcellus is this:—" *In exemplum*, i. e. ea præstantia, ut ipsum maxime imitari posteritas debeat. Sic apud Gruterum p. 388. n. 2. *Parentibus in exemplum piissimis*, et apud Velleium (2, 116,) *Adolescens in omnium virtutum exempla genitus*. Idem porro et illud Gruterianum p. 457. n. 6. *Curatori maximi exempli*, et alia hujusmodi, p. 428. n. 1. etc." Of these examples the first only vindicates the Latinity of Morcellus and Dr. Parr.

The lines of Sidonius Apollinaris, applied by Dr. Parr to his daughter, Catharine Jane Parr, with some little variation, run thus in the original : —

*O casu celeri feroque raptam
Natis quinque patrique conjugue,
Hoc flentis patriæ manus locarunt
Matronam Filimatiam sepulchro :
O splendor generis, decus mariti,
Prudens, casta, decens, severa, dulcis,
Atque ipsis senioribus sequenda :
Discordantia quæ solent putari
Morum commoditate copulasti.
Nam vitæ comites bonæ fuerunt,
Libertas gravis, et pudor fucetus.
Hinc est quod decimam tuæ saluti
Vix actam trieteridem dolemus,
Atque in temporibus vigentis ævi,
Injuste tibi justa persoluta.*

The above-quoted extract from the Rev. W. Field's *History of Warwick* brings to my recollection an interesting passage, which occurs in his *Funeral Discourse on Occasion of the much-lamented Death of Mr. W. Parkes, delivered in the High-Street Chapel, Warwick, July 13, 1806.* p. 36., and which, referring to Dr. Parr, may with much propriety be introduced into this work :—

“ But, though he, (Mr. William Parkes,) was not a member of the Establishment, yet I need not assure you that he numbered many, who are

so, among the best of men, and the best of friends. His acquaintance was sought, and valued, not only by some of the most respectable members of the church, in and near the place of his residence, but also by some of the most eminent divines, of which that church has to boast. And one of these, as you perhaps already know, has offered a last testimony of that esteem and friendship, with which he ever honoured him, in a most respectful and affectionate tribute to the memory of his deceased friend, written with all his usual fervour of feeling, and energy of expression, which has now been given to the public. The biographical Memoir alluded to is here added; and, with the greatest pride and pleasure, I subjoin the name of a most kind and valuable friend, in that of its writer, the truly learned, and highly eminent, Dr. Parr : —

‘ This excellent man discharged all the various
‘ and sacred duties of domestic life with the most
‘ irreproachable exactness and amiable tender-
‘ ness. He was intelligent, punctual, and dili-
‘ gent, in conducting the numerous and impor-
‘ tant concerns of a very extensive business, and
‘ unwearied in his endeavours to relieve the indi-
‘ gent, and to protect the oppressed. The acti-
‘ vity of his benevolence was unrestrained by any
‘ narrow and invidious distinctions of sect or
‘ party. His equanimity was alike undisturbed

‘ by adverse and prosperous fortune. His pa-
 ‘ triotism was firm and temperate, and his piety
 ‘ was rational and sincere. By constancy in his
 ‘ friendships, by placability in his resentments, by
 ‘ the ingenuous openness of his temper, by the
 ‘ manly independence of his spirit, and by the
 ‘ general conformity of his moral habits to his
 ‘ religious principles, he obtained, and deserved
 ‘ to obtain, the esteem of his neighbours, the con-
 ‘ fidence of his employers, and the unalterable
 ‘ regard of an enlightened and respectable ac-
 ‘ quaintance. The memory of such a person will
 ‘ ever be dear, and his example instructive to the
 ‘ poor, who shared his bounty, and to every class
 ‘ of men, that had opportunities for contemplat-
 ‘ ing his virtues. For the space of twelve months
 ‘ he laboured under a lingering and complicated
 ‘ malady, of which neither the causes could be
 ‘ ascertained, nor the effects resisted by the most
 ‘ skilful physicians, both in the capital and in the
 ‘ neighbourhood. But he supported, with un-
 ‘ shaken fortitude, the pains of disease and the
 ‘ languor of decay, and with the unfeigned resig-
 ‘ nation of a Christian, he looked forward to death,
 ‘ as the passage appointed by heaven to a glorious
 ‘ immortality.’

“ What an interesting and delightful object
 of contemplation, to every generous and elevated
 mind, is presented in *that* of profound learning,

great genius, and distinguished eminence — spurning at all the little, narrow, but generally powerful prejudices of sect and party, which so often bind and fetter the exercise of benevolence even among enlightened men — demanding justice, and claiming praise, for merit, wheresoever merit is to be found — at one time, doing homage at the tomb of *private worth* — at another time, rendering deserved honors to the shades of *an illustrious, though calumniated name* — utterly and nobly regardless of every other except the great, essential, and eternal distinction of intellectual, moral, and religious excellence ! Of this superiority of mind, — this large expansion of benevolent sentiment, the above-cited Memoir affords one most pleasing instance : another, and a rare indeed, and memorable example is exhibited, when, with a sincere and a fervent admiration of his vast talents, his high attainments, and his moral purity and greatness, PARR is beheld recording, in a monumental inscription, the praises of PRIESTLEY !”

In a publication bearing the following title, *Letters addressed to the Calvinistic Christians of Warwick, occasioned by the Rev. Evan Herbert's Publication, entitled — ‘ The Antidote, or Unitarians proving themselves to be Infidels, by denying ‘ the Doctrines of the Bible.’ By an Unitarian Christian.* Warwick, 1820. 12mo. pp. 170, and

written by the Rev. William Field, occur the following notices respecting Dr. Parr : —

P. 63. “ My fifth testimony I produce with no small degree of pride and pleasure — it is that of a high and splendid name — reflecting brightest lustre on the elevated station he held in the church, to which he belonged — a name so often appealed to, in the course of these pages, and never to be appealed to on any important question of truth and right but with profoundest reverence, and with almost unbounded confidence. Speaking of the late Duke of Grafton, Bishop Watson thus expresses himself, (*Life* 1, 75.) ‘ I never attempted to encourage or discourage his profession of *Unitarian* principles; for I was happy to see a person of his rank professing, with intelligence and sincerity, *Christian* principles. If any one thinks that a *Unitarian* is not a *Christian*, I plainly say, without being a *Unitarian* myself, that I think otherwise.’ If we seek — where shall we find ? — a name more worthy to be associated with the great name of Watson — or from which any honourable testimonial could derive more powerful support — than that of a LIVING DIVINE, highly enlightened, profoundly learned, and deservedly celebrated; whose long residence, in this immediate neighbourhood, has conferred on it its highest distinction. I hardly need add the name of Dr. Parr ;

from whom I shall take leave to borrow, and who, I am sure, would not refuse to lend, his willing testimony — in the following eloquent eulogy on the character of Dr. Priestley — written, too, at a time, when that great and good man was more than usually the object of bitter, often mistaken, but often malignant, calumny: — ‘ Let not his attainments be depreciated, because they are numerous, without a parallel — let not his talents be ridiculed, because they are superlatively great — let not his morals be vilified, because they are correct without austerity, and exemplary without ostentation, — because they present, even to common observers, the innocence of a hermit, and the simplicity of a patriarch, and because a philosophic eye will at once discover in them the deep-fixed root of virtuous principle, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit.’* Again, speaking of the same extraordinary man, whose acquaintance, while living, he cultivated, and whose memory, after his death, he honoured with a monumental inscription, penned with great vigour, and elegance, and pathos, thus he expresses himself, (*Sequel to a*

* “ *Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleuthero-polis* p. 18. This admirable *Letter*, addressed principally to the *Unitarian Dissenters* of Birmingham, begins thus : ‘ Gentlemen, permit me to address you in the spirit of candour and respect, under the sacred and endearing name of *fellow-citizens* and *fellow-christians*. ’ ”

Printed Paper p. 107.) ‘ I cannot think his religion *insincere*, while he worships one Deity in the name of one Saviour : nor do I suppose that his acts of justice, temperance, and charity have the ‘ *nature of sin*,’ because they sometimes flow more immediately from reason, as absurdly distinguished, in scholastic language, from faith.’ And again : ‘ I know that his virtues in private life are acknowledged by his neighbours, admired by his congregation, and recorded *almost* by the unanimous suffrage of his most powerful and most distinguished antagonists.’ ”

P. 66. “ Having said so much, in this *Letter*, on the liberal spirit of the times, I cannot think of concluding it, long as it is, without bearing my humble testimony to the high degree, in which that noble spirit prevails in the town, where, for many years, it has been my lot to live. Perhaps there are few towns of the same population, where more varieties of religious opinions exist; and yet where all the inhabitants dwell together, in greater harmony and peace. Here are to be found *Churchmen, Independents, Calvinists, Unitarians, Baptists, Quakers, Wesleians, and Catholics*, intermingling in all the offices of social life, and feeling towards each other friendly esteem and affection, in many cases; and respectful, neighbourly regard in all. This is to be ascribed much, no doubt, to the benign and happy

influence of his own liberality of sentiment, and his own benevolence of spirit, which a GREAT DIVINE, living in our immediate vicinity, exerts and diffuses, in a wide circle, all around him. Much also, very much is to be ascribed to that good sense, and right feeling, which the members of the Establishment at Warwick have, for a long time past, very generally displayed — guided, no doubt, and animated by the instructions and the example of their clergy, whose characters, for wise moderation and amiable candour, stand, at this moment, on a proud eminence. Of these clergymen, one has shewn the superiority of his mind to the little narrow views and prejudices of party, by instituting and zealously supporting a school, in this parish, on the plan of *schools for all* : and though another has given the preference to the more exclusive plan of *national schools*, yet it is only just to acknowledge that this preference admits of explanation, quite consistent with the mild and liberal spirit, which he has evinced on so many other occasions. It would be shameful indeed, if the moderation and the liberality, which thus honourably mark the general character of churchmen at Warwick, were not to be found exerting their happy influence, amongst the members of other religious communities ; and in fact, though differing much in opinion, we do live harmoniously together, in

the exercise of kind and friendly regards: nor has anything of that virulent and abusive bigotry been for a long time seen amongst us, of which the reverend stranger, lately settled here, has given so frightful an example. But, we believe, that example obtains little admiration. It may be very taking with a few very ignorant people; but the wise of all parties despise it as *foolish*, and the good of every sect detest it as *wicked*.

“ Instances of the liberal spirit of Warwick are too many to be enumerated, at the close of a *Letter*; but one recent instance presses so much upon my mind, that I will gratify my feelings and those of my friends, and put it down. When, in some late repairs of our chapel, a great expence was incurred, very considerable indeed were the sums, most liberally given, towards defraying it, by the members of the church, and in one or two cases, by those of other churches. How delightful is it to record such instances of generous kindness and candour among *Christians*—divided indeed in opinion, but all actuated by one and the same spirit of piety to God, and reverence to Christ — and all united together in the bonds of social and Christian benevolence!

“ And here having mentioned the subject of Christian benevolence, I cannot help noticing that some little time ago, our pecuniary aid, under some heavy losses, was solicited in behalf of the

reverend predecessor of the very man, who now so cruelly attacks and reviles us. On looking over the list of contributors, it rejoiced my heart to observe how nobly religious distinctions were forgotten, and how Christians of all denominations—clergymen of the Establishment taking the lead—hastened to the help of a worthy, but unfortunate man : and I will venture to say that none gave, on that occasion, with more sincere pleasure, than my friends and myself.”

E. H. B.]

XIII.

Extract from the Imperial Magazine, or Compendium of Religious, Moral, and Philosophical, Knowledge. April 1825. p. 306.

“Memoir of Samuel Parr, LL.D.

The family of this distinguished scholar was originally of Devonshire, where some branches of the stock yet remain at Exeter, and in its neighbourhood. The grandfather of the Doctor, however, became possessed of the vicarage of Hinckley, in Leicestershire, where he reared and provided for a large family, on a very moderate income. One of his sons was bred to the medical profession, in which capacity he settled at Harrow-on-the-Hill, in Middlesex; and there Samuel Parr was born, January 26, 1746. At a very early age he was sent to the celebrated school, founded in his native village by John Lyon, at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

When young Parr entered this seminary, Dr. Thackeray was the master: but he died soon after, and was succeeded by Dr. Robert Sumner, a man of great learning and most aimable manners, who soon discerned the extraordinary talents of his pupil, and fostered them with paternal attention.

Few schools in the kingdom could boast of such a triumvirate as, at the same time, adorned the head-class of Harrow. These were, William Jones, the famous orientalist, William Bennet, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, and Samuel Parr. The bond of friendship, by which these youths were cemented in early life, continued unshaken, when they were separated, and cast into situations widely apart from each other. While at Harrow, Jones invented a dramatic piece, taken from the *Iliad*, and the playground being allotted for its representation, the principal characters were performed by the author and his two associates, Bennet and Parr. As the latter was a native of Harrow, and his family were far from being in affluent circumstances, Dr. Sumner chose him for one of his assistants, before the completion of his sixteenth year. By this means he was enabled to follow his friend Bennet to Emmanuel-College, Cambridge; but, though he regularly kept his terms there, he still continued his employment as usher at Harrow, till Dr.

Sumner's death. On that event, though an under-graduate, and not of age to be ordained, he offered himself as a candidate for the mastership ; but without success. This disappointment, which, in fact, ought neither to have created surprise nor resentment, was felt so sorely by Parr, that he threw up his subordinate station, and resolved to embark in the academic line upon his own bottom. This bold undertaking he soon afterwards carried into effect, by opening a boarding-school at Great-Stanmore, within sight of Harrow ; and so highly was he esteemed, that many of the junior boys actually followed, to have the benefit of his tuition. In 1769, he was admitted to holy orders upon a curacy in the neighbourhood of Stanmore ; and in 1771, he married a young lady of the ancient family of Mauleverer, in Yorkshire. Though this alliance did not enrich him with the goods of fortune, it proved beneficial in other respects ; as the lady was not only an excellent manager, but well qualified by her classical attainments to assist her husband in the labour of teaching. The income of a private academy being precarious and fluctuating, Mr. Parr was persuaded, in 1777, to accept the mastership of the endowed Grammar-school at Colchester ; from whence, in little more than a year, he removed to take charge of a similar, but more important, foundation in the city of Norwich.

Here his fame, as an instructor, rose high, and he brought up many scholars, who attained considerable eminence in the literary world. Among these was the late Rev. William Beloe, who became his assistant in the school at Norwich ; though in the memoir of his own life, that gentleman has drawn a very austere picture of his old preceptor and superior, who, according to that account, was another Orbilius in discipline. In 1780, the small crown-living of Asterby, in Lincolnshire, was bestowed upon Mr. Parr ; who, in the year following took the degree of Doctor in civil Law, at Cambridge, but without any particular mark of distinction. It is not a little singular, that throughout the whole period of his connection with the University, from the time of his being matriculated up to the completion of his graduation, he never once came forward as a candidate for the peculiar honours of his *alma mater*. At a subsequent period, indeed, he astounded the sophs, tutors, professors, and heads of houses, by preaching to them a sermon in Greek ; to which sort of exercise few men, perhaps, besides himself, in that famous seat of learning, were then equal. What it was that stimulated the Doctor to make this extraordinary display of his erudition, we know not ; but a like instance never before occurred, we apprehend, in a British University. Something of the sort

took place at Paris in the year 1687, when the learned M. Lancelot delivered a Greek discourse to the fraternity of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, on the day when that society celebrated the anniversary of their foundation, in the monastery of the Cordeliers. The oration of Lancelot was very short ; but that of our countryman extended to more than half an hour ; and, as we have been told, for we heard him not ourselves,* it might have stood a fair comparison with the purest discourses of Nazianzen or Chrysostom. Of the utility of such exhibitions, however, we have our doubts ; since sermons, to be useful, should be understood by the whole audience, which could not well be the case in the present instance. For the purposes of edification it could have no effect ; and in the way of example it could not operate, since it must have been obvious, that, in the whole body of hearers, scarcely one would ever have occasion to write, much less to speak Greek. But the circumstance shewed that the orator was capable of doing what no one else had the talent to perform ; and, in this respect, the exertion was not a whit better, than that made by the learned Dr. William Wot-

* [No such sermon was ever delivered, though it is true that Dr. Parr preached a sermon in the University-church, in which he introduced some quotations from Greek authors.

ton, who, in one of the city-churches, preached a Welsh sermon, on St. David's day, to convince the ancient Britons that an Englishman could rival them in their own language.

About the year 1782, the late Earl of Dartmouth, a man of whom it may be truly said, that to praise him, is to praise virtue itself, introduced Dr. Parr in such terms to Bishop Lowth, that the prelate shortly afterwards presented him to a vacant prebend in his cathedral of St. Paul's. This preferment was not, at that time, of much value, but the possession of it was a mark of distinction; and as it was bestowed by one of the greatest scholars in Europe, it acquired in that respect a double interest. Many years subsequent to the death of Bishop Lowth, this prebend, by the falling in of the leases, placed Dr. Parr in a state of independence. In 1783, he gave up the school at Norwich, and, two years afterwards, exchanged the rectory of Asterby for the perpetual curacy of Hatton, near Warwick; where, by way of addition to the income, which was but small, he took a limited number of pupils, and continued to do so for the greater part of his life. On some account or other, he was induced to quit Hatton for Waddenhoe, in Northamptonshire; by an exchange with Dr. Brooke Bridges; but being dissatisfied with the situation, he returned to the former place, as assistant to the

new incumbent. Such was the limited routine of the Doctor's ecclesiastical progress, with the exception of the rectory of Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, to which he was presented in a very handsome manner, some years since, by Sir Francis Burdett.

It has been a matter of wonder with many, how a man of such talents and connexions never attained any higher elevation in the church. Upon a little consideration, perhaps, this astonishment will cease. What was said in the like case of Dr. Samuel Ogden, of Cambridge, was strictly appropriate in regard to Dr. Samuel Parr, for he, no more than the other, was a "presentable man." The manners of Parr were far from being attractive, and though his powers of mind in conversation were commanding, those, who listened to the richness of his language with admiration, felt little disposed to cultivate his acquaintance. A few, indeed, sought his intimacy on account of his varied knowledge, and others attached themselves to him, because they professed the same political creed. Here, again, was another *remora*, to impede his ecclesiastical advancement.

Parr set out at an early period, as an avowed partizan, which character he maintained throughout the whole of his life, without paying any regard to common prudence; and, it may be truly

affirmed also, without properly consulting what was due to his profession, either as a teacher of youth, or the pastor of a parish. It is not meant by this remark, to insinuate, that a divine or preceptor should look with apathy upon the passing events of his time ; neither would we deny to the clergy the common right of all citizens, to take an active part upon great and momentous occasions, when the public weal is at stake. Patriotism is as much the duty of a minister as of any other man ; but then it must be sanctified by purity of motive, tempered by charity, and regulated in such a manner as to avoid giving offence.

To be a lover of one's country, it is not necessary that a man should belong to a cabal ; and it is quite indecorous in a preacher of the gospel, to enrol himself as a member of tavern-clubs. At the commencement of the last century, such conduct might, and no doubt did, tend to ecclesiastical preferment, and Bishop Hoadly, among the rest, was a remarkable instance of it ; but, from the accession of his late Majesty to the present time, there have been few cases, wherein clergymen have been indebted to their political zeal for their promotion to the higher dignities of the church. On the contrary, those divines, who have distinguished themselves above their brethren by a warm attachment to parties in the state, and by engaging actively in political dis-

putes, have generally, in the end, experienced little gratitude from the men, whose cause they have zealously espoused. Many instances might be adduced of this neglect in our own day, but that of Dr. Parr is exactly in point; for, when the Whigs, to whose club he belonged, and in whose behalf he had so often wielded his magic pen, came into power, a clergyman, who had [†] been famous only for his pugilistic exercises, his establishment of newspapers, and his theatrical connections, was covered with honours and loaded with preferment, while his great compeer was totally forgotten.

It is well observed, by a great writer, speaking of these political theologians, as he calls them, 'that the cause of civil liberty, and civil government, gains as little as that of religion, by this confusion of duties. Those, who quit their proper character, to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world, in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they have nothing of politics, but the passions they excite.'

We have been impelled to say thus much on a subject, which could not be altogether avoided,

in a biographical sketch of such a man as Dr. Parr ; but there were other circumstances, which concurred, with what has been already mentioned, in keeping him in the vestibule, when he might, by a different application of his extraordinary powers, have occupied one of the principal stations in the hierarchy. What these causes were, will partly appear from a review of the literary history of Dr. Parr. And here it affords matter of concern and surprise, that, a mind stored with intellectual treasures, almost to a degree of luxuriance, should have produced so little, comparatively, either in the line of theology, general knowledge, or classical criticism. The first publication, which we can trace to the Doctor with any certainty, (for most of his performances have been issued into the world anonymously, or with fictitious appellations,) was a sermon, preached at St. Edmund's Bury, in 1779, for the benefit of the charity-children of that town. The second was a sermon, preached on the fast-day, in 1781, and printed in the same year, under the name of *Phileleutherus Norfolciensis*. This was followed, in 1786, by a tract "on Education, and the Plans pursued in Charity-Schools." The next publication of Dr. Parr was one, that excited much notice at the time, and merited it on various accounts ; though, in the main, it was but a reprint of an extremely scarce volume, containing

three Latin treatises on the science of government, written at the beginning of the seventeenth century, by William Bellenden, or, as he is commonly called, *Gulielmus Bellendenus*, a Scotchman, and professor of classic literature in the University of Paris.

The late Dr. Warton, of Winchester, first drew public attention to the works of this obscure author, in his excellent "Essay on Pope;" where, however, he only glanced at the use made of Bellenden's tracts by Dr. Conyers Middleton, in his *Life of Cicero*. Stimulated by curiosity, Dr. Parr sought for this volume, and having ascertained, beyond all doubt, the justness of the charge of plagiarism against Middleton, he resolved upon a republication of the original. This design he accomplished in an octavo volume, elegantly printed, in 1787. The Three pieces of Bellenden are, "*Ciceronis Princeps*," — "*Ciceronis Consul*," — and "*Liber de Statu prisce Orbis*;" and as that author had intended another work, on a more extended scale, under the denomination of "*De Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*," his present editor from thence caught the idea of making his preface the vehicle of his own political sentiments, in a panegyric upon the three luminaries of his party, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, [Lord North.] The eloquent preface to the tracts of Bellenden was soon afterwards published in an English trans-

lation, and in a separate form ; but, while readers of taste admired its spirit, and approved the animadversions bestowed upon Middleton, for his meanness in stealing the finest portions of his valuable history from a book buried, as he thought, in total oblivion, it struck many, that the learned editor had himself incurred a charge little less serious.

At the time when Dr. Parr sent this impassioned performance into the world, the public mind was much agitated by the charges brought against the late governor Hastings, and an impeachment of that gentleman was then actually about to commence, before the highest tribunal of the country, for crimes and misdemeanors alleged to have been committed by him in the East-Indies. Now, whatever might be the demerit of Mr. Hastings, none of the matters charged upon him were as yet proved ; and no man in this country had any better authority for believing him guilty, than the *ipse dixit* of his great accuser, Mr. Burke. The speeches of that wonderful man, in the House of Commons, excited great indignation ; and when Fox and Sheridan opened the following charges, in a strain of highly-figured declamation, the world was reminded of the powerful effect produced by Cicero, in his accusation of Verres. But, while the business as yet stood *sub judice*, it certainly ill became a minis-

ter of the gospel, or indeed any other man, to embark, *sponte sua*, in a cause, of which he could know little or nothing but from *ex-parte* pleadings, destitute of evidence.

The next publication of Dr. Parr was also calculated to excite mixed feelings of admiration and concern. Dr. Hurd, the venerable bishop of Worcester, having completed his long-promised and anxiously-expected edition of the works of his early patron, Bishop Warburton, published it in a splendid manner in 1787. In forming this collection, it so happened, for what cause it is impossible to account, two of Warburton's earliest performances were omitted. This editorial oversight, whether arising from want of taste or forgetfulness, was certainly no very heinous offence in itself; yet it was so treated by Parr, who, soon afterwards, supplied the deficiency, in a volume entitled "*Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian.*" In reprinting the neglected productions of Warburton, a service was rendered to literature; but it required some strong reasons to justify the revival of two fugitive essays, written and published anonymously, by a living author, who had himself, long before, endeavoured to suppress them. The attachment of Hurd to Warburton is well known, and, it cannot be denied, that this friendship was marked, at one period, by too much servility. Warbur-

ton was a tyrannical^d despot in literature, who could not bear a rival, but expected that all his compatriots should take the law from his lips.

Several persons equal to him, at least in extent of knowledge, and far his superiors in genius, spurned at this usurpation of arbitrary authority, and boldly asserting the right of mental freedom, continued to oppose the decrees of the self-created *dictator*. Among these were Dr. John Jortin, and Dr. Thomas Leland. Dr. Jortin, in the last of his *Six Dissertations*, ventured to call in question what Warburton had laid down as the basis of his work on the *Divine Legation of Moses*, that the doctrine of a future state did not form a necessary part of faith in the ancient world, and that the representations of it in Homer and Virgil were the mere figments of imagination. Jortin, on the contrary, proved, very clearly, that the two poets, whatever additions they might have given to this article, by the power of imagination, did not invent the doctrine itself, which was much older than either of them, being received from patriarchal tradition. Warburton felt sore for the credit of his system, but not being willing to hazard his reputation in a rencontre with Jortin, of whom he was, in fact, afraid, he devolved the task of answering him upon Hurd, who performed the task more to the satisfaction of his employer, than to that of the

learned world, in a *Seventh Dissertation, on the Delicacy of Friendship*. A few years after this, Warburton published his *Doctrine of Grace*, in which he advanced some singular paradoxes respecting the inspiration of the apostolical writers. These notions Dr. Leland thought proper to controvert, with great modesty, in a *Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence*; to which Hurd replied, in a very long and laboured *Letter*, containing more declamation than argument.

It will be seen, that we are far from taking the part of either of these distinguished Prelates; and, in regard to the questions at issue between them and their opponents, we have no hesitation in expressing our confident persuasion, that both Warburton and his obsequious apologist stood upon fairy ground. Notwithstanding this, as the two tracts, written to support the dreams of Warburton, were consigned to obscurity by the author; and as, confessedly, they had nothing in them worthy of a better fate, we must, in strict justice, condemn the conduct of Dr. Parr, in reviving them, for the sole purpose of making them the vehicle of a coarse attack upon the author. They were still the property of the Bishop, and the only two persons ever affected by them were no longer in the land of the living. For what purpose, therefore, could a third person, no way interested in matters, which had so long passed

away without notice, make them the occasion of a direct insult to the only man likely to be made uneasy by the publication?

Dr. Parr, however, was not only at the trouble and expense of reprinting these forgotten pamphlets, but he ushered them into the world with a Dedication to the author, written in a strain of furious invective, and intermixed with a profusion of Greek and Latin quotations; some sufficiently pointed and well aimed, but the greater part inaptly chosen, and as indiscreetly applied. It is impossible for any reader of discernment to peruse this violent *diatribe*, without, at once, seeing that the author was in a state of uncommon irritation, when he delivered it to the world. He appears, indeed, like a lion springing from his lair to attack the passing traveller, not through the impulse of hunger, but out of resentment, the cause of which may be conjectured, but cannot be ascertained. We know that controversy is apt to grow hot in proportion to the lengthened state of the dispute. But, in the present case, there was no subject of controversy at all between the Doctor and the Bishop. They were both members of the same college, and, till this period, their mutual friends were unapprized of any occurrence, that could have given rise to a coolness on either side. It has been supposed, that the Prelate was, in some way or other, instrumental

in preventing the advancement of his old fellow-collegian; which offence the latter never forgave, and took the first opportunity to retaliate. The manner, in which he performed this, however, did less injury to the Bishop than to himself; for such was the estimable character of Dr. Hurd, among persons of all ranks and denominations, that the attempt to depreciate him in the public opinion, was generally viewed with indignation; and it is a certain fact, that personages of the highest rank, who would otherwise have been ready to patronize the Doctor, declined doing so, merely on account of his treatment of the venerable Prelate.

But his advancement was further hindered by the freedom of his language, and the peculiar character of his connexions, at the beginning of the French revolution. His association with Dr. Priestley, and other men of distinguished prominence among that class called *political reformers*, naturally brought him under suspicion; and this made him so unpopular at Birmingham, that, when the riots broke out there, in the summer of 1791, his house at Hatton was actually threatened with destruction, but was saved, very fortunately, by the interposition of the military.

In the following year, a report having got into circulation, that the reformers at Birmingham were about to celebrate the annual return of the

French revolution, which had already produced such dreadful effects, Dr. Parr published a small pamphlet, to prevent that injudicious measure. To this performance, he gave the quaint title of *A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis ; or, A Serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham. By a Member of the Established Church.* In this seasonable remonstrance, the learned author endeavoured to moderate the resentment subsisting between different parties in religion and politics, by leading them to reflect, that the principles, on which they agreed, were of a more exalted rank, and of more extensive importance, than those, on which they differed. He, therefore, solemnly called upon them to regulate their conduct by the sound law of discretion, and to forbear from any proceedings, that might disturb public tranquillity.

Of the next publication by Dr. Parr, we are sorry not to be able to speak in the same unqualified terms of approbation. At the time when he produced the preceding address, the flame of discord still raged furiously in Birmingham, and the asperity, with which Dr. Priestley and his adherents attacked the whole body of the clergy of the Established Church, in newspapers and other publications, produced replies, in some of which Dr. Parr was mentioned with little respect. Instead of treating these ephemeral

squibs with that silent contempt, which became his station in the world of literature, the Doctor thought proper to fix his suspicions upon the Rev. Charles Curtis, rector of one of the parishes in Birmingham; and immediately charged him with being the author of the offensive paragraphs. Mr. Curtis not only denied the accusation, but actually took an oath that he neither wrote the articles fathered upon him, nor knew by whom they were composed. With this asseveration Dr. Parr ought to have been satisfied; especially as he had nothing beyond mere surmise to oppose to a solemn declaration. But, being resolved not to be convinced, he continued, in defiance of every principle of natural justice, to maintain that the oath of Mr. Curtis was of less weight than the circumstantial evidence, which had been adduced against him. Influenced by this extraordinary persuasion, the Doctor published a bulky pamphlet, entitled *A Sequel to the Printed Paper, lately circulated in Warwickshire. By the Rev. Charles Curtis, Brother to Alderman Curtis, a Birmingham Rector, &c.* In this singular performance, the author, after castigating with a heavy hand the object of his displeasure, proceeded to discuss a great variety of important subjects, relating to social rights, and the various political questions, which had arisen out of the tremendous revolution in France.

To this multifarious piece was subjoined an excellent *Letter* written by Dr. William Thomson, *on the Nature and End of Civil Society*; which, for depth of thought and felicity of illustration, well merited the distinction it received.

In thus tracing the literary course of Dr. Parr, it is painful to observe, how generally his publications, though rich in language, and excellent in argumentation, were deformed by the acrimony of private resentment.

Scarcely had he closed his dispute with the Birmingham-Rector, when another subject of contention arose, of an opposite description. Mr. Henry Homer, formerly fellow of Emanuel-College, who had materially assisted the Doctor in his republication of *Bellendenus*, having undertaken a *Variorum* edition of Horace, on a magnificent scale, for the London-booksellers, naturally called upon his friend for aid in the prosecution of the work. This was very readily conceded; but the health of Mr. Homer being indifferent, he took for his immediate co-adjutor, the late Dr. Charles Combe, of the British Museum. Under the joint management of these two gentlemen, the edition went on, till the fourth book of the *Odes* was advanced in the press, when Mr. Homer died. This was in 1791, and then Dr. Combe became the sole proprietor of the work, nor does it appear that Dr. Parr, after

the loss of his friend, took the smallest interest whatever in the concern. At the beginning of the year 1794, this edition came out in two splendid quarto-volumes, with a Dedication to the great Lord Mansfield. A little before this, the *British Critic* had been established by Mr. Archdeacon Nares, the Rev. William Jones of Nayland, and the Rev. William Beloe. The last-mentioned gentleman, as we have already observed, had been the pupil and assistant of Dr. Parr, at Norwich; it therefore became an object with him, on the institution of the new journal, to procure for it occasional contributions from his old friend and preceptor. The publication of the *Variorum* Horace was just adapted to give an *eclat* to the review, and at the same time, to gratify the private feelings of Dr. Parr. Accordingly an article on the edition appeared in the third volume of the *Critic*, and extended to seventy-one closely printed pages. Perhaps a more valuable body of classical criticism and profound remarks cannot be found in any language; but it is obvious, throughout the whole of this voluminously-laboured performance, that the author's aim was to demolish the reputation of the work, on which it was expended. In this he so completely succeeded, that Dr. Combe was compelled to print a *Narrative of Facts relative to the Behaviour of Dr. Samuel Parr*; who was accused

of having acted with duplicity throughout the whole period of his connexion with Mr. Homer, as far, at least, as regarded the edition of Horace. This pamphlet immediately called forth a reply from Dr. Parr, under the title of *Remarks on the Statement of Dr. Charles Combe. By an Occasional writer in the British Critic*: in which the most serious articles of charge were satisfactorily refuted; and here the dispute terminated.

Soon after this, public curiosity was roused in a very extraordinary manner, by the pretended discovery of a number of manuscripts, purporting to be the genuine productions of Shakspeare. These papers drew crowds of visitors to the house of the fortunate proprietor, Mr. Samuel Ireland, in Norfolk-street, and, among the rest, Dr. Parr became a frequent visitor, and a zealous believer in the authenticity of the literary relics. He even went so far as to subscribe his name, in attestation of his firm conviction that the entire collection of plays, poems, letters, and other documents, emanated from the genius of the immortal bard, whose name they bore. At length the spell was dissolved, and Dr. Parr, as the great Samuel Johnson had done before him, in the case of Lauder, assisted in drawing up an apologetic confession for the unhappy person, through whom he owned he had been so grossly imposed upon. Here, by the bye, it deserves notice, that

though the acute Richard Porson seemed to think the Shakspearian papers genuine, yet, when called upon by Parr to follow his example, he said : ‘ No, Doctor ; you know I have scruples against subscription to articles of faith.’

Hitherto we have seen little of Dr. Parr in his clerical character ; but, in the spring of 1801, he drew general attention in the metropolis, by his famous Spital sermon, preached at Christ Church, Newgate-Street, before Harvey Christian Combe, Esq. the Lord Mayor. The church, though large, was crowded to excess, and the Doctor gratified the more intelligent portion of his hearers by a discourse, in which he happily combated the delusive dogmas of those philosophers, who ascribe all benevolence and justice to a selfish principle. This sermon was soon afterwards printed, with a number of curious notes, many of which, however, have little relation to the main subject. On the appearance of this volume, it was attacked, in a tone of indignant sarcasm, by Mr. William Godwin, who, conceiving himself to have been alluded to in the discourse and notes, retorted upon the author the charge of inconsistency.

In 1808, Dr. Parr printed a sermon, preached on the preceding fast-day, in his parish-church of Hatton ; and the year following, he ushered into the world two heterogeneous volumes, under the title of ‘ Characters of the late Charles James

Fox, selected, and in part written, by *Philopatris Varvicensis*.' The first volume contains various panegyrics upon the great statesman, which appeared soon after his death in the newspapers and magazines. To these characters, few of which were worth preserving as compositions, one was added by the Doctor himself, written in an admirable style, and superior to all the rest. The second volume is made up of notes, printed in a smaller type, and some of them, particularly that on penal law, well worthy of a more conspicuous situation.

In 1823, Dr. Parr edited, with appropriate notes, four scarce Sermons, two by the learned Dr. John Taylor, and the others by two successive Bishops of London, Dr. Hayter and Dr. Lowth. With this publication, we close our notice of the literary performances of our author, as far as they have come to our knowledge; but it is possible, as he generally sent his productions into the world without a name, that one or two fugitive pieces may have escaped our inquiry. The Doctor, we know, contributed very liberally to the works of some distinguished writers, particularly the Bamptonian Lectures, delivered at Oxford in 1784, by Dr. Joseph White. We have reason to think, also, that occasionally, though not latterly, he wrote for the *Monthly Review*; and it is certain that several of his papers are in

the *Classical Journal* published by Mr. Valpy.

In 1804, the Doctor lost his old and most intimate friend, Lord Chedworth, whose singular disposal of his property to entire strangers, became the subject of a litigation respecting the sanity of the testator. In the course of this law-suit, Dr. Parr, who had been led to expect a considerable legacy from his lordship, gave such a testimony as to incur some strong animadversions.

Such is the brief outline of the life of this eminent scholar, who, for extent and variety of knowledge, has left few equals, and no superiors. He closed his mortal career at Hatton, on Sunday, the 5th of March, in his eightieth year.

The Doctor was twice married, and by his first lady he had several children, two only of whom grew to maturity, but neither survived him. Sarah, the eldest, became the wife of John Wynne, Esq. of Garthmeilio, in Denbighshire; the youngest, Catharine, died unmarried. The second wife of the Doctor was Mary, sister of the Rev. James Eyre, of Solihull, by whom he had no issue.

It has been observed, and, we have reason to believe, very justly, that the long residence of Dr. Parr at Hatton was spent in diligently performing all the duties of a parish-priest, in assisting, advising, befriending the poor; in the exercise of a generous hospitality; in encouraging

and patronizing merit ; in communicating knowledge, whenever required, from his own inexhaustible stores ; in contributing, by a most extensive correspondence, to the general illumination of the literary world ; in manifesting, by his words and deeds, that he cultivated a spirit of unbounded philanthropy, as the practical essence of our holy religion, and in endeavours to promote, from the pulpit and the press, whatever is most conducive to the public and private welfare of mankind.

Of the liberality of Dr. Parr we could give many instances, but shall content ourselves with only mentioning his uncommon generosity towards the late Mr. Maurice, of the British Museum. When the Doctor heard of the distressed state, into which the mother of Mr. Maurice had fallen, by imprudently marrying a worthless man, he took this youth into his house at Stanmore, though he could ill afford such a charge at that time. After supporting and giving his *protégé* an excellent education, he procured for him an Exhibition at University-College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself in a manner, which gave great satisfaction to his patrons and superiors.

In regard to the literary character of Dr. Parr, we shall content ourselves with observing, that his style was vigorous and copious ; but some-

what too glittering in phraseology, and affected in construction. Like Dr. Johnson, he was excessively attached to antithesis, but he did not, in imitation of that writer, seek new words to express common ideas ; neither did he often indulge in archaisms, and epithets compounded from the learned languages. The Latin of Dr. Parr is such, as would have commanded admiration in the purest ages of Roman literature.

J. W."

XIV.

*Extract from the Catalogue of Five Hundred
Celebrated Authors of Great Britain, now living,
Lond. 1788. 8vo.*

“ Parr, Samuel, **D.D.**

A clergyman of the most distinguished ability. He was originally one of the under-masters of Harrow-School, and in that situation had the honor of sharing in the education, among others, of Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Upon a vacancy in the head-mastership in 1770, Doctor Parr became a candidate for that office, and his party was so warmly espoused by many of the boys of the school, as to occasion very riotous and turbulent proceedings. Doctor Parr, having failed in the election, retired to a village at a small distance from Harrow, and opened a school, to which he was followed by a kind of secession of the Harrow-scholars. Having been chosen by the Earl of Dartmouth to superintend the education of his eldest son, Lord Viscount Lewisham, he resigned

his school, and fixed his residence at Colchester in Essex, to which he was attended by his Lordship and one or two other pupils. At the expiration of this engagement, Doctor Parr was chosen Master of the Free-School at Norwich. He is now settled in the neighbourhood of Warwick, where he has a few private pupils, and particularly the only son of Mr. Sheridan.

Doctor Parr's first publications consisted of Fast-Sermons preached at Norwich during the American war, two of them published with his name in 1780, and a third under the appellation of *Phileleutherus Norfolciensis*, in 1787. They are not more distinguished by liberality of sentiment, than by profundity of reasoning and energy of expression. He published in 1786, a fourth Sermon, characterized by the same excellencies, on Education and the Plans pursued in Charity-Schools. But the most celebrated performance of Doctor Parr is a Preface to an edition of the works of William Bellenden, written in Latin, and published in the year 1787. This Preface is chiefly political, consisting of a retrospect of the internal transactions of Great Britain from the close of the year 1783. Doctor Parr presents us with an animated panegyric upon the characters of Lord North, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Burke, whom he styles *tria Lumina Britanniae*; and a glowing invective against the base and unworthy me-

thods, which, in his opinion, were employed, to deprive them of the share they lately held in the government of their country. Doctor Parr's Latin, like his English style, is strong, manly, and beautiful ; but the parts of it do not always seem aptly fitted to each other, and they certainly possess less of grace and elegance, than of energy."

XV.

*Extract from the Literary Memoirs of Living
Authors of Great Britain, Lond. 1798. 8vo.
V. 2. p. iii.*

“ Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.

A most elegant and profound scholar, very highly celebrated for his knowledge of the Greek language. He was originally one of the under-masters of Harrow-School, and in that situation had the honour of sharing in the education, among others, of Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Upon a vacancy in the headmastership, in 1770, Dr. Parr became a candidate for that office, and his cause was so warmly espoused by many of the boys of the school, as to occasion very turbulent proceedings. Proving unsuccessful, he retired to a village at a small distance from Harrow, and opened a school, to which he was followed by many of the Harrow-scholars. Dr. Parr was afterwards appointed, by the Earl of Dartmouth, to superintend the education of his eldest son, Lord

Viscount Lewisham, in consequence of which he resigned his school, and fixed his residence at Colchester, where he was attended by his Lordship, and one or two more pupils. At the expiration of this engagement, he was chosen Master of the Free-School at Norwich, which he conducted with great reputation, and has now been settled, for some years, in the neighbourhood of Warwick, in the occupation of educating private pupils.

Dr. Parr's first publications were, Sermons preached at Norwich during the American war. Of these, two appeared with his name in 1780, and a third, a Fast-Sermon, under the name *Phileleutherus Norfolciensis*, in the year following. The last of these is particularly excellent. In 1786, he published a fourth Sermon, preached for the benefit of the Charity-Schools in Norwich. It was in the year following this, that he published a new edition in an octavo-volume, of the three books of *de Statu* of Bellendenus, (Master of the Pleas to James I.,) and prefixed a most elegant Preface. Few pieces of composition in Latin, have been more admired than this masterly Preface. It was reprinted, separately, in the year following its first publication. It consists chiefly of a political retrospect of the internal transactions of Britain, since the year 1783, and presents us an animated panegyric of Lord North, Mr.

Burke, and Mr. Fox, with a glowing invective against the methods employed to deprive them of the share they held in the government of their country. The Latin, as well as the English style of Dr. Parr, is always strong, manly, and beautiful, but perhaps it possesses, upon the whole, less of grace and elegance than of energy. In 1789, Dr. Parr published ‘*Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian, not admitted into the Collection of their respective Works,*’ in an octavo volume. Almost every reader will condemn the poignancy of language, which is used in the Preface to this volume, against the venerable Bishop of Worcester, while he will confess, with pleasure, that the characters of Jortin, Leland, and Warburton, are amply and beautifully delineated. In the year 1792, Dr. Parr published an octavo-pamphlet, entitled, ‘*A Sequel to the Printed Paper lately circulated in Warwickshire, by the Rev. Charles Curtis, Brother of Alderman Curtis, a Birmingham Rector, &c.*’ which reached a second edition. This was occasioned by a suspicion, that Mr. Curtis had written certain anonymous Letters, which were sent to the Doctor; that he had uttered certain reflections upon him, in his pulpit-discourses; and that he had sent the *Printed Paper*, which appeared (*auctor et emendator*) in an evening-Newspaper. The same year produced Dr. Parr’s

celebrated and excellent *Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis*, which is a serious address to the Dissenters of Birmingham, written in consequence of a report that they intended a second commemoration of the French Revolution, and was published in a shilling-pamphlet. For an account of Dr. Parr's literary association with the late Mr. Homer and Dr. Combe, relative to the publication of an edition of Horace, we refer the reader to our memoir of the last-mentioned gentleman ; where he will also see the occasion, which produced Dr. Parr's excellent pamphlet, entitled, '*Remarks on the Statement of Dr. Charles Combe, by an occasional Writer in the British Critic.*'

It may very reasonably be questioned whether the services, which Dr. Parr has done to the world, have been adequate to his ability, or his knowledge. Much is to be allowed, however, for that want of leisure and opportunity, which every man of letters must feel, whose constant and necessary occupation is the instruction of youth. To the character of a profound scholar, though the printed testimonies he has afforded us may have been slender, none shall dare to dispute his claim ; and, were our remaining possessions of Greek and Latin Authors to share the fate of the celebrated Alexandrian library, we believe that this gigantic proficient could afford us, from re-

collection, a very tolerable idea of Grecian and Roman literature. Of the English style of Dr. Parr it has been said, that it unites the strength of Johnson with the richness of Burke.”

XVI.

*Extract from the Biographical Dictionary of the
Living Authors of Great Britain and Ireland,
Lond. 1816. p. 262.*

“ Samuel Parr, **D.D.**

This learned divine was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, Jan. 26, 1746. He received his education at Harrow-School, from whence he removed to Emmanuel College, Cambridge: but before he was twenty, he became assistant in the school, where he had been bred. On the death of Dr. Sumner, the Master, he offered himself as candidate to succeed him, but being rejected on account of his youth, he removed from Harrow, and opened an eminary at Stanmore. In 1769, he entered into orders, and in 1777, he went to Colchester on being appointed Master of an endowed Grammar-School in that town. The year following, however, he removed to Norwich, to superintend a similar establishment in that city.

In 1781, he took his doctor's degree at Cambridge, and in 1783, Bishop Lowth bestowed upon him a prebend in the cathedral of St. Paul. In 1785, Lady Trafford presented him to the per-

petual curacy of Hatton, near Warwick, to which place he retired shortly after, adding to his parochial duties the charge of a few private pupils. The riots at Birmingham in 1791, had nearly proved destructive to the property of Dr. Parr, in consequence of his intimacy with Dr. Priestley, and perhaps on account of his known political sentiments. Luckily, however, the mischievous design of the mob was frustrated in this instance; and the next year Doctor Parr exchanged the Curacy of Hatton for the Rectory of Waddehoe, in Northamptonshire. Early in 1793, he embarked as a voluntary writer in the *British Critic*, where he reviewed Dr. Combe's *Variorum* Edition of Horace, with such acuteness and learning as completely demolished that showy and expensive work. This critique has been reprinted in the *Classical Journal*, with additions. This produced a bitter attack on the Doctor, by the Editor, who made no scruple of charging him by name as the critic. To this a reply was made, in which the lash was repeated, with still greater severity. In 1802, Dr. Parr was presented, by Sir Francis Burdett, to the Rectory of Graffham in Huntingdonshire; and we have heard, that, when the party of Mr. Fox came into power, an application was made for the elevation of the Dr. to a dignity in the church, which, however, met with such opposition as to prove of no effect.

In 1771, he married Miss Marsendale, by whom he has had several children, none of whom are living. The Doctor is as great a smoker as the learned Dr. Isaac Barrow was, and we have been told, that he has emptied twenty pipes of an evening. His literary performances are, *A Discourse on the late Fast, by Phileleutherus Norfolciensis*, 4to. 1781.—*On Education and the Plans pursued in Charity Schools*, 4to. 1786.—*Bellen-denus de Statu, with Dedications, &c.* 8vo. 1787.—*Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian*, 8vo. 1789.—*Sequel to the Printed Paper lately circulated by the Rev. Charles Curtis*, 8vo. 1791.—*Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis, or, A Serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham, by a Member of the Established Church*, 8vo. 1792.—*Remarks on the Statement of Dr. Charles Combe, by an occasional Writer in the British Critic*, 8vo. 1795.—*A Spital Sermon, preached before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, at Christ Church, Newgate-Street*, 4to. 1800.—*Sermon preached on the Fast-day, at Hatton*, 4to. 1808.—*Characters of the late Charles James Fox*, published under the name of *Philopatris Varvicensis*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1809.—And occasional contributions in the *Classical Journal*."

XVII.

*Recollections of Dr. Parr by a Pupil, in Letters
addressed to the Editor.*

Jan. 24th, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that I have nothing of the late Dr. Parr's in my possession, which can be useful to you in your design of giving his character to the public; however I cannot forbear saying that I feel an indelible impression of the benefits, which I received under his tuition. Since that time, having seen him only occasionally, when he favored his Norwich-friends with a short visit, my knowledge of his various excellencies must be scanty; consisting of school-boy recollections, and such generally known particulars, as will be long remembered by those, who love his name and memory. You will, I doubt not, collect a rich and interesting store. I hope you will be able to place his character as a divine on a level with his other splendid attainments. This is the

only point, on which I feel any uneasiness connected with his memory. He would often speak of orthodoxy with a sneer; but this might arise from a consciousness of his vast superiority above others, rather than from any disbelief of its great truths.

Every boy in his school must have observed one trait in his character, that he had a manner peculiarly serious, when correcting violations of truth and moral duty: we would all have encountered the severity of his rod, rather than the anger of his eye and voice. I cordially wish you success in your undertaking, and remain,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

* * *

April 25th, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

I am very sure that you are in good earnest about the subject of your Memoir, from your attempting to pump one who can yield so little. From the same circumstance I predict the success of your undertaking: since the Doctor in free conversation with his numerous friends, must have left upon their minds the strongest traces of his own character. It seems that my warm

expressions of regard have led you to think that I have more to communicate than is really the case. Though I can neither retract nor modify those expressions, yet when I state that I was the Doctor's pupil only about two years, and those the last of his residence in Norwich, you will be prepared to receive with indulgence the puerile and scanty details of this Letter. As to the benefits, that I received under his tuition, results of this kind are not easily traced up to all their causes. When I entered the school, I was placed at the bottom of the fifth class, which with the sixth was so entirely under his care, that I do not remember a single lesson being said to any person but himself; except some mere repetitions in a morning before breakfast, when the Doctor seldom appeared. I was not fitted by previous instruction to improve all the advantages of my new situation; but as the soundest principles of knowledge and taste were daily inculcated, with severity enough to keep all but arrant dunces on the alert, an attentive boy, beginning to think for himself, could not fail to receive great advantage. What most of us got, was chiefly by hearing and noting down what passed. The lessons were generally gone over by three or four of the higher boys. I well remember their names, and one of them is among the most distinguished scholars of the present day. One or other of them would

complete our preparation by construing the lesson, which was truly formidable, especially to the lower boys, but I believe the Doctor saw it, and would kindly soften the matter ; I found particular kindness in this respect. All the boys, who were at all attentive, seemed to have the grammar at their tongue's end ; the rule being required for every thing in the words of the grammar. I had never been accustomed to this, and always found a kind indulgence, but none beyond. As the best boys were generally in requisition at lesson, of course they came under more frequent rebuke of the rod ; but for the most part we all had our share ; when a question was not answered in the first instance, it was put to every boy with ' you,' ' you,' ' you,' &c. and the result too often was, '*I'll flog you all :*' this was immediately done, and it was my business, as the last in the form, to assist in the operation ; and then I came to the slaughter last, like Ulysses, but ere this the hand of the executioner was wearied, or his displeasure abated, and it became more a brushing than a flogging. I should not call the Doctor's flogging generally severe ; it was characterized more by frequency than by anything else, as we had never any guarantee for our skin but in the Doctor's good humour. He would often say, '*I never flog you in a passion.*' His fame for severity spread a sort of panic through the city, espe-

cially among the mothers, who would sometimes interpose a remonstrance, which occasioned a ludicrous scene, but seldom availed the culprit; while the wiser were willing to leave their boys unconditionally in his hands, especially when they understood that he was so good-natured as to allow us to fill his wig with twisted papers, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' However, I have occasionally seen a terrible execution, but it was for some gross moral delinquency, when the Doctor assumed a most serious air. I recollect one of the bigger boys for his own purpose had copied the Doctor's hand-writing; when the discovery was made, the Doctor brought the paper into the school, and summoning the offender, soon brought him to tears; he pointed to the writing, saying, '*These scratches are more like gallows than my hand, and the gallows are like to be,*' &c. &c.; he was held out and flogged in the most severe manner, while some keen reproof accompanied every blow. I believe the Doctor retained his principles on this subject, and if report says true, his practice also, after he ceased to keep a public school: I have heard hints of a slaughter-house at Hatton; and some years ago, when I asked him whether he did not feel some compunction for having given us so much torture, he replied in a loud and good-natured tone, '*You rogue, it would be worse for you, if I had you now.*'

I mentioned that the time of my pupillage was the two last years of the Doctor's residence in Norwich ; as the circumstance was well known, it naturally occasioned some relaxation unfavourable to our progress ; of this I recollect one amusing instance. Our exercises were generally collected by one of the upper boys, and presented at the Doctor's call ; they had accumulated to an unusual degree ; and as many of us were behind, and all expected a speedy emancipation, we agreed to destroy the whole produce of our brains, and to take the consequences, which being the last had neither much of shame, nor much of suffering.

We were ordered to furnish ourselves with a common-place book and a Greek-grammar ; but very few insertions were made in the former, and none in the latter. However, the Doctor seemed willing to crowd into the latter part of the time all he could : we were introduced to some new authors, particularly Lucan and Lucretius, from which he gave us select passages ; supposing, I doubt not, that a taste of these authors would excite a desire after more. This was more an amusement and pleasure, than almost any thing I can remember at school : indeed it was hardly school, after what we had been accustomed to : the Doctor seemed to be leading us into pleasant paths more as a guide than a master. It is cer-

tain that the Doctor's attention was particularly directed towards those boys, whom he saw willing to learn ; the dunces might be dunces for him. I have known boys, who had not even the book we were reading, but one about the same size. The Doctor would frequently give us our themes in English with appropriate Latin turns ; and sometimes infuse a little of the mirthful and amusing into his instructions. I recollect a beautiful application of Virgil's lines, *Hi motus animorum, &c.* to the burial of some restless hero or turbulent demagogue ; and how much he was delighted with the story of Æschines reciting his own and Demosthenes's oration to his scholars. He would call for authors on the books we were reading ; when we were on that part of Horace, Hurd had many a sneer, though I do not recollect the particular occasions. We were always expected to be ready at school-hours ; and the Doctor was not pleased that any of these should be sacrificed to personal accomplishments. We had sometimes ludicrous scenes, when the absent boys were compelled by a close examination to confess that they had been at dancing-school. Certainly the Doctor exhibited an amusing contrast to the dancing-master : but so polite and well-bred a man could not object to these inferior things, unless they interfered too much with Latin and Greek. The Doctor's hours in school

were not very regular; we were often summoned to the study; and the lessons there, were less severe than those in the usual place. The upper day-scholars were required to attend at the cathedral on sunday-mornings; when we first went into school, and the Greek gospel was read, and the defaulters were desired to remind him to flog them on the morrow. We were sometimes desired to attend him at church and sacrament, when he officiated, which I believe he did frequently; and I have heard of a most severe and pointed rebuke, which some genteel females received for improper behaviour, while he was preaching.

I remember the case of poor Barker; and was on the Castle-hill, when his execution was expected: the Doctor was said to have taken great pains on this occasion, and procured him a free pardon, as he was some time after in the family, and acted as a sort of lictor bearing the rods.

Mr. Howes was a clergyman residing in Norwich; he published a learned work in four volumes, entitled *Critical Observations on Ancient and Modern Books*: when the Doctor introduced him to Mrs. Parr, he is said to have observed, There is *one* learned man in Norwich. His executor was a brother of the Rev. F. Howes, whom you mention. Neither of these could, I think, know any thing of the Doctor. Mr. H.'s

books were sent to London, and sold by auction; I had one volume, Horsley's *Britannia Romana*, which has a few marginal remarks, with two or three of the Doctor's sermons. There was a gentleman at Norwich, and I believe now living there, Counsellor Cooper, who had an excellent library, and we were often laden with books to and fro'; I should think this gentleman could furnish you with some valuable particulars.

One of the Doctor's favourite pupils, the Rev. J. Brown, now resides at Hingham, Norfolk; but his chief correspondent in Norwich was the late Rev. C. Chapman. At parting, the Doctor recommended several books; among the rest, '*Enquiry into the Life of Homer*,' '*Court of Augustus*,' '*Dutens's Enquiry, &c.*' '*Middleton's Life of Cicero*,' '*Harris's Hermes*.' The boys, who most feared the Doctor, esteemed and loved him: a relative of mine, who continued at the school after the Doctor left it, expressed himself lately to this purpose, as he felt at the time, that an object of terror was gone, but the glory of the place was gone with it.

I fear that I have already wearied you with my puerilities; and yet cannot be confident that the little, which remains, will be much better. When I ceased to be the Doctor's pupil, I viewed him of course in a somewhat different light; not with diminished regard, but with greater freedom

of thought and more extended reference. At our entering on life, we generally adopt the opinions, which prevail around us. It is happy when these prepossessions are on the side of truth ; which I am persuaded is the case with the generally-received doctrines of Christianity ; but we do not travel far without meeting with adversaries in the garb of friends, and many a projector, who, dissatisfied with the old fabric of religion, builds new ones, which make a very fantastic appearance by the side of that venerable structure left by our Reformers. At the University I recollect how much that body was insulted from its own pulpit by the discourses of Mr. Frend : there were several others there of considerable repute, whose disciple he was thought to be.

When I began to prepare for orders, it was very natural that I should wish to know the sentiments of my former teacher : that wish I did not soon lose, and it was never fully satisfied by any thing, that fell in my way. When the Doctor visited Norwich, he would make and receive frequent visits, and I had a few opportunities of conversing freely with him. He said many excellent things on religion and the Scriptures, but nothing amounting to the disclosure, which I desired. I never understood clearly what he thought on the subject of the Greek article, as explained

and applied by Granville Sharp. I do not pretend to be any judge on the general subject, and can only say that as the Doctor taught his pupils Greek, it seems impossible to understand some of the passages from the New Testament in any other sense, than that which Mr. Sharp has given. In a short conversation with the Doctor on the interpretation of certain of the 39 *Articles*, then warmly controverted, he spoke, in the most respectful terms, of several early and modern Calvinistic Divines of the English Church : at the same time he assured me that he could soon settle the question ; it was not difficult to perceive on which side his decision would have been ; and though by no means equally confident of his success, I expressed a wish that he would undertake so good a work. The less sanguine among us look only for an *irenicum* ; it would have been worthy of the Doctor's powers to set the matter at rest for ever ; as he did not, *sub judice lis est*. A friend of mine, with whom I was in the habit of reading the Greek Testament, and whose father had been very intimate with the Doctor, shewed me a copy of Dr. Chauncy's book, *on the Salvation of all Men*,* in a blank

* [The work alluded to bears the following title :—“ The mystery hid from Ages and Generations, made manifest by the Gospel-Revelation ; or, The Salvation of all Men, the grand Thing aimed at in the Scheme of God, as opened in the New-

leaf of which was a remark to this effect : ‘ It is the opinion of Dr. Parr that the criticisms on the word αἰώνος are decisive.’ Though there are many persons, who find it more easy to yield to *great names* than to think for themselves, yet truth can never suffer either from fair discussion or due authority.

It would be the height of folly to undervalue criticism, without which the meaning of words cannot be ascertained ; at the same time I cannot but think that verbal criticism is inadequate to the decision of such a question, which affects not any separable part, but the whole spirit of revelation : besides as the word αἰώνος must express an undefined period, it seems unwarrantable in the disciples to weaken the force of those sanctions, with which their Master has thought fit to arm his laws.

I have heard of, at least, one period in the Doctor’s life, in which there seems to have been a probability of his being raised to the Episcopal Bench ; it was during the last short Administration of Mr. Fox. He told me he was to preach the

Testament Writings, and entrusted to Jesus Christ to bring into Effect. By CHARLES CHAUNCEY, D. D. of Boston, in New England. London, 1784.” Also, by the same Author, “ The Benevolence of the Deity considered, Boston, 1784.” They are mentioned in p. 438. of Dr. Southwood Smith’s *Divine Government*, ed. 4. Lond. 1826. E. H. B.]

Spital Sermon in the mayoralty of Alderman Combe, and that he should do two things—get a new wig, and make a new sermon. When I saw him next after the death of Mr. Fox, he mentioned having met that statesman at some public dinner, and that they retired to some quiet part of the room, and conversed on subjects of Greek literature; which, said the Doctor, very few prime Ministers can do: adding at the same time: ‘If Mr. Fox had lived, I should have been made a Bishop.’

The Doctor’s pupils in and about Norwich wished to present him with a piece of plate. We had a small committee to conduct the business; and found it less difficult to raise the money than to provide an appropriate inscription. One produced a scrap of Greek, another a sentence of Latin. The Doctor having an intimation of what was going forward, relieved us by sending an inscription with three superlatives, *doctissimo*, *optimo*, *integerrimo*, in which we readily acquiesced.

I believe the Doctor was a man of real benevolence; but his pathies and antipathies would sometimes a little weaken its sensibilities. I recollect his being at Norwich soon after the execution of Bellingham; he favoured me one morning with a call, when the conversation turned upon that unhappy man and his hallucination,

(the word he employed putting his finger to his forehead;) the Doctor was full of invective against the judge, the jury, and almost every body concerned in the issue; but not a word of compassion did I hear for that excellent man, who might perhaps be the victim of a madman's fury. This made some impression on my mind: and I could not but perceive that great minds have their fetters, and that man is a poor creature, when left to the strong emotions of his own breast.

But it is time that I should relieve you. I wish you every success in your undertaking; and hope that the remains and memorials of this extraordinary man, which you may give to the public, will, among other exhibitions of fair and valuable character, shew him in the paramount one of a consistent Minister of a Church, whose principles are too plain to be misunderstood and too solid to be shaken.

I beg to return you thanks for your interesting remarks on *Junius*, I know little of the subject beyond what is found in the edition by Almon, who gives the *Letters* to Mr. Boyd in defiance of strong opposing evidence from the age, the talents, and the habits of that gentleman. Surely Junius could hardly be a spendthrift of 24! It seems to me that the author as such has never been named. I think you have fairly stript Sir

Philip of his laurels ; whether you have placed them on the right brows, perhaps your future inquiries may discover. I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged Servant,

* * *

July, 20, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,

As you are pleased to attach some interest to my poor communications, I should feel it a want of courtesy, did I not, once more, summon my recollections ; I say once more, because, ere I have done, you will perceive I am drawn to the dregs. In your wide correspondence you must collect some very valuable materials ; and though the Doctor may now appear in the midst of them, like Lear, a king of shreds and patches, your skilful hands will form out of them a robe, a sceptre, and a crown, suited to his royal dignity. When I was in town a few days since, I inquired after those Numbers of the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which you refer ; and, as my bookseller assured me that he could furnish me with them all, I took no further trouble ; but his parcel, which followed me home, contained only that for Dec. last ; it afforded me much entertainment.

I shall not soon be in town to renew my inquiries ; and if you really think it worth while, and that the *Parriana* in the other Numbers might by a sort of mental contact jog my dormant recollections, you will have the goodness to convey them to me. In the above Number there are two or three small inaccuracies respecting some individuals at Norwich. *Leman's Dictionary* is, I believe, in many respects excessively absurd and nearly allied to some of Porson's celebrated derivations. I did not know that Leman had been so savage, but I perfectly recollect an Usher in the school being dismissed for hurting a boy's head. Such, we may be sure, was not our friend, the Doctor ; the head was too hallowed a part for him to injure ; it was his aim to stock, not to hurt it : he would sometimes, indeed, touch it, but very gently. At lesson we sat or stood around his desk : he would, often leave his seat and advance towards us, and when anything beautiful occurred, he would touch our forehead with his knuckle, and say, '*Boy do you feel that ?*' I never remember seeing him with any instrument of correction except the rod ; and that uniformly applied *secundum artem*, where it could do the brain no harm. It would have amused any body, except the parties immediately, and others not very remotely concerned, to have seen the Doctor receive the bundle of

rods and select a few twigs for present execution, while a peculiar expression of complacency sat upon his countenance, as if fully satisfied of the usefulness of the infliction, and resolved to do his duty every way, in spite of vulgar clamour. The Doctor would sometimes be a little violent ; to throw a book at a boy would have been unworthy of him ; but to hurl a book to the further end of a large school-room with strong gesticulations and a violent outcry against dunces was something quite in character. I believe he never brought passion or even caprice into his discipline ; however severe, it was a necessary part of his system ; and is perhaps, as many of the wisest men have always thought, best adapted to human nature in its earliest stages. I do not know that an objection to the flogging system could take better ground than that afforded by the beautiful sentiment, *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*. As, however, the Doctor's capacious mind took in every thing, that had been said on the subject, in all its bearings, as well as any seeming opposition between the different parts, I take it for granted, that he saw no real incongruity between the above admired maxim and his own daily practice. In this matter he was inflexible to the last ; whatever restrictions he might impose upon himself, (such as not to flog a boy twice at the same lesson, or the like,) he

would never surrender his *disputed* prerogative to any. Not long before he left the school, one of the higher boys refused submission to the usual punishment ; and persisting in that refusal, was ordered to leave the school.

The Doctor abounded in good humour, and seemed to know more about his scholars than could have been imagined. When I was to be flogged for the first time, after a train of my seniors, who had neither real nor artificial excuses to plead, and it came at length to my turn, the Doctor paused ; and calling a boy from the lower end of the school, desired him to come up ; '*I have a great mind,*' said he to the trembling lad, who had been longer in the school than myself, '*I have a great mind to flog you, for not telling your cousin to plead his first fault.*' I was dismissed with a very intelligible admonition, that there would be no more first faults !

You happen to mention the subject of conversation between the Doctor and Mr. Fox, with an acknowledgment of mistake on the part of the former. Perhaps on Greek metre both these great men might be mistaken ; as a reason, I can give you nothing better than a school-boy recollection. This same subject was very formidable to us in those early days ; it puzzled the scholars, and perplexed the master. We used to think the Doctor himself was sometimes embarrassed ; neither *dimeter*

nor *trimeter*, nor any other *meter*, was always of exact capacity to receive the poetic tide : the deficient, the full, and the redundant, like so many unskilful midwives, brought their aid in vain, and the poet's strongest throes often issued in abortion.

There was another subject equally, or even more terrible, for, however intricate, being more defined, the delinquent was more sure to suffer. I mean the use of the subjunctive mode. This elegant pretender was a favourite with our master, who, of course, knew perfectly well how to manage him, but to us he was excessively troublesome. If at any time we passed him by without due notice, he was sure to cry for vengeance; if we paid too much court to him, it was an offence against the other branches of the family; the latter course seemed the safer, and though well watched on every side, we were in danger of transferring too much of our devotion to this insidious friend.

The Doctor taught us by his example, when to laugh and when to weep. In reading Horace, *Sat.* 1, 7, his mirthful feelings, visible through a smile, began at the first line, and increasing with the humour, notwithstanding our provocations, burst out at the close into a loud laugh; the last lines were irresistible : —

per magnos, Brute, Deos te

R 2

Oro, qui reges consuesti tollere, cur non

Hunc regem jugulas ? Operum hoc, mihi crede, tuorum est.

Here the Doctor raised his arm, as if he had had a dagger in his hand and a tyrant at his feet. But all was moving, when the bard laments his Eurydice,

Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,

Te veniente die, &c.

I cannot answer for his very words, but the picture was, solitude of place and of mind ; desolation without and within. And when Philomela mourns her lost brood,

quos durus arator

Aut puer implumes nido detraxit,

the remark was on the tender word, *implumes* ; and still more strongly on *detraxit*, as if the little creatures, clinging to the nest, must be drawn out with violence.

I should scarcely have dared to mention the Doctor's love of good eating, had I not seen it brought forward in the *Magazine*. I can testify to this under circumstances not quite so legitimate as those, which attend the dinner-table.

The Doctor would sometimes bring with him into the school a mince-pie, or some such morsel, and enjoy his lunch by the fire-side : here we sometimes had our repetitions ; two or three steps rose on each side, and while the boy engaged stood below, another, from above, held an open book ; here also it was that the Doctor's

wig received those tokens of attention ; which he often took with him through the street into the house, to the no small amusement of Mrs. Parr.

The system of monitorship and fagging was not carried to any great extent. I remember having a boy or two to carry my books home ; and I well recollect one or two tyrants armed with a delegated authority, often more severe, and always more intolerable, than when in the hands of the principal.

The Doctor was prodigiously averse to provincial dialects ; and it may be supposed that we were not all free from this, till we were laughed out, it not being a flogging matter. I had rather more than my due of this correction, for having made some slips of this sort, whenever anything of the kind happened, the Doctor would call me for an explanation. One boy, who is now a Baronet, used to plague me terribly on this head ; but I owe much thanks to the Doctor, and to him for all their pains with me ; though I then thought it hard to be flogged for mistaking the Greek dialects, and laughed at for speaking my own !

The Guild-day, when the Mayor is sworn into his office, is a high-day at Norwich, and every body appears abroad in his best attire. The Corporation attend divine service at the Cathedral, and the procession halting before the school-porch, a Latin speech is addressed to the new

Prætor. On this occasion the Doctor used to appear in his full canonicals, and, I suppose, generally attended the dinner, which the Mayor gives to all the fashion in the city and county.

There is an amusing story of a Mayor, whose monosyllabic name happening to resemble a Latin syllable of frequent recurrence, he was observed to bow his head, when that sound occurred. I recollect the Hon. Mr. Legge, (I think, the late Bishop of Oxford,) delivering the oration.

When the Doctor had done with the upper classes, he would cast his eye towards the lower end of the school, where the usher sate; and if he saw the boys at lesson, he would call out, '*Mr. Walters, send those boys to me to finish*'; the compassionate usher could sometimes say, '*Doctor, they have just done*': if there was no excuse, or he happened to be out of humour, they were immediately transferred to the Doctor, with a sure foresight of the consequence.

The Doctor's entrance into the school was sometimes rather terrific; his appearance aided by a loud-resounding door, caused a dead silence for a few moments; but I have often seen him make a very different exit, when with ears stopped and a quickened step, he hurried away from the rattling of lockers and other sounds of noisy joy at breaking up.

The upper boys were frequently employed as

his amanuensis. I think three of them once translated a very scarce book for him. If I recollect rightly, it was a grammar in French, Latin, and Greek; the Doctor would have disdained to do what a celebrated contemporary scholar did in the public library at Cambridge; it is said, that he excavated a rare book and restored the shell to its place, where it long remained a silent witness, till some body else had occasion to consult it.

I think, that I have now fairly got out of the school-regions. Had it been possible to forget such a one as the Doctor, he would not allow us to do so, several times afterwards we heard from him, through his chief correspondent, the Rev. C. Chapman.

The Doctor was, I believe, fond of embellishing his church; at one time he solicited aid for a painted window; at another time for bells, or an organ. I need not say that it gave us pleasure to gratify him in these respects. He was also zealous, when he could serve his friends. On a vacancy in the Chemical Professorship, he interceded with us for Mr. Tennant, who, I believe, lost his life by accident in France; on a like occasion, he acted the same kind part for the Margaret Professor of Divinity, Dr. Marsh, the present Bishop of Peterborough.

There is a pleasant story reported of the Doc-

tor, when on a visit to Dr. Farmer, at Emmanuel-Lodge. He had made free in discourse with some of the Fellow-Commoners in the combination-room, who not being able to cope with him, resolved to take vengeance in their own way; they took his best wig, and thrust it into his boot: this indispensable appendage of dress was soon called for, but could nowhere be found, till the Doctor, preparing for his departure, and proceeding to put on his boots, found one of them pre-occupied, and putting in his hand, drew forth the wig with a loud shout, — perhaps *εὐχρη*.

When the late Dr. Watson presided in the divinity-schools, at an act kept by Dr. Milner, the place was filled with the senior and junior members of the University. One of the opponents was Dr. Coulthurst, and the debate was carried on with great vigour and spirit; when this opponent had gone through his arguments, the Professor rose as usual from his throne, and taking off his cap, cried out,

Arcades ambo

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

We juniors, who happened to be present, were much pleased with the application; soon after, being in the Doctor's company, I mentioned how much we were entertained with the whole scene, particularly with the close; he smiled and said, 'It is Warburton's', where I soon after found it.

You enquire of me, what were the theological sentiments of the Doctor? This is the point, on which I look for some satisfaction from your labour and skill in decyphering, &c.: when these results appear, I hope we shall not be left to dubious conclusions. He might be the friend of Priestley, and might panegyryze Mr. Fellowes without being like-minded with either in matters of religion. He might at the same moment abhor the outrages offered to the former, and the principles, which he made it the business of his life to propagate. What the Doctor ought to have been, is plain from his profession and rank in the church; what he really thought on some high and essential points, I could never discover, though I have sometimes almost ventured upon his displeasure in the pursuit. I endeavoured to conduct my inquiries with deference and respect, but they were always baffled. He once said to me, ‘ * * * , *your key wont unlock my bosom*’; perhaps he thought me too inquisitive. I certainly thought that he was too reserved; though on some occasions studied silence is as plain an index of the mind as open avowal. Had I asked the Doctor to explain the difference between the systems of Democritus and Plato, he would readily have done it; yet these are mere intellectual amusements and trifles compared with those divine truths, of which he was an autho-

rized teacher. I had very few means of forming a correct judgment.

Bishop Horne was a general favourite with the members of the Church of England, particularly at Norwich. In one of his pieces the Doctor employed some rather odious epithets respecting the *Commentary on the Psalms*: this provoked the Bishop's biographer, who treated our friend very roughly. I recollect another violent attack upon him by Dr. Magee, the present Archbishop of Dublin, occasioned, I believe, by some high panegyric on one, who, if we may judge from his works, was certainly a Socinian, and whom the Doctor somewhere compares with Grotius. At a friend's house in Norwich, the conversation turned upon the Christian doctrine of the incarnation. From what the Doctor said I understood him to mean, that nothing more was intended than an ordinary birth. I took a much higher position, and, convinced of the strength of my ground, asked him whether it was possible that the Evangelist, in penning the sentence, '*The Word was made flesh, &c.*,' could mean no more than the conception and birth of a mere human being? Without pursuing the subject, he merely said, '*You are right, you are right.*'

I had once the pleasure of driving the Doctor a few miles into the country, to visit a former pupil. When we returned together, it was a

bright starlight night, and the beauty of the scene over our heads led me to ask him, with reference to the Mosaic record, how long, in his opinion, those orbs had rolled and glittered. He made some remarks on the term (*created*) employed by the sacred penman, distinguishing between *creation*, strictly understood, and *formation*, or putting the then chaos into its present order. I did not then admire the distinction, which throws back the creation to an indefinite period, and thrusts the Creator from what seems his proper place; and if Moses should fail us here, and the same mode of criticism be adopted in other parts of Scripture, I fear we shall have no proof of the creation of the material world at least; in this case we must take up with a classical deity, a sorry one indeed, though perhaps the best of the bunch, who finding matter in his way, did the best he could with it. I was then quite unacquainted with the mysteries of geology, which out of the above distinction has constructed a formidable battery against Moses, and seems to be one of the strong-holds of infidelity. I should like to know what the Doctor thought of this science in its present matured state, as transplanted from a foreign soil, and almost naturalized among us. It has ensnared some excellent divines, who tell us, with seeming gravity, how many thousands or myriads of years elapsed be-

fore the *fiat* went forth, *Let there be light*, and of the prodigious space of time employed in the *hexaëmeron*; and the proofs of these discoveries lie a little below the surface of the earth.

Perhaps I have wandered from theology, to which I would advert once more, though without intending any application to our friend, except what stubborn facts extort. Many men of great talents and acquirements seem to be in the sentiment of the late Bishop Watson, who in the outset of his *Apology*, in order perhaps to conciliate the infidel Historian, commends ‘the moderation of the Church of England, by which she permits every individual, *et sentire quæ velit, et quæ sentiat dicere.*’ This extraordinary passage means either what is nothing to the purpose, or what is very disgraceful to the Church of England. Certainly, until a man avows himself her member or teacher, she claims no authority, leaving conscience and disquisition free; but, when men have in almost a score of instances solemnly declared their assent and consent to certain *Articles*, does the same Church then permit every such individual, *et sentire, &c.?* Still, however, neither his conscience nor research are at all fettered; for, should any one in the pursuit of divine truth happen to change his opinions, what has he to do but to retrace his steps, and quit a communion, whose worship he now considers offensive and

idolatrous? As to worldly advantages, I should blush to mention them to an upright man. It were far better, in such a case, to sweep the streets for bread, than to wear lawn-sleeves and eat the Church's meat. He would, indeed, in my opinion, turn his back on God's truth, and he must answer to God; but in the sight of men he would save his honesty, without which truth itself is no better than a lie.

I remember an instance of the Doctor's attachment to his friends. At table after dinner, the servant brought him a note, on reading which he cried out, '*Jemmy is come,*' and rising from his seat, soon left his boys, before I had exhausted half my quiver of queries. How it would have been, had not dinner been served up, I can only conjecture; but in this post-prandine state of affairs no time was lost. The fact is, that Mackintosh had come to Norwich, and learning where the Doctor was, had sent him this notice. I accompanied him to the inn, and left him in the company of Mr. and Mrs. M. and Charles Marsh, not without some regret that I could not be allowed to hear the evening's conversation.

It appears that the Doctor had a high regard for the author of the *Rambler*: I heard him say once, that his powers were never more called forth than in conversation with Johnson.

When the Doctor laid down such excellent rules for the coinage of new words, (*New Monthly Magazine*, Dec. 1826.) I wish he had noticed with rebuke the outrages committed on some of our good old words, by new pronounciations. I have often been entertained, of late years, by this union of ignorance and affectation. These sounds were very odd to my ears, and but for the decorum of a public meeting, I should have started from my seat and burst into a laugh ; however my pedantry was soon checked by the applause, which the sentiment produced, and in which I cordially joined ; for sentiment is better than sound, though there can be no objection to their union. Style is a kindred subject, and perhaps spelling is not too insignificant for notice, since alteration here may efface the steps, by which words descend to us. Never, elsewhere, do I remember to have read sentences constructed like some of those, which appear in Mitford's elaborate *History of Greece* ; where the spelling of some words, (adopted, I suppose, under the direction of the author,) is also new. I should like to know whether all this be right ? Should you have any thing of the Doctor's on these points, his authority might be useful to confirm what is allowable, or to check what is faulty, and thus retard the corruption of a noble language, which folly and bad taste would precipitate.

We used to be told, that the Doctor had a hand in many works, which appeared under other names, particularly in the *Translations of Mr. Beloe*, and the celebrated *Bampton-Lectures of Professor White* ; perhaps you know or can find where lie his *disjecta membra*. I know, that he was solicited by his friends at Norwich to print, and he once said that he would search his chest of MSS., and prepare some Sermons for publication ; but there was no prevailing with him : nor do I wonder at this ; such a man must be moved from within, in order to move with anything like conscious grace or dignity. It may be doubted whether he would ever have consented to let all that appear, which will now appear as his.

I have sometimes entertained my fancy with the idea of a noble work from his pen ; I suppose, *A Defence of our common Christianity*, which would have been quite worthy of him from the importance of the subject, as well as the talents and learning of some of its assailants. But it was the gratification of a moment ; and I could never hush the thought, that in his mind there was an indecision on the subject, or a consciousness of dissent from popular opinion, which fettered his nervous arms. Nothing can be well done, that is not done with the united energies of head and heart. Whatever might have been the later sentiments of Milton, surely none can doubt his

creed, when he wrote *Paradise Lost*; had he changed his opinion at any stage of that great work, there must have been a dead stop, or a blight on all that followed.

But it is time that I should relieve you by concluding my miscellany, to some parts of which the theme intended to have been most prominent, is, I fear, but slightly attached. On the literary subjects, with which the Doctor's name will be long and honourably connected, I presume not to judge; and with regard to that, which, being superior to all human authority, admits neither silence nor concealment, I hope you will not think that I seek occasion against him, or love hasty judgment. I have simply noticed the impressions made on my mind. His biographers and editors will, doubtless, consult his reputation by every honourable means. I hope his name will not be found to sanction error, since many will feel themselves secure beneath his wing, not sufficiently aware that truth in the human breast is a plant of purely divine origin. You will perceive the suspicion, that hangs over my mind. Allow me, then, before I close, to state a few particulars of too sacred a nature to admit a moment's compromise.

It was, undoubtedly, with reference to such high concerns, that Moses speaks in commendation of Levi; ‘ *Who said unto his father and to*

his mother, I have not seen him ; neither did he acknowledge his brethren, nor knew his own children :' DEUT. 33, 9. On such grounds I must protest against deism, under all its forms, from the reveries of its philosophers and moralists to the blasphemy of Hone, and the atheism of Carlisle ! I class these together without any hesitation. The theism, which was venerable in an ancient philosopher among his atheistical brethren, would now be a downright denial of Jehovah. I must also protest against Unitarianism, in every gradation, from the low position taken by the Humanitarian to that of the towering Arian, who thinks he does enough by placing his Saviour at the top of creation ; when, in truth, there is but the difference of an atom and a span between the creature of yesterday and the creature of a thousand generations. Once more I must protest against that abuse of science, which makes men infidels, and that perversion of learning, which indisposes them for the study of scripture. In this volume three things strike me with irresistible evidence — its inspired truth, — its obvious interpretation, — and its supreme importance. Here is full room for adversaries, and they are sufficiently active. The deist attacks the citadel without disguise ; the heretic endeavours to poison its magazines and springs ; and the worldling cares for none of these things, be-

cause disobedience to God is no hanging matter, and, will, probably neither impair his credit, nor injure his fortune ; but, if we cannot make out these three points, not only above all reasonable objection, but with triumphant certainty, what are we the better for that, which, by a misnomer, has been called *revelation*? Either the great light has not shined upon us, or we will not see it ; we do not dwell in the quiet resting-places promised by the prophet, but amidst ungovernable disorder ; we have not dropped our anchor in the peaceful waters of a secure haven, but are still on the angry Tyrrhene of this world, where

*Una Euruse Notusque ruunt creberque procellis
Africus,*

and threaten us with instant shipwreck. But can this be? In our vaunted circumstances, that we live in the 19th century of Christianity, and in the fourth of the Reformation, have we no advantages above a little civilization and refinement?

Μη γίνωρο! The Gospel opens a retreat from every human woe ; it presents a perfect *panacea* ; it is a celestial vortex, which, by its power of moral absorption, draws all and assimilates all : to use its own unparalleled sentiment and diction, it is mighty through God to the pulling down strongholds, and bringing every thought to the obedience of Christ.

Although your favor of the 7th inst. came to hand before the foregoing sheet was written, I went on to finish as I had intended, reserving an observation or two and my thanks for this place. As to the extract from the Doctor's MS., I should be dull, if I did not admire the colouring, and unjust, if I did not commend it. Still with the New Testament in my hand, which is my *dictotum*, I think I could convince you, that the portrait is, at least, defective, and infinitely below the dignity of the great original. The Doctor has evidently drawn from his own stores, rather than those of inspiration; he has viewed his subject too much with an eye of flesh, and has sketched it accordingly; and by a process easy to *his* mind, by separating the blemishes, and heightening and combining the perfections of humanity, he has delineated a most accomplished Being, but not the only begotten of the Father. He, that would describe the Redeemer of the world, and the Heir of all things, must take a loftier flight, and ascend far above all the moral and mental scenery of earth. He must gaze upon the eternal throne, and dipping his pencil in colours, not mixed by a created hand, exhibit the perfections of the manhood, blended with, but never lost in the glories, which are divine! *

* [The passage alluded to was an extract from a MS. Ser-

On looking over your last *Letter* but one, I find some particulars, which require notice. I shall be happy to see you, whenever convenient to you. My contemporaries at school, to whom I refer as bearing the burden of those days, were chiefly Messrs. Girdlestone, Maltby, and Goddard. The former of these, afterwards, I think, studied the law; of course you are no stranger to Dr. Maltby; the latter, from the best information I can obtain, is Dr. Goddard,

mon of Dr. Parr, which was preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, and from which my excellent friend, Basil Montagu, Esq., then his host, (to whose kindness I am indebted for the knowledge of it,) was permitted to take the extract, which may be found in his learned work entitled, *Some Enquiries into the Effects of Fermented Liquors, by a Water-Drinker*, 2d. Edn. 1818. 8vo. p. 230. : —

“ With some defects inherent in the system of Quakerism, with the remembrance that from the exclusion of most of the pleasures of taste and imagination, the Quakers must, almost unavoidably, occupy their minds in less refined pursuits, there does not, perhaps, exist upon earth a class of men, who more aspire to be virtuous than the Society of Friends ; who endeavour, without regarding the false estimates of the vulgar, to attain in sentiment, in language, and in conduct, what the highest wisdom has in all ages sanctioned as most excellent — they are practical Christians — they may be seen in the annexed portrait, taken from an unpublished Sermon of a celebrated Divine : —

‘ I now go on, in the last place, to consider in what manner our Blessed Lord performed the will of the Father, who sent him, and thus encouraged us to partake of that spiritual

now Arch-deacon of Lincoln. I did not hear the exact words, in which the Doctor rebuked the females, it was not at the Cathedral, but at one of the Parish-Churches at Norwich, that this happened.

I recollect nothing further about Matthew Barker except that Lord Sydney was Minister at the time.

I fear you will not be able to recollect a Memoir of Mr. Howes ; if you understood me to

‘ food, which giveth life eternal. Would we learn, then, from
 ‘ Christ himself in what the will of our Maker consists, let us
 ‘ contemplate it in the whole tenor of his instructive and won-
 ‘ derful life. Did he fulfil that will by pompous and formal
 ‘ displays of superior wisdom, by austere and arrogant preten-
 ‘ sions to superior righteousness, by solicitude for ritual ob-
 ‘ servances, by dogmatism upon abstruse speculation, by a su-
 ‘ percilious contempt of ignorance, or a ferocious intolerance
 ‘ of error ? No ; — but the will of God, such at least as was
 ‘ that which he exemplified, is to be found in lessons of virtue
 ‘ attractive from their simplicity, impressive from their earnest-
 ‘ ness, and authoritative from the miraculous evidence, which
 ‘ accompanied them, — in habits of humility without mean-
 ‘ ness, and of meekness without pusillanimity — in unwearied
 ‘ endeavours to console the afflicted, to soften the prejudiced,
 ‘ and to encourage the sincere, — in unshaken firmness to
 ‘ strip the mask from Pharisaical hypocrisy, and to quell the
 ‘ insolence of dictatorial and deceitful guides, — in kindness
 ‘ to his followers, in forgiveness to his persecutors, in works of
 ‘ the most unfeigned and unbounded charity to man, and in
 ‘ a spirit of the purest and most sublime piety to his Father
 ‘ and his God.’ ” E. H. B.]

mean that I had any Sermons published by him, I must have expressed myself inaccurately, as I never saw but one Visitation-Sermon of his; those, to which I referred, were Sermons of the Doctor's presented to Mr. Howes.

I hope you will excuse any remarks, which may appear either unfounded or irrelevant. I must also apologize for delay. I did intend immediate reply, but it is a peace-meal business, and many things have occurred to prevent me.

With wishes for your success,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

* * *

Sept. 28, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

I return you the enclosed with my best thanks; they have afforded me very great entertainment, and it is, I think, almost impossible to read them without wishing to have the fullest account, that can be obtained, of a man so much raised above his fellows. I wish that I could make you an adequate recompense in kind; but your papers shew me how little I know of the Doctor; and if I resume for a moment

the subject of our former correspondence, it must be chiefly through the medium of your interrogatories and magazine-articles, which will restrain my wanderings and relieve my vacuity. If I have omitted to notice many of your queries, it is not because they were overlooked, but because I had nothing to communicate on those subjects.

None of the circumstances of Gerrald's doleful history, nor even his name did I know, till I saw them in the *Magazine* ; it is easy to foresee what the Doctor's enemies will insinuate on this subject, though I am persuaded that he was far from a republican.

After looking over the *Catalogue*, [*the Bibliotheca Parriana*,] it cannot, I think, be difficult to form a tolerably correct idea of the theology of our friend. Till I read the *Preface*, which happened to be the last, I was disposed to blame the executors for suffering so many personalities to appear : they seem, however, to have exculpated themselves ; but many angry storms must be expected to arise, which will not, I hope, beat on you as one of them has done already. On Paley you have done the best that could be done, as an advocate, rather than a judge ; and I suspect that his Right Rev. friend will not be quite satisfied, as the Doctor's censure partakes too much of a moral stain to admit entirely of your distinction.

PARRIANA : OR NOTICES OF

A few things have occurred to me, while reading your papers ; should they be trivial, they will better suit the former, and it is now too late to make apologies.

I remember hearing my mother relate that, when the Doctor first came to Norwich, his manner excited a good deal of notice and surprise ; his gait would be alternately slow and rapid ; as if some thought, suddenly sobering or quickening his mind, had communicated itself to the outward man,

sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem, persæpe velut qui
Junonis sacra ferret.

I well remember a balloon-story, but not that mentioned in the *Magazine* ; mine is simply this, — that the Doctor, with many others of less dimension, repaired to a heath at a little distance from the city, to witness an ascent, which had been publicly announced : it turned out to be a hoax, and though the Doctor kept aloof from the gazing crowd, he could not escape observation : this was perhaps the best part of the story, for no one could be either ashamed or angry, when so wise a man was taken in the same snare with the simple sort.

I was once introduced to the Doctor's youngest daughter, as one of his pupils ; she was said to be very sensible and agreeable, and would

sometimes entertain her companions with anecdotes of the Doctor ; his letters to her, which she was frequently obliged to carry to Mr. Chapman for interpretation, generally began with *Miss Saucebox*, or some such word. One story I recollect ; she was employed to read to her father, and on one occasion the fair reader attempted a manœuvre, in order to abridge her toil, and thinking that the Argus's eyes were asleep, when they were only closed, turned over a score leaves at once. This violent solution of continuity roused the Doctor, who, with a terrific voice, soon brought back the young lady to the page, from which she had so excusably wandered.

I had no knowledge of Beloe ; he was one of the two ushers, and left the Doctor soon after I became his scholar. However, I remember a violent quarrel between them, (but not the occasion,) and Beloe's pacing up and down the school, displaying a white handkerchief and muttering his anger, while the Doctor with a smile saw and heard all that passed. Beloe's father was a very respectable tradesman in Norwich, and kept a china-shop, on the upper side of the market-place. I never heard with certainty what broke off Beloe's connection with the *British Museum*.

The Doctor seems to have been fond of one

domestic animal at least, which was suffered to purr upon his shoulder. I do not mention the following story in disproof of this. A house adjoining the school was occupied by an elderly clergyman, who was prodigiously fond of cats, and kept an unusual number of those animals. Mr. Beloe, in his *Sexagenarian*, has celebrated him for this peculiarity. These animals annoyed the boys within the range of their nightly perambulations, and broke the silence of those hours, which some might choose for study: of course they were objects of persecution, and seldom stirred abroad without being pelted by the boys. I do not know that the gentleman ever presented a formal complaint against the boys, but he often muttered his indignation in passing by, at their inhumanity, and that of their master, for not teaching them better.

I had once the pleasure of dining in company with Porson, in Benet-Combination, when I was a Fellow. This most extraordinary man, who could instruct and delight the most cultivated minds, could also make himself a very nuisance by certain degrading habits. After dinner he took a small book out of his pocket, containing some of his writing, (in which he was exquisitely skilled,) and it was handed round the table, for us to look at. In the evening he entertained us with an account of some Greek MSS., till they

got him down to the card-table, which soon almost neutralized this great man. Owing to his habits, it was almost as much desired to be rid of him at a seasonable hour, as to enjoy his earlier conversation. One of the company, now a Bishop, undertook as a great favour to carry him off in good time ; without this precaution he would have stayed till the morning. As I had never been in his company before, I pleaded that he might be allowed to stay and to drench himself with water, which he would do, when nothing else was before him. I offered, for one ; to sit up, not to talk with him, but to hear him talk, and was very sorry that I had none to second me. But what has this to do with the Doctor ? Very little, I own. I mentioned afterwards some of these circumstances to our friend, who, much as he admired Porson, could not but express himself as greatly grieved and shocked.

I fear that you will not be able to obtain sufficient materials for a Memoir of Mr. Howes ; he was a man of reserved habits ; his chief places of resort were the Coffee-room, and the Public Library. Being acquainted with the Rev. F. Howes, to whom he bequeathed his books, I frequently saw the old gentleman's apartments, and were I to describe them, I should say that they had but a miserable appearance ; the room containing the literary treasures of one of the greatest scho-

lars in Europe, was a poor place indeed. There was a great quantity of his work on “*Books*” in sheets in a garret, which was sent to Valpy; the books were conveyed to London, and, if I recollect rightly, did not fetch £800. Among them was a copy of *Taliacotius*, (*Hudibras*, Canto 1, 281.) which Mr. Howes told me he should send as a most acceptable present to Dr. Routh of Oxford.

I see ‘*Palæoromaica*’ in the number of the Doctor’s books. I have sometimes wished that he had taken up his pen to chastise the saucy author; it would have been no more than a skirmish for him; but perhaps he thought that the writer was dishonest, and did not believe his own paradoxes. I picked up the other day in town, a short, but very interesting essay on the subject, by Dr. Maltby, in the form of a *Visitation-Sermon*, and he seems to promise a fuller discussion.

The Doctor was more fond of knowing the theological sentiments of others, than of declaring his own; a friend of mine, who paid him a visit at Hatton, told me that on entering the room the Doctor addressed him thus: *Mr. E. are you a Calvinist, or an Arminian?*

Our friend was sometimes very full of humour; I heard him once entertain some company with a ludicrous account of his wardrobe, going through almost every part of male apparel, not forgetting the number and dimension of his wigs.

But my buckets will fetch up no more, and I must come to a close. I have received much entertainment from the papers, which you were so kind as to send me ; though I cannot say with truth that my doubts have been removed on the great point stated at the outset of our correspondence. I shall ever esteem and revere the Doctor, though I cannot take him for my guide in theology, because that, which I consider as most vital and only vital, seems to be forgotten ; besides I am utterly at a loss to conceive how a cordial assent to the 39 *Articles* can consist with the approbation of any one tittle in the divinity of Dr. Priestley or Mr. Belsham. If persons of the same mental standard, possessing like means of information, with equal teachableness of heart, and desire after the knowledge of God and what will please Him, can sit down to the study of the Bible, and rise from it with sentiments so opposite as those, controverted between us and the Unitarians, this fact must certainly annihilate our veneration for the book as an infallible standard of truth. If, on the other hand, God did indeed send his own Son to die for the removal of human guilt, this stupendous transaction must fix every heart, and be the centre of all good in time and through eternity. Thus cultivated, the wild and bitter plant of human nature thrives and grows,

Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

But I beg pardon for this, and beg leave to say that I look for your book of *Parriana* with much pleasure and profit. You may make what use you please of my papers, only let me appear as a 'Pupil' simply.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your friend and servant,

* * *

[Much will depend on the light, in which the subscribing persons view these 39 *Articles*. Johnson on this subject was pre-eminently liberal : — "BOSWELL. Is it necessary, Sir, to believe all the 39 *Articles* ? JOHNSON. Why, Sir, that is a question, which has been much agitated. Some have thought it necessary that they should all be believed ; others have considered them to be only *Articles of Peace*, that is to say, you are not to preach against them." Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, 2, 99. (4th ed. 1824.) Mr. Malone has subjoined this Note : — " Dr. Simon Patrick, (afterwards Bishop of Ely,) thus expresses himself on this subject, in a *Letter* to the learned Dr. John Mapletoft, dated Febr. 8, 1682-3. ' I ' always took the *Articles* to be only *Articles of* ' *Communion*, and so Bishop Bramhall expressly ' maintains against the Bishop of Chalcedon, and ' I remember well that Bishop Sanderson, when ' the King was first restored, received the sub-

‘ scription of an acquaintance of mine, which he
 ‘ declared was not to them as *Articles of Faith*,
 ‘ but *Peace*. I think you need make no scruple
 ‘ of the matter, because all that I know, so un-
 ‘ derstand the meaning of subscription, and upon
 ‘ other terms would not subscribe.’ The above
 was printed some years ago in the *European*
Magazine, from the original, now in the hands
 of Mr. Mapletoft, Surgeon, at Chertsey, grand-
 son to Dr. John Mapletoft.”

“ Locke, though indeed of Oxford — who penetrated the most secret recesses of the human understanding,” says my amiable friend, Mr. George Dyer, “ manfully opposed himself — and indeed, how could he do otherwise ? to all those fetters, with which inquisitorial men, with more cunning than wisdom, have been accustomed to torment and confine it. What he thought of such torturings of the human understanding, sufficiently appears from his *Letters on Toleration*. From his school proceeded many Cambridge-men, — Hartley, Law, Paley, Jebb, and Tyrwhitt, the last of whom, as we have already shown, was desirous of proposing, and of having confirmed by the Senate, a grace for having subscription entirely abolished, at the time of taking degrees.

“ Those acquainted with the principles and character of Dr. Paley, will not be surprised to

find his name in this list of our *testes libertatis*, notwithstanding what he says on religious establishments and subscription to *Articles* in Bk. 3, 2, 6, 10. of the *Moral Philosophy*. Indeed, over all that he advances on tests and subscriptions the veil thrown is so flimsy, that every body sees through it: he does not say enough to convince any one of the truth of the *Articles* to be subscribed, but more than enough to convince every one, that he did not believe them himself. What, however, he does say, relates not to candidates for degrees in our University, but to those for the ministry in the Church; and even for them it is clear he does not approve of the present form of numerous *Articles* merely as *Articles of Peace*. As to a subscription for degrees, on that he says not a word; but by his friends, and we have had the honour to know some of his most intimate friends, — it was well-known that he sided in the University with Mr. Tyrwhitt, Dr. Jebb, Bishops Law and Watson, who were for the abolition of subscriptions for the purpose of degrees: and all advanced by him on the present form of clerical subscriptions is a string of sophisms, which was unravelled by himself in a pamphlet vindicating Bishop Law, who had written against subscription, and published by Dr. Paley himself, though without a name, in 1774.

“ The high estimation, however, in which the

principles of Dr. Paley are held in the University of Cambridge, is a proof that the age of bigotry at least is gone by, and that this is the age of liberality, though it may be difficult to foresee, when that of reformation, which Mr. Locke and others might look for, will arrive.

“ Dr. Paley closes the pamphlet, just alluded to, as follows : — ‘ After returning thanks in the ‘ name of the fraternity, to him,’ (to Dr. Randolph, who had written *A Reply to Bishop Law*,) ‘ and to all, who touch the burden of subscription ‘ with but one of their fingers, I would wish to ‘ leave with them this observation that, as the ‘ man, who attacks a flourishing establishment, ‘ writes with a halter round his neck, few ever ‘ will be found to attempt alterations, but men of ‘ more spirit than prudence, of more sincerity ‘ than caution, of warm, eager, and impetuous ‘ tempers — that, consequently, if we are to wait ‘ for improvement till the cool, the calm, the ‘ discreet part of mankind begin it, till church- ‘ governors solicit, or ministers of state propose ‘ it, I will venture to pronounce that, (without ‘ his interposition, with whom nothing is impos- ‘ sible,) we may remain as we are, till the reno- ‘ vation of all things.’ ”

Academic Unity, being the Substance of a General Dissertation, contained in the ‘ Privileges of the University of Cambridge,’ as translated from the original Latin, with various Additions. Lond. 1827. 8vo. pp. 171. 191.

If, then, Dr. Paley could without just censure subscribe the 39 *Articles* rather as *Articles of Peace* than as *Articles of Faith*, and could in his *Moral Philosophy* rather contend for the expediency, than vindicate the propriety of them, Dr. Parr needs no defence. He was a *latitudinarian divine*, and this must be always remembered by those, who are disposed to blame his conduct. I will conclude this note with a quotation from the notice of the *Bibliotheca Parriana*, which was inserted in the *Monthly Review*, No. 27. Nov. 1827. p. 305. : —

“ Dr. Bell’s *Attempt to ascertain and illustrate the Authority, Nature, and Design of the Institution of Christ, commonly called the Communion and the Lord’s Supper*, is inserted in the Catalogue. ‘ On the Sacrament my serious opinion,’ says Dr. Parr, ‘ agrees with those of Hoadly, Bell, and John Taylor of Norwich.’ He pronounces Dr. Balguy’s *Charge to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Chester*, in 1772, to be ‘ excellent.’ Cassander’s work, *De Officio Pii et Publicæ Tranquillitatis vere amantis in hoc Religionis Dissidio*, is, says Dr. Parr, ‘ replete with
 ‘ various learning, and true and evangelical piety;
 ‘ it contains the genuine opinions of the best
 ‘ men on the most important matters, — opinions
 ‘ ever dear to my heart, and perfectly according
 ‘ with the precepts of Christ himself.’ ‘ Why,’

says the good Doctor in a subsequent page, ‘do
 ‘the Romanists and Protestants revile each
 ‘other? My prayer is that God may bless both!’
 In one of the Doctor’s *Letters*, published by Mr.
 Butler in the second Part of his *Reminiscences*,
 the Doctor unequivocally acknowledges himself
 to be one of the *latitudinarian divines*.” (P. 229.
 ‘There is much good sense in the *Historical
 Minute of Religious Tolerance and Intolerance*.
 The *Nonjurors* remained in Scotland for these
 twenty years, but they are now melted down.
 I like your account of the *latitudinarian divines*,
 and you may put me down in the number.’ Mr.
 Butler adds in a note: — ‘The ever-memorable
 John Hales of Eaton seems to have been the pa-
 triarch of these illustrious men. An account of
 their school would be a valuable present to the
 literary world.’) “Mr. Gibbon describes that
 celebrated succession of learned and liberal men,
 as deriving their origin from Erasmus, as having
 subsequently appeared among the disciples of
 Arminius, and as being found, towards the end
 of the reign of James I, in the Colleges of Cam-
 bridge. In the account given of them by Bishop
 Burnet, they appear to great advantage. Perceiv-
 ing that the minds of men required to be more li-
 berally enlightened, and their affections to be more
 powerfully engaged on the side of religion, than
 had been thought necessary, ‘they set them-

‘selves,’ as the Doctor expresses it, ‘to raise those, who conversed with them, to another sort of thoughts, and to consider the Christian religion as a doctrine from God, both to elevate and to sweeten human nature. With this view they laboured chiefly to take men from being in parties, from narrow notions, and from fierceness about opinions. They also continued to keep up a good correspondence with those, who differed from them in opinion, and allowed a great freedom, both in philosophy and divinity.’ Probably most of our readers will think that it does Dr. Parr no discredit to have enrolled himself among these honourable and amiable divines. His avowal of the coincidence of his own opinion with those of Bishop Hoadly, Dr. Bell, and Dr. Taylor, on the real presence, seems to confirm Mr. Gibbon’s assertion of the actual prevalence, among the reformed Churches, of the opinion of Zuinglius, that the sacrament of the altar ‘is no more than a spiritual communion, a simple memorial of Christ’s death and passion.’ We wish Dr. Parr had expressed himself more fully on the Charge of Dr. Balguy in 1772, which he so highly commends: his wish for peace between Protestants and Romanists cannot be too loudly praised. When Erasmus published his first edition of the Greek Testament, he presented it to the Archbishop of Mentz. In return for it, the Archbishop

wrote him an obliging *Letter*, and sent to him with it a golden cup ‘of great size and weight,’ says Erasmus, ‘and of excellent workmanship. ‘He moreover assigned to it a name; he called ‘it *Poculum Amoris*, the Cup of Love, and said ‘that it cemented together all, who drank from ‘it, in mutual benevolence.’ We wish this cup to be in the hand of every Christian of every denomination. We intreat them to forget their feuds, and to unite in defence of their common Christianity. When Bayle’s *Dictionary* first appeared, the celebrated Nicole is said to have observed ‘that the contests between Catholics and Protestants were at an end; as the sole contest would thenceforth be whether Christianity should exist or not.’ ” E. H. B.]

“ *Febr. 1, 1828.*

“ As to any further notices of the Doctor from me, it is well that you will be contented with trifles.

Much has been said about the Doctor’s powerful eye: he was aware of this, and had a favorite expression on the subject, which a relation of mine heard him employ. The Doctor had been at the Royal Chapel to hear a distinguished

Prelate. ‘ I sat,’ he said, ‘ near the pulpit ; and, when the preacher ascended, I *inflicted* my eye upon him, and I am sure he felt it.’

As to his vanity of dress, I know nothing ; but as to his love of praise, it is apparent in every place, and to the great amusement of his friends, he often fell into their snares. A relation thus wrote from Cambridge : — ‘ We have had the Doctor here, smoking, talking, and feasting, with as much activity as ever, and, when he was expected at a college-dinner, the compliments were frequently preconceived, and acknowledged by the stretching forth of his little hand.’ *Hactenus hæc.*

I hope you, or somebody else, will favour us with a sketch of Hatton-Parsonage, if not of the Church also. I should like to have an ichnography of the dwelling-house, to know where the venerable chair and the more venerable man were to be found ; with the library etc.

*juvat ire et Dorica castra,
Desertosque videre locos, littusque relictum ;
Hic Dolopum manus ; hic sævus tendebat Achilles ;
Classibus hic locus ; hic acies certare solebant.*

And then that sacred spot at the end of the garden, now pulled down by unhallowed hands, would form as interesting a vignette, and as classical an embellishment, as can well be imagined.

I should have been glad of more materials on

a level with my poor praise. It would be idle in me to commend the splendid talents, the vast attainments, and the various accomplishments of such a man. It would be unjust to withhold the praise of many amiable and estimable qualities. I never can forget, and never will disown the obligations, under which I lie to him for the rudiments of learning at a public school during the short pupillage of about two years.

That after so great a lapse of time, I should now find myself at a vast distance from him on a subject of eternal importance, is to me a matter of painful reflection; not because I suspect the soundness of my own principles, but because I tremble at the consequences of his. I intend no reference to any thing of a political nature; nor to any of those lesser differences, which divide the body of Christ, and amidst which that body is still one and undivided; but to that dissolute, and, I might say, rebellious humour of man, disdainful of the restraints of heaven itself, which admitting the Reformation to be some improvement upon Popery, looks forward with a *delirium* of fancied joy to the gradual improvement of the Protestant faith, until all mysteries disappear, and man, chiefly by his native wisdom and goodness, attain his highest end. This is the idol of the present day, and I fear, too common among men of letters; but it is an idol, that must fall;

and being lifted up higher perhaps than any other, must fall with a more dreadful ruin.

When Mr. Field's performance was announced in the public papers, I ordered the book. I must own that your communications have again filled me with the Doctor. Though with the same desire to find him innocent of the great offence, I entertain less hope of success than ever. As matters now stand, (*vide* Field's *Memoirs*, ch. 19th, at which I have just arrived,) the public mind can no longer waver. If you, or any other person, have a *corps de reserve* to turn the scale of victory, I shall be very glad. Our illustrious friend may be every thing else, which his warmest admirers can wish, but as a divine he must be taken from the shelf, or placed with his admired Jones and Belsham; his roar and his laugh, his serious and convivial hours, and his voice from the tomb unite their suffrage on the same side. Men of zeal, like the *British Critics*, (Jan. 1828.,) must be forgiven, if they grow warm on this subject: truth will not allow of indifference, and has no need of railing. I fear they will judge it needful, in vindication of insulted truth, to employ keener weapons in their next Review. Abating of some acrimony, I must own their general deduction to be just. I do not see any excess of orthodoxy, and gladly miss some high-church strains, with which that publi-

cation used to abound. Perhaps, if I had looked into another article, I might have been less fortunate, such men as Scott and Milner being almost as much out of favour with those gentlemen as the Doctor himself.

I have been much entertained with Mr. Field's Memoirs, having never before seen so full a detail of the leading events of the Doctor's life, or of his political and literary connections. Here he appears with an honest, as well as open face; but we want much more of the interior of the man, and of his communications, than Mr. Field has given, or could be expected to give, and you need not fear being superseded. I certainly do not like to find the Doctor in such hands; they have discomposed his canonicals, and somewhat ruffled his ecclesiastical plumes; and I shall be gratified, if you can take him honestly from their grasp, and set him right again.

In the Memoirs there is some common cant about Whig politics, and a great deal more on liberality towards Unitarian Dissenters. With several contemporaries, (the Doctor's pupils,) I have generally acted with those, who administered public affairs for the time being. The Doctor would often laugh at us as ultra-Tories; in this he did us some wrong. If I may speak for one, I do not easily perceive how a true and consistent Englishman can be other than a Whig,

in the genuine sense of that word ; unless we are to consider the glorious Revolution as an unhallowed breach in the walls of our Ilion — which having once admitted liberty, must be remembered with shame, and studiously closed up for ever. I love Whiggism in its native strength and vigour ; neither bloated with popular homage, nor shrivelled by the breath of prerogative. I love it as it came from the hands of those great men, deservedly dear to England, who fostered her religion and her liberties together ; and with a rare mixture of wisdom and zeal, of moderation and firmness, spared the venerable trunk, when they lopped away the blighted branch.

On the subject of liberality towards the Unitarians, the cant is abundant, and almost insufferable ; it is diffused over the book, and for the present almost concentrated in chapter 19th : I expect more as I proceed. Your friend was perfectly right in attributing to them a diligent use of the *drag*. Some of the little fry in the shallows of Norfolk and Warwickshire have been brought up already, and preparation for a stronger cast in the deeper waters, which will, no doubt, follow, in order to fetch up the mighty monarch of the stream. I would hope that the nets may break : but, should they bring him gasping to the shore, I must leave him a fair prey

————— κυμῶσιν
οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι.

For the honour of consistency I should hope that Mr. Field has sometimes deceived himself by rushing too hastily upon his conclusions. I am sure he does deceive himself, if he imagines that a disavowal of the acknowledged principles of any Church by its own members, while they so continue, can make any man estimable to any party; least of all, the ministers of the sanctuary, who have the most sacred of all trusts committed to them; and whose engagements are often interwoven with an easy competence, and not unfrequently with a splendid income. I will not believe that these instances are many, till I see better proof than has hitherto been brought forward. As to a defaulter to this extent, here and there, the anomaly must be put to the account of that deplorable weakness and corruption of our nature, which they, who most strenuously deny, do frequently, most awfully exhibit. It is amusing to observe with what complacency Mr. Field records the Doctor's approbation of Popish inflexibility, while nothing seems to please the writer more than the flexibility of Churchmen.

All this must be brought into the account, and what will a discerning public say, when further told of this man that his great ambition was to sit on the Episcopal Bench! The reason of

Mr. Fox's hesitation on this point is certainly rather ridiculous, and can only be explained by supposing that Mr. Fox considered all religion as a mere state-engine, and that the Doctor was not sufficiently pliant to his purpose. This is to his honour ; but alas ! what shall be said to the aggregate proof, which increases with every page ? The Doctor is not only a proselyte himself, but brings his dear friend, Sir Wm. Jones, with an assurance from his own knowledge that Sir William was a Unitarian, and, as their opinions accorded on the essentials of religion, what can be plainer than the conclusion ? The only question is whether Sir William, like his friend, continued in the communion of the national Church. If he did, then this brilliant planet suffers a woeful eclipse ; and must henceforth be thrust to a far greater distance from the source of light, to roll in a remoter orbit, where little indeed of his warmth can be felt.

But it is time that I should take my leave of the Memoirs, which I do with new thanks for much interesting and entertaining information. Mr. Field has presented us with the *crambe recocote* to satiety, and will, no doubt, serve it up to the end of the repast. But he has acted consistently and openly, and no man can possibly doubt that his reformation amounts to this, that, of what is now standing, not one stone shall be left upon another.

On opinions, which differ from my own, I have always been anxious to obtain the best books. This has led me to Dr. Milner's *End of Religious Controversy*, and to Berington's *Faith of Catholics*, both extolled so much by Mr. Butler. I have done the same in many instances, and often with such complete disappointment, though certainly not without some satisfaction, that I ought to have been more cautious upon this utterly desperate case of Popery. However, the curiosity, which might mingle in my mind, has been satisfied. Some of their books are better than others; but all of them, for the most part, little short of contemptible, as low in argument as they are high in pretension, and fit only for those dark ages, which by magnifying some objects of religion, and obscuring others, favoured the anti-christian reign of ignorance and terror. When I saw the Doctor's *Letter* to Doctor Milner at a shop-window in Ludgate-Hill, I instantly seized upon it, hoping that he might have lifted up his spear against the head of this enemy; but he has only touched his heel: like the *British Critics*, I was much disappointed. Their inference, however, never entered into my thought. It would have been a much fairer conclusion, especially as he has so completely established his own intention—that similar success would have attended a fuller examination of Milner's work.

Though there may be parts of it not unworthy of a scholar's rebuke, still the folly, credulity, and jargon, with which it abounds, are enough to disgust any well-informed Protestant. The most amusing, and certainly not the worst of his arguments, is that prodigious tree, whose perfect straightness forms a complete contrast to the crookedness of every thing in Popery. This is the book extolled by Mr. Butler. Such logic in the 19th century must certainly strike every thinking man dumb for ever."

[" In (the *Bibl. Parr.*) p. 553.," says the *British Critic* p. 123., " we have the following note on Dr. Milner's *End of Religious Controversy*, the work, which gave occasion to the *Letter to the Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Milner* : —

" ' Milner put forth his whole strength in this
 ' book, but he does not profess to have made one
 ' convert among his correspondents. He has
 ' been guilty of three most audacious and malignant calumnies. First, with an ostentatious,
 ' but very disputable exception of Bishop Horsley, and a few others, he accuses the great body
 ' of the English Clergy of Socinianism, and he
 ' unjustly reviles Bishop Hoadly as a Socinian.
 ' Secondly, he perfidiously betrays private conversation between himself and the learned Dr.
 ' Rennell, Dean of Winchester, and imputes to
 ' him a leaning towards Popery, though it is well

‘ known that Dr. Rennell preached five elaborate
 ‘ Sermons in the Temple-Church, upon the Ro-
 ‘ man Catholic Question. Thirdly, he in three
 ‘ places accuses Bishop Hallifax of confessing
 ‘ upon his death-bed, that he was a convert to
 ‘ the Church of Rome : he mentions some in-
 ‘ former, but suppresses the name, and does not
 ‘ pretend to have made further enquires. It is
 ‘ a wicked, as well as a false accusation ; and be
 ‘ it remembered, that Hallifax, in his Warburto-
 ‘ nian Lectures, at Lincoln’s-Inn, had, with
 ‘ considerable ability, controverted the doctrines
 ‘ of the Church of Rome. Dr. Parr prepared a
 ‘ book of expostulation with Milner, and was
 ‘ prevented from publishing it, not by any dis-
 ‘ trust in his cause, but by his habitual dislike to
 ‘ theological controversy.’

“ This is very like a tacit admission on the part
 of Dr. Parr, that he felt himself unequal to con-
 tend with Milner on theological grounds. The
 presumption that this was really his feeling on
 the subject, is increased almost to certainty by
 the perusal of his *Letter*. ‘ I leave it,’ he says,
 p. 11, “ Reverend Sirs, with many learned, saga-
 ‘ cious, and truly pious members of the Church
 ‘ of England, to discuss the merits of your cause,
 ‘ the accuracy of your statements, and the vali-
 ‘ dity of your arguments upon the following par-
 ‘ ticulars:’ —and then he goes on through nearly

16 pages with a dry enumeration of some of Dr. Milner's most remarkable positions, without one single attempt to confute his reasonings, or to expose his fallacies, on any of the fundamental questions at issue between the rival Churches of Rome and England. In 'profound erudition' in various and extensive knowledge, and in 'glowing and majestic eloquence,' Dr. Parr, (we quote with the sincerest pleasure a part of his own heart-felt and noble panegyric on the late lamented Rennell,) was by infinite degrees superior to the Roman Catholic Bishop; but surely, when he thus declined the controversy, it was from a secret consciousness that he was unable to wield to advantage the massive weapons of theological warfare, against that dexterous and veteran polemic. When he encounters him on other grounds, it is only to erect for himself the trophies of decisive victory."

1. The Reviewer has in this, as in many other instances, drawn very unfair inferences.

2. When Dr. Parr states 'that he had prepared a book of expostulation with Milner,' as to the 'three most audacious and malignant calumnies' about the English Clergy, Bishop Hallifax, and Dr. Rennell, and 'that he was prevented from publishing it not by any distrust in his cause, but by his habitual dislike to theological controversy,' he has given a most satisfactory and a

most becoming reason for silence altogether; this silence was not broken by himself; the MS. saw not the light, whilst he lived. On his decease, however, his executors, in the exercise of a sound discretion, in respect both to the importance of the matter and to the memory of Dr. Parr, published the paper.

3. When men, whose general conduct in life has been perfectly honourable, and who are liable to no fair grounds of suspicion in the case under consideration, have assigned a good reason for what they have done in that particular case, my sense of propriety, my habits of caution, my Christian charity do not permit me to question the validity of it.

4. Dr. Parr is entitled to full credit for his declaration, not only because he in point of fact did suppress a book, by the publication of which, manifesting as it did his good-will to the establishment, and his desire to vindicate two most able and illustrious members of it from "most audacious and malignant calumnies," he might have gained for himself the approbation of the wise and the applause of the orthodox, but because he had never in the whole course of his life published any work involving that 'theological controversy,' to which he, in the passage cited, professed 'his habitual dislike.'

5. That passage assuredly does not contain

anything 'like a tacit admission on the part of Dr. Parr that he felt himself unequal to contend with Milner on theological grounds.' The only 'grounds' stated are the 'three most audacious and malignant calumnies,' and I must solemnly protest against the unwarrantable extension of these 'grounds,' by the Reviewer, to all the other matters, contained in Dr. Milner's work. In point of fact Dr. Parr declares that he had no 'distrust in his cause'; in point of fact he did 'contend with Dr. Milner on the very 'grounds,' on which alone he professed to contend; and in point of fact the Reviewer himself admits, that, 'when Dr. Parr encounters Dr. Milner on' these 'grounds, it is only to erect 'for himself the trophies of decisive victory.'

6. "The presumption," says the Reviewer, "that this was really his feeling on the subject, is increased almost to certainty by the perusal of his *Letter*." I do most unfeignedly admire the talents of the Reviewer in running so rapidly to a conclusion, through ways unknown to other reasoners. His 'presumption' is without the shadow of fair argument to support it, and his 'certainty' is based on what Junius by a solecism calls 'a false fact.' He quotes from Dr. Parr's *Letter* p. 11. the following words:— 'I leave 'it, Reverend Sir, with many learned, sagacious, 'and truly pious members of the Church of Eng-

‘land, to discuss the merits of your cause, the accuracy of your statements, and the validity of your arguments upon the following particulars.’ Now Dr. Parr in these words does not *decline* any controversy with Dr. Milner about ‘the particulars’ referred to; no reader but the Reviewer can so understand them; Dr. Parr does not indeed *choose* to enter into the discussion of these topics with Dr. Milner, and his reason, though not stated in those words, is sufficiently apparent from two considerations, (1.) that he wished to confine himself to those points only, which had induced him to prepare the book, viz. the ‘three most audacious and malignant calumnies,’ (2.) that he has in the *Bibliotheca Parriana* p. 553, professed ‘his habitual dislike to theological controversy.’

7. The Reviewer proceeds:—“And then Dr. Parr goes on through nearly 16 pages with a dry enumeration of some of Dr. Milner’s most remarkable positions, without one single attempt to confute his reasonings, or to expose his fallacies, or any of the fundamental questions at issue between the rival Churches of Rome and England.” Christian charity requires that Dr. Parr should not be blamed for having omitted to do that, which he never undertook to do, which it was against his avowed habits to do; he could not deviate from this determination by any ‘sin-

gle attempt to confute Dr. Milner's reasonings, or to expose his fallacies ;' if he had so deviated in one instance, he would not have stopped short, but have gone into the examination of all the objectionable matter referred to. But, though Dr. Parr does not examine this objectionable matter, he has 'enumerated Dr. Milner's most remarkable positions ;' he has performed a good service to the Church of England even by that 'dry enumeration' of those 'most remarkable positions,' because he has invited the attention of 'learned, sagacious, and truly pious members of the Church of England' to the several subjects, — of those members, who had not the same 'habitual dislike to theological controversy,' which alone deterred him from attempting the confutation of Dr. M.'s reasonings and the exposure of his fallacies ; yea, even by that 'dry enumeration of those most remarkable positions,' he has very intelligibly hinted to his reader what he thought of those 'positions' — the suppressed sneer, the smothered laugh, the inward chuckle is perceived by the reader, — and Dr. Parr has, by prefixing to his book such a woeful catalogue of extravagancies in Dr. Milner's work, well prepared his reader to receive, with the greatest satisfaction his observations on the 'three most audacious and malignant calumnies,' which Dr. Parr alone undertook to refute. It could not

have been more ‘daintily contrived,’ (to use an expression of Lord Bacon,) than first to cover with ridicule for his absurdities him, whose mischievous representations Dr. Parr next proceeded to expose to public indignation.

8. The Reviewer thus continues : — “ ‘ In profound erudition, in various and extensive knowledge, and in glowing and majestic eloquence,’ (Dr. Parr, we quote with the sincerest pleasure “ a part of his own heart-felt and noble panegyric “ on the late lamented Rennell,) was by infinite “ degree superior to the Roman Catholic Bishop.” Dr. Parr was infinitely superior in four other most important respects, viz. in the art of reasoning and the power of discrimination, in readiness of wit and severity of ridicule.

9. The Reviewer adds : — “ But surely, when he thus declined the controversy, it was from a secret consciousness that he was unable to wield to advantage the massive weapons of theological warfare, against that dexterous and veteran polemic.”

Risum tenentis, amici? Dr. Parr is admitted to be infinitely superior to Dr. Milner in erudition, knowledge, and eloquence; he was, undoubtedly, as infinitely superior in reasoning and discrimination, in wit and ridicule; he was himself no inexperienced controversialist, and dreaded no encounter with any man, however gifted, (unless

it were Charles Fox,) in common conversation ; he was a man of the greatest intellectual courage, and a most fearless maintainer of moral and religious truth ; he was perfectly well acquainted with ecclesiastical history, with the doctrines of all churches, and the opinions of all sects. How, then, was it possible for him to decline the controversy with Dr. Milner from any such ‘secret consciousness,’ as the Reviewer strangely and most unwarrantably supposes ? What laurels had Dr. Milner won in theological controversy to entitle himself to be considered in Dr. Parr’s estimation as an antagonist so formidable ? The body of Roman Catholics should feel themselves highly indebted to the Protestant Reviewer for entertaining such an exalted opinion of their great champion, as to set him far above Dr. Parr as a controversial divine ! It is certainly the highest, if not the justest, compliment, which Dr. Milner ever received ; let it be inscribed in letters of gold on his tomb, and blazoned forth to posterity, that his transcendental merits extorted such a glorious panegyric from a zealous opponent of his church !

10. The goodly services to the Church of England performed by the dissenter-loving, un-orthodoxical, heretical, Unitarian Dr. Parr, in vindicating three of her distinguished sons, Bishops Hoadly and Halifax, and Dr. Rennell, as well

as ‘the great body of the English Clergy,’ from ‘most audacious and malignant calumnies,’ has received no suitable acknowledgment of obligation from this Reviewer, who at once represents in his own person, and exemplifies in his own conduct, the tolerant principles of protestantism, the flaming zeal of orthodoxy, and the concentrated essence of high-churchism !

I am tempted to exhibit to the curiosity of the reader another sample of reasoning, selected from the stock of the Reviewer, more particularly as it is connected with the *Letter to Dr. Milner*, and is an important topic connected with Dr. Parr’s biography.

“We have already remarked,” says the Reviewer p. 121, “that it is sometimes very difficult to discover what were Dr. Parr’s real opinions, or whether he had any settled opinions or not, on important topics. His frank confession of his sentiments on the nature of the Holy Eucharist appears indeed sufficiently explicit:— ‘On the Sacrament my serious opinions agree ‘with those of Hoadly, Bell, and John Taylor ‘of Norwich.’ (P. 20.) This very candid avowal occurs in a note to Dr. Wm. Bell’s *Attempt to Ascertain and Illustrate the Authority, Nature, and Design of the Institution of Christ, commonly called the Communion and the Lord’s Supper*. But what then are we to make of the following

remarks on Dr. Waterland's *Christian Sacrifice*? The subject, he says, is 'well explained and well defended : ' to which he adds : ' Every serious and intelligent Christian ought to read attentively this learned and argumentative work of Waterland's,' p. 593. We find ourselves at a loss to reconcile this glaring inconsistency. Are we to suppose that, when he first read this Charge of Waterland's, he was seriously convinced by its clear and powerful reasoning ; and that, at a subsequent period, he adopted the opposite opinions of Hoadly and Taylor of Norwich? But, if so, what shall we say to the following passage, which occurs in the last thing he ever wrote, his *Letter to the Roman Catholic Bishop, Milner*, not published till after his decease?

' The adamantine and imperishable work of
' Hooker in his *Ecclesiastical History*, and the
' controversial writings of Jeremy Taylor, fraught,
' as they are, with guileless ardour, with peerless
' eloquence, and with the richest stores of know-
' ledge, historical, classical, scholastic, and theo-
' logical, may be considered as irrefragable proofs
' of their pure, affectionate, and dutiful attachment
' to the Reformed Church of England. Why,
' then, should I dissemble that in the words of
' these excellent men, as quoted by yourself,
' are contained the opinions, which I hold, upon
' a part of the controversy, which has long sub-

‘sisted between Romanists and Protestants,
 ‘about the consecrated elements of the Commu-
 ‘nion?

‘*The object of their, (the Catholics,) adoration*
 ‘*in the Sacrament is the only true and eternal*
 ‘*God, hypostatically united with his holy human-*
 ‘*ity, which humanity they believe actually present*
 ‘*under the veil of the Sacrament; and, if they*
 ‘*thought him not present, they are so far from*
 ‘*worshipping the bread, that they profess it idola-*
 ‘*try to do so.*’ Dr. Jer. Taylor’s *Liberty of Pro-*
 ‘*phesying*, s. 20. *I wish men would give them-*
 ‘*selves more time to meditate with silence on what*
 ‘*we have in the Sacrament, and less to dispute on*
 ‘*the manner* HOW. *Sith we all agree that Christ*
 ‘*by the Sacrament doth really and truly perform*
 ‘*in us his promise, why do we vainly trouble our-*
 ‘*selves with so fierce contentions, whether by con-*
 ‘*substantiation, or else transubstantiation?*’ *Eccl.*
Pol. 5, 67. (See *Letter to Milner* p. 10 — 11.)

“This *Letter to Milner* was written June 1819, and if Dr. Parr at that time coincided with Hooker in acknowledging the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, we need hardly say that his ‘serious opinions’ must have undergone a total change since that period, when he agreed with Hoadly in his notions concerning that holy Sacrament. Glad should we be, could we fully satisfy ourselves that on this momentous

subject, as well as on others of equal magnitude, he finally acquiesced in the declared opinions of the Church of England, and of the whole Primitive and Apostolic Church : and we need not dissemble that this little pamphlet contains other indications, that would lead us to this desired conclusion. But the editors of the Catalogue will not permit us to indulge so pleasing a delusion. For in his unhappy note on Belsham's *Translation of St. Paul's Epistles*,—a work, be it observed, which was not published till 1822, three years *after* the date of the *Letter to Milner*,—we find the Doctor bestowing the most extravagant praise on ‘the diligence, judgment, erudition, and piety’ of the Unitarian translator; though he acknowledges there are *some* doctrinal points, on which he does not *entirely* agree with him. What can we make of all this heap of inconsistencies, but either that the opinions of this ‘great divine’ changed almost with the changing moon; or that in reality he had no serious opinions on these vital questions? And what shall we say of the executors, who have allowed their friend and relative to be exhibited to the world in these unfavourable colours ?”

1. When a divine of intellect and discrimination, of knowledge and erudition, of firmness and decision, like Dr. Parr, declares that ‘his serious opinions on the Sacrament agree with those of

Hoadly, Bell, and John Taylor of Norwich,' there can be no doubt with any candid and impartial and justly-reasoning man, that opinions so frankly declared had been deliberately formed in the mind, and sentiments so strongly expressed had long reigned in the heart of the writer.

2. If, after having read such words, I meet with any matter of different tendency in the works of the same writer, Christian candour and habitual caution alike warn me against attributing to that writer the inconsistency of opinions and sentiments, for which I perhaps may not myself be able to account, but which are in all probability capable of an easy reconciliation.

3. When Dr. Parr says that the subject of the *Christian Sacrifice* is 'well explained and well defended' by Dr. Waterland, there is no contradiction whatever between these words and those, in which he represents his 'serious opinions on the Sacrament' as 'agreeing with the opinions of Hoadly, Bell, and John Taylor of Norwich.' Dr. Parr dealt out a liberal measure of praise to the writers of ingenious or learned works, whom he considered to have failed in establishing the points, which they undertook to prove; Dr. Parr thought the subject 'well explained and well defended' by Dr. Waterland, and he was glad to record his opinion of the book in these respects, but he has carefully avoided expressing

any assent to the doctrine, laid down by Dr. Waterland, and therefore is not fairly chargeable with any inconsistency. His liberality in commending a work, while he disapproved of the doctrine maintained in it, has very naturally subjected him to the charge of inconsistency with a Reviewer, whose mind, unaccustomed to such liberality, could form no just estimate of that generous and magnanimous virtue. When Dr. Parr says that ‘every serious and intelligent Christian ought to read attentively this learned and argumentative work of Waterland,’ he has still expressed no assent to the doctrine maintained by Dr. Waterland; and, whether the ‘serious and intelligent Christian’ were disposed to follow the opinions of Hoadly, Bell, or John Taylor of Norwich, Dr. Parr would still have given to him the same advice:—“Read attentively the learned and argumentative work of Waterland’—that is a great work on the subject, (to expand Dr. Parr’s meaning —) you cannot read it without admiration of the writer, however you may hesitate to assent to his opinions, you are very certain to derive from it much valuable information, whatever side you take in the controversy — you will see the best arguments brought forward to uphold the doctrine of the established Church, and if you are dissatisfied with those arguments, you will find no abler

writer on that side of the question. If you want to know my 'serious opinions on the Sacrament,' they are the same as those held by Hoadly, Bell, and John Taylor of Norwich. I have never wavered since I read their books. My opinions, at least on sacred subjects, are formed with too much deliberation, after too extensive and deep a course of reading, to be liable to change. I have read, have examined, have decided, and change not."

4. When Dr. Parr, in the *Letter to Dr. Milner*, does not 'dissemble that in the words of 'Jeremy Taylor and Hooker, (as quoted by Dr. 'Milner,) are contained the opinions, which he 'holds upon a part of the controversy, which 'has long subsisted between Romanists and Protestantists, about the consecrated elements in the 'Communion,' he has still, whatever the Reviewer may assert, said nothing in contradiction to his declared approbation of the opinions held by Hoadly, Bell, and John Taylor of Norwich.

The words of Jeremy Taylor are these:—
 "The object of this (the Catholics') adoration in the Sacrament is the only true and eternal God hypostatically united with his holy humanity, which humanity they believe actually present under the veil of the Sacrament; and, if they thought him not present, they are so far from worshipping the bread, that they profess it

idolatry to do so." These words were at all times approved by Dr. Parr, and the approbation involves no contradiction to anything, which he ever wrote on the subject.

The words of Hooker are these : — " I wish men would give themselves more time to meditate with silence on what we have in the Sacrament, and less to dispute on the manner *how*. Sith we all agree that Christ, by the Sacrament, doth really and truly perform in us his promise, why do we vainly trouble ourselves with so fierce contentions, whether by consubstantiation, or else transubstantiation?" Now I would ask the Reviewer what contradiction there is between these words fairly interpreted, and any thing written by Dr. Parr? " This *Letter to Milner*," saith the Reviewer, " was written June 1819, and if Dr. Parr at that time coincided with Hooker, in acknowledging the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, we need hardly say that his ' serious opinions ' must have undergone a total change since the period, when he agreed with Hoadly in his notions concerning that holy Sacrament." The heart of Dr. Parr rejoiced in this quotation, not because it ' acknowledges the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist,' — not because it unfolds any doctrine of belief maintained by Hooker, and assented to by Dr. Parr, — but because it contains that good

sense about the subject, in which Dr. Parr agreed with Hooker, viz. in respect to the wickedness and folly of these ‘fierce contentions,’ and that Christian charity, in which he sympathised with Hooker, viz. in respect to the desire of uniting all Christians, of every denomination, in the bond of affection, and that devout feeling, in which he harmonised with Hooker, viz. in respect to the holy meditations, which the Communion is calculated to inspire, on the death and the passion of Christ; on the object of his mission; on our belief in his gospel; on our obedience to his commands; on our faith in his promises; on our thankfulness for the mercies of God, and on the glory which shall be revealed in time and for eternity. This is “what we have in the Sacrament,” and not “the real presence of Christ,” which the Reviewer first strangely supposes Hooker to avow in the passage cited, and then still more strangely attributes to Dr. Parr; thus himself creating the very inconsistency of opinion, for which he most unjustly blames the Doctor.

5. The Reviewer next proceeds to say:—
 “Glad should we be, could we fully satisfy ourselves that on this momentous subject, as well as on others of equal magnitude, he finally acquiesced in the declared opinions of the Church of England, and of the whole Primitive and Apostolic

Church ; and we need not dissemble that this little pamphlet contains other indications, that would lead us to this desired conclusion. But the editors of the Catalogue will not permit us to indulge so pleasing a delusion. For, in his unhappy note on Belsham's *Translation of St. Paul's Epistles*,—a work, be it observed, which was not published till 1822, three years *after* the date of the *Letter to Milner*,—we find the Doctor bestowing the most extravagant praise on 'the diligence, judgment, erudition, and piety' of the Unitarian translator, though he acknowledges there are *some* doctrinal points, on which he does *not entirely* agree with him." Now, as Dr. Parr, in speaking of Mr. Belsham's performance, makes no mention whatever of the Sacrament, I do most solemnly protest against the conduct of the Reviewer in connecting the praise and the censure of Mr. Belsham with this subject of the Sacrament, and thus again himself creating the very inconsistency, which he imputes to Dr. Parr.

6. The Reviewer completes the climax of his absurdities with the following words :— " What can we make of all this heap of inconsistencies, but either that the opinions of this 'great divine' changed almost with the changing moon, or that in reality he had no serious opinions on these vital questions ? And what shall we say of the executors, who have allowed their friend and re-

lative to be exhibited to the world in these unfavourable colours?" If the Doctor is not guilty of the inconsistency imputed to him, (and I have proved that he is not,) the censure of the executors falls to the ground. When the Reviewer speaks of 'this momentous subject' of the Sacrament, of 'these vital questions,' he makes the very common and serious mistake of reasoning from the Articles and Liturgy of our Established Church, instead of arguing from the New Testament, on which they are professedly founded. Whatever importance our Church and the Church of Rome may attach to the doctrine of the Sacrament, (however right or wrong they may be in their notions,) the New Testament assuredly does not make the communion a 'momentous subject' or a 'vital question'—let me not be misunderstood—I mean not either to undervalue, or to overvalue its scriptural importance; but I am not prepared to say that its importance is so great as that evidently assigned to it by the Reviewer. The simple institution is a commemorative rite, as founded by Christ himself, and as enjoined by St. Paul—and we must not confound the general injunction on all Christians in every age, to observe this simple rite, with the particular injunctions of St. Paul addressed solely to those Corinthian converts, who had so perverted this simple institution, as 'to eat and

drink their own condemnation.' This makes all the difference between the Articles and Liturgy of our Church, and the New Testament. The *mystery* of the Sacrament is among the corruptions of Christianity, because, as founded by Christ himself, there is no mystery whatever.

On referring to the *Works* of the amiable and the charitable and the learned *Thomas Emlyn* 3, 255. (Lond. 1746. 8vo.) I find a passage, which will so advance the Reviewer in his study of theology, that I shall quote it for his benefit, as well as for the confirmation of my own opinion :—

“ It must always be remembered that Baptism and the Lord's Supper are but rituals, or positive institutions of Christ, and are not natural essential branches, or inseparable from a good man, as the love of God and our neighbour, the worship of God, and the doing justice, mercy, and faithfulness. We ought, therefore, to lay more stress upon the substantial duties of holiness and virtue, than upon these external rites, which can never save us without the other, though it is very possible a man may be a good and holy man, and consequently may be saved without these. These rites, however, are certainly very useful, since appointed by him, who put down all other as beggarly and burdensome elements, and had not ordained this, if it had not been very proper and expedient ; I say, *this*

one of the Lord's Supper, for *Baptism* is but once to be administered, whereas this is of standing reiterated use all along, which is implied in the words, *As oft as ye do this*, thereby intimating that it was to be done again and again. Now therefore, when this single rite is pitched upon for Christian practice, there is the more ground to suppose it contains in it something useful above the ordinary nature of common ceremonies."

Here it may not be amiss to observe : — " That the institution is a very plain, obvious business, no dark mysterious matter, but set forth with all simplicity and easiness to be understood — bread broken to represent a broken, wounded corpse, and wine poured out to represent the shedding of blood : — true, it has the symbolical meaning of signs, but then this meaning is expressed clearly, and the signs are as natural as well can be, without any need of subtle expositions. So that I see no reason why the ancient Christians should represent this Supper as such a mystic business, and make such a secret of it to the catechumens, as if some mighty, abstruse mysteries were wrapt up in it, as in some of the Pagan rites ; and indeed it seems to have been so from an affectation to conform Christianity to their former Pagan notions and customs, for which they might retain some fondness here, as in other things. And no doubt but they, who could find

or fancy they found so much mystery in such a plain simple fact, as the Lord's Supper, could easily find or make a great number of mysteries in matter of speculation, though the plainest article of faith." Thomas Emlyn's *Works** 3, 234.

* There is so much good sense, and unambitious eloquence, and Christian charity, and right divinity in what this excellent man has written on this subject, that I am tempted to make two more extracts from this *Sermon*, in the hope of enlightening the Reviewer : —

P. 233. " The matter *This*, (*Do this*,) as if he had said, This same that we are now doing ; take bread, break it and eat, — take wine, pour it out and drink, — give thanks to God. This is all, which St. Paul relates of the last Supper ; all other circumstances of persons, posture, time, and place he omits, and limits the injunction to the substantial part of it, which shews that Christ's meaning was not to tie us up to all the circumstances of his example, which were indifferent. It is not worth disputing, whether it must be done sitting, standing, or kneeling, whether with leavened or unleavened bread, so much controverted between the *Roman* and *Greek* churches, whether common bread or round cakes, whether in the morning or evening, on a full stomach or fasting, or the like. These are no more necessary to consult Christ's example about, than about the upper room, the number twelve, and them men only, and other immaterial circumstances of the first institution, which trivial minds may spend their ignorant zeal about. No, *Do this* is a command, that we meet and take these elements with holy benediction and thanks to God, with the actions of eating and drinking to the end we may commemorate our blessed Lord and his death. All this whole act becomes our Lord's body and blood, that is, it figures and represents

To these words Dr. Parr would have most cordially subscribed, as I can assure the Reviewer from my own knowledge.

his death, not the bread and wine alone, but thus managed, broken and poured out."

Again, p. 244. "A second end may be assigned of this ordinance, which is rather the good use it may serve for, than the principal reason why it was instituted, viz. as a badge of Christian communion or union : but this not being mentioned by the Apostle in this place, where it was so proper for the cure of their animosities, I conclude it was not the great end of the institution, only what it may by consequence be improved to, as the Apostle seems to argue in the *tenth chapter* of this *Epistle*, v. 17. that being the servants of one common Lord, for whom in common he died, and who are fed at his table, we should be one body, as *Israel* were one national church by all joining in one public institution of the passover ; one, I say, though eaten at their several houses. Just so, though Christian societies are separated in place, yet they are one body, and have truly but one table, and not any proper or divided inclosures ; so that their eating together is a symbol and means of friendship and endearment.

"But alas ! how has this end been perverted ? Instead hereof, the Lord's Supper is generally become the great engine of division and schism throughout Christendom ; it is made the badge of every party, and an enclosure about every little faction. Here one says, I am of *Luther*, and there another, I am of *Calvin*, and a third, I am of *Rome*, and none must communicate without becoming of their sect, and owning it as a discriminating test and livery of their several clans, and must be inclosed in their narrow folds alone, disclaiming catholic communion with the rest, as if *here* only, or *there* only Christ was, by which means Christians are led to hate and censure each

In short, Dr. Parr concurred, and justly concurred with Zuinglius, (referred to by the *Monthly Review*,) in considering the Sacrament as no

other, as not fit to be of the Christian flock, or to eat together in love at the same feast ; whereas in truth we should give this cup of wine with the same charity, that Christ speaks of giving a cup of cold water to a disciple in the name of a disciple, or on that account only, not respecting so much their consent in other opinions as in this, that they believe in Christ Jesus, and are his willing obedient servants. The Apostle's argument *Rom. xiv. 3. For God hath received him*, should prevail here.

"I think it a great usurpation in men to make this communion the bond of any particular church, or of a private covenant, which should be for our communion with Christ, both their Lord and ours, and all his body or members. To run into clans and sects, to pin men up in their narrow folds, when the good shepherd has provided large and common pasture for all his sheep, is injurious, first to our common Lord by narrowing and limiting what he has not enclosed ; for I pray, whose Table is it ? Is it your own or your little party's Table, or is it the Lord's Table ? If the Lord's, who should dare to deny any of his servants their portion ? What steward should be so unjust, as to thrust away any guest invited by his master and acceptable to him ? And then it is injurious to our fellow-Christians also, by denying them brotherly communion, as if they had no part in our common Lord and the fruits of his death.

"Thus it is men have abused both *Baptism* and the *Lord's Supper*, making one the entrance into, and the other the entertainment of their little family instead of God's ; and have occasioned such debates and uncharitable animosities about the appropriation of these ordinances to their own particular sects, as if they baptized men with the waters of strife, and ate the

more than a spiritual communion, a simple memorial of the death and passion of Christ, a commemoration of the benefits derived from his mission, a recognition of his Gospel, and an acknowledgement of our thankfulness to God for the revelation, which he has vouchsafed to make to us.

During my long residence at Hatton, Dr. Parr bread of violence ; and while in a figure they break Christ's natural body, they without any do truly break and tear his mystical body into scraps and pieces, and as plainly deny the Catholic Church in their practice, as they put it into their creed. And is Christ indeed divided ? Or are we not baptized into one body ? Are we baptized into *Paul*, or any particular Pastor ? Are our Sacraments oaths of fidelity to the leader of a little flock, or to the *captain of our salvation* ?

“Alas ! how is the Christian Church torn in pieces at this day to the scorn and derision of infidels, while a people, the badge of whose religion is mutual love, do little else but censure and wrangle, breathe out threatnings and slaughter, anathemas and mutual excommunications ? Salvation and communion is annexed to a set of opinions or little modes, and on pretence of purity, brotherly love is extinguished, which is one of the noblest instances of Christian holiness ; and sacrifice, nay, a ceremony is preferred to mercy. The communion of saints is scarce to be found ; it is not as saints, but as saints of such a mode, and not for the image of Christ, but for the stamp of a party, that men are received ; and a *brother to be beloved* has as narrow a meaning among *Christians*, as ever it had among the *Jews*, nay narrower, and the Church more limited, than among the Donatists themselves. And how should it be otherwise, when this very symbol of love and union is made the great bone of contention, and is set up as a military standard

not only administered the Sacrament with the greatest devotion, but invariably addressed in the Sermons, which he delivered on those occasions, the strongest exhortations and the most earnest encouragements to his parishioners to communicate at the Lord's Table. These addresses were generally extemporaneous. But he composed several Sermons on this subject — he to gather party against party, or as a wall of partition between brethren ?

“ For our part, be it known, we disclaim this fatal practice, let no man be excluded our Communion, who loves our Lord Jesus in sincerity, who owns him as Lord and Mediator, and is willing to learn and know his will, and obey accordingly : and yet we tie him not to our society but to Christ, nor will we exclude ourselves from the communion of any other such, who impose not their particular opinions upon us, and so make our hypocrisy necessary to their communion.

“ Why can't all, who love our blessed Saviour, and are willing to honour him as the Son of God and the Redeemer of the World, join together in an honorary memorial of him, in which they are all agreed ? Agreed, I say, in the end and design of the institution, and therefore should agree in the practice, if the Apostle's advice might be observed, *Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing, Phil. iii. 16.* and the terms of communion made so wide, as to admit all sober Christians of whatever denomination ; as wide as in those primitive times, when all that was required, was to believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. *Acts viii. 37.* But alas ! some seem to take great pride in monopolizing the divine favours, and are fond to be thought, at least by themselves, a chosen separate people from all other Christians.”

revised several—and whether he was composing or revising, he wrote with the greatest deliberation, and requested me to fetch from his Library into the sacred little room in his garden many books, which he carefully consulted. His opinions on the question never wavered—his re-examinations only served to confirm him in the conclusions, to which he had long before come; and I greatly doubt whether there was any important point of speculative theology, which he had not most maturely “revolved in his capacious mind.”

In dismissing this topic, I should say to the Reviewer that my interpretation of Dr. Parr's words about Dr. Waterland, and the *Christian Sacrifice*, is abundantly confirmed by what Dr. Parr has said on another question. Dr. Balguy, in 1772, published a Charge, entitled *Thoughts on the Dangers apprehended from Popery and Sectaries by Abolishing Subscription to the 39 Articles*, mentioned in the *Bibliotheca Parriana* p. 544. In p. 576, Dr. Parr styles this “a masterly Visitation-Charge.” A very kind and intelligent friend, in a *Letter* addressed to me on Dec. 29, 1827, says:—“Our friend's orthodoxy was questionable enough, and I confess I cannot understand his strong commendation of Archdeacon Balguy's Charge in 1772, which is an artful defence of subscription.” The truth is that Dr.

Parr never wavered on the important question of subscription, any more than he did about the doctrine of the Sacrament. He was, however opposed to Dr. Balguy on the point, ready to acknowledge the '*masterly*' mind, which pervaded this composition, and his acknowledgment was not meant to be extended to the doctrines laid down in the composition. E. H. B.]

XVIII.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. William Shepherd of Gateacre, Liverpool, addressed to the Editor, and dated July 16, 1826.

“ You ask me whether ‘ there be any points respecting the Dissenters, on which I wish to make any remarks ? ’ On this I have only to say that, as is well known, Parr was very kind and courteous to Dissenters and Dissenting Ministers ; but, as far as my own observations have extended, in his intercourse with them he never in the slightest degree compromised himself as a Churchman. He was attached to the established Church, and most sincerely so. He was fond of its splendour, and like Laud, would have increased rather than diminished it. He venerated its gradations of rank as *stimuli* to sound learning, and though as a Churchman he was neglected, I never heard him speak ill of the system, nor did he whine and complain like Bishop Watson. I once said to him : — ‘ My only regret as a Dissenter is that I was deprived of the advantages of

‘ an Oxford or Cambridge-education.’ ‘ You are right,’ said he, ‘ brother Shepherd. If you had studied at either of those places, you would have acquired an accuracy and a finish in some points of scholarship, in which I presume by your remarks you feel your deficiency. But never mind, the education of Dissenters is to its extent solid and good, and well adapted to the purposes of life. Sir, an education, which could produce the *Life of Poggio*, is not to be quarrelled with.’

“ He told me once he respected the Dissenters, but did not wish their increase. ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ I rob you as much as I can, by persuading your rich folks to send their sons to our Universities, and then, you know, you lose them.’

“ He was delighted with the preaching of Mr. Hawkes, a Dissenting Minister of Manchester, and of one or two more of my brethren, whom he had occasionally heard; but he generally wound up his commendation by saying that they preached like Clergymen of the Establishment.

“ I once dined with him at Mr. Roscoe’s. Lord Sefton, and Sir James Smith the Botanist, and others were of the party. After dinner his pipe was brought as usual, when he said : — ‘ Mr. Roscoe, I will not smoke here — I will withdraw into the little room.’ Mr. Roscoe replied — ‘ I am sure, Doctor, Lord Sefton and the rest of the gentlemen will have no objection to your

‘customary luxury.’ ‘No,’ replied the Doctor,
 ‘I will not smoke here. I am sensible of the civility of your Lordship and your other guests ;
 ‘but Sir James Smith, I know, is asthmatic,
 ‘and, though he says nothing, I am sure my
 ‘pipe will be annoying to him. So I will retire,
 ‘and will take my brother Shepherd here to keep
 ‘me company.’

We accordingly withdrew, and after he had puffed out several whiffs, and taken a glass of port, he said very oracularly : — ‘Shepherd, the
 ‘age of great scholars is past. I believe I am the
 ‘only one now remaining of that race of men,
 ‘who could sit down with pleasure to devour a
 ‘folio. Literature is, however, of late years,
 ‘widely diffused. The generality of the public
 ‘are now much better informed than they were
 ‘in my early days. Knowledge, and useful
 ‘knowledge, is spread and beaten out to an extensive surface ; but it is not collected, as it used
 ‘to be, in masses, and on the whole the world
 ‘has improved by the change.’

“ ‘Doctor,’ said I, ‘the public are aware of
 ‘the depth and the extent of your erudition ;
 ‘and many of us have wondered that you were
 ‘never made a Bishop.’ ‘Aye, Sir,’ replied
 he, with much animation, ‘I think I have stuff
 ‘in me to make a Bishop of. But, Sir, I have
 ‘barred my promotion by my independent

‘ spirit. Sir, I would always speak my mind.
‘ I burnt my quarters with the old gentleman,
‘ (Geo. III.) by loudly protesting against that
‘ wicked American war, and with the young gen-
‘ tleman, (Geo. IV.) I have ruined myself by
‘ taking part with his much-injured wife. If I
‘ had been promoted to the Bench, Sir, I would
‘ have restricted myself to my Episcopal duties—
‘ I would have looked well to my Clergy — and
‘ would have been very civil to you Non-cons.
‘ Sir, I would have often invited them to my table,
‘ and would have rubbed off their rust, and their
‘ asperities. But I would have been sparing of
‘ my speech in the House of Lords. The less we
‘ say there, the better. A prating Bishop, Sir,
‘ is much disliked.’

“ These reminiscences crowd into my mind,
‘ as I write *currente calamo*.”

XIX.

Communications addressed to the Editor by a Minister of the Established Church.

August 14, 1826.

“ SIR,

It was not till Saturday last that I received the honour of your Letter of the date of July 22nd. As we have been travelling for the benefit of my health for some weeks past, Mr. G. S. could not forward your communication till he knew my address. Thus much by way of apology for the tardiness of answer ; and now to the subject of your Letter.

“ You have been mis-informed respecting my connection with Dr. Parr : I was never his Curate, nor did I ever reside at Hatton. My acquaintance with the Doctor originated at B., when I was Curate of S. P. There it was that I was introduced to Parr in one of his frequent visits to the ———. It was not till some years subsequent to this that I became intimate with him. Ex-

cessive fatigue from very laborious duty, a natural timidity, a sense of my own comparative inferiority, a dread of his political prejudices, a disinclination to be subjected to his occasional irregularities, and his vehement ebullitions of impassioned eloquence, in which friend, as well as foe, was indiscriminately overwhelmed—these for a time deterred me from availing myself of the frequent opportunities of enjoying the benefits of his society. By degrees, however, these impediments were surmounted, and a gradual intimacy commenced. The flattering attentions I received from Parr, were not to my learning and talents—these in his estimation must have been of very inferior, nay of no consideration at all; but I believe, verily, to my disinterested zeal in the duties of a Parish-priest. He looked down upon me with affection and complacency, and always seemed pleased to have me near him. I know nothing of his private life and family, but only such conversational anecdotes, as I picked up in occasional parties, or at private interviews. Of these I unfortunately made no written memorials, and cannot give them in chronological order.

“ I say nothing of the peculiarity of his manners, his conversational powers, his looks of ferocity, and his fascinating smile of benignity and playfulness. These must be as well, perhaps better known to you than myself. I proceed to

such *Parriana*, as I can recollect, after an intervening interval of 23 years ; for during that latter period of our lives I have seen nothing of Dr. Parr.

“ Speaking of Dr. Johnson, he said :— ‘ Once, Sir, Sam and I had a vehement dispute upon that most difficult of all subjects, the origin of evil. It called forth all the powers of our minds. No two tigers ever grappled with more fury ; but we never lost sight of good manners. There was no Boswell present to detail our conversation : Sir, he would not have understood it. And then, Sir, who do you think was the umpire between us ? That fiend Horsley.’

He said of the late Bishop Porteus :— ‘ Sir, he is a poor, paltry Prelate ; proud of petty popularity, and perpetually preaching to petticoats.’ This seems to have been one of those ebullitions of fancy, in which he indulged his wit at the expence, if not of truth, at least of his more sober judgment.

“ Hence it was that under a similar mood, and to indulge this peculiarity of character, he would give vent to his prejudices and partialities about different Colleges. It was at a dinner-party at Dr. E. — that he said to the Rev. Thomas P., son of my venerable instructor, the late Head-Master of the S. in B. : — ‘ Mr. P., give me leave to ask of what College at Oxford you were

‘ a member ? ’ ‘ Of Christ-Church, Sir. ’ (Now I have do doubt that Parr knew this ; but he must have his joke.) ‘ Of Christ-Church ! ’ His eye-brows were lifted up, and displayed the ferocious indignity of an offended lion. ‘ Then, ‘ Sir, let me tell you that I make a point of persecuting that College, and all its members, with ‘ the most unceasing and the most unrelenting asperity : ’ still fastening his eyes upon him. I could not but look at him — I saw it was all play. Poor Mr. P. was in speechless terror. When he had had his joke, and it was time to relax, he said : — ‘ But come, Sir, notwithstanding this, I’ll drink ‘ a glass of wine with you ; not, you dog, because ‘ you are of Christ-Church, but because you are ‘ the son of that good man, your father, and he ‘ was of Magdalen. ’ This was his favourite College, of which his friend Routh is President.

“ It was at the same party that the same gentleman, (Mr. P.) asked him if he knew Sir Wm. Jones ? ‘ Know him, Sir ? ’ (Another look of serious, contending passions.) ‘ Who did not ‘ know him ! Who did not bend in devout respect at the variety and depth of his learning, ‘ the integrity of his principles, and the benevolence of his heart ! Know him ? Yes, yes, ‘ Mr. P. : ’ here he paused, waving his body backwards and forwards in his chair, — one leg crossed upon the knee of the other, — his hand

patting the leg in a quickening, perturbed emotion, — tears rolling down his cheeks in fond remembrance of the friend of his childhood. We all looked at him in silent veneration. I heard him drop indistinctly words something like these — ‘ If not the same cradle, yet we had from earliest life one and the same heart, one and the same soul !’ I cannot here speak correctly ; for I did not hear distinctly.

“ I once asked his opinion of the Methodists ; does the good or evil preponderate ? After a pause of reflection, he replied : — ‘ Sir, they are the most hypocritical, they are the most blasphemous, they are the most carrion-like scoundrels upon the face of the earth.’

“ Twice he did me the honour to preach for me. The first text was from the words — ‘ *My meat is to do the will of him that sent me.*’ At first he gave some learned observations on the metaphorical language of the Scriptures — an application to the metaphor in the text — then followed an animated description of the bitter animosities between the Jews and Samaritans. ‘ There was, however, one subject, upon which they could lay aside all their national antipathies, their political animosities, and their religious prejudices. My present hearers will readily understand me, when they are told that that object was GAIN.’ Remember he was ad-

dressing an audience of manufacturers. In the latter and greater part of his Sermon he described in the finest style of eloquence, that ever flowed from mortal pen.* I have seen nothing from Parr, that exceeded this Sermon ; perhaps not equalled it : I hope it will be found among his papers, and find a due place in his Works.

“ The other Sermon was preached on Easter-day : text, the last verse of the chapter in the funeral Service — ‘ *Wherefore be ye stedfast, immovable,*’ etc. I take shame to myself that I have no other recollection of it, than that it was less splendid than the other, more abstruse, and, I thought, far above the capacity of his hearers.

“ Left to himself Parr was a sloven ; but he was very punctilious, when he meant to be dressed. He plumed himself much upon the fulness of his gown, and bade me admire it. In the vestry he bade me examine his dress to see that all was correct. Observing sometimes, what did not please him in the buckling of his shoes, he put up his foot, and with a smile said — ‘ Here, you dog, alter this.’

“ Before service commenced, he desired me to command the clerk not to trip upon his heels in the *Lord’s Prayer*, and the *Nicene Creed*. The man was offended ; but I begged him to

* [In the hurry of writing, the author has omitted a few words specifying the thing described. E. H. B.]

submit in silence. In some part of the Creed, however he forgot, and bolted out a few words. The Doctor stopped, and silenced the culprit with a look. The clerk's voice after this would have been dreadfully discordant; he could not follow him through inability. The cart-horse might at well have attempted to imitate the high-bred racer. He read the Creed with great deliberation, making long pauses between each clause: thus 'God — OF God, light — OF light, very God — OF very God.'

"This brings to my recollection the funeral of Dr. E.'s first wife: it was upon a very grand and extensive scale. The bearers were all clergymen: by a mistake their scarves were made up as for laymen; but the Doctor would have them altered. It was necessary to send to B. for fresh silk: this caused a delay of near two hours. When we had set out, he bade me, (we were in the first coach,) look out and tell him the exact order of the cavalcade. As we approached near A. Church, a village in the neighbourhood, of which Dr. S. was the Vicar, whom we expected would attend and read the service, 'Do you,' says he to me, 'ask his permission to officiate upon the occasion; for, if that booby reads the service, he will spoil all.' Luckily he did not attend, and all went on well. Here I had the same orders to give the clerk.

“ Never, never, Sir, can I forget his impressive solemnity. . Instead of reading the appointed sentences, as he preceded the corpse, he stopped, turned round, looked at the coffin, and then at the bearers, in long and solemn meditation. He repeated in a tone of triumph, ‘ *I am the resurrection,*’ etc. We then moved forward a few yards, a similar turn and pause ensue. Then he exclaimed in a tone of tremulous joy, ‘ *I know that my Redeemer liveth,*’ etc. The third and last sentence brought us in a similar manner to the Church-door, where he concluded that part of the service. My feelings had hitherto been so much excited, that I was afraid for the effects of the grand lesson, but I know not how it was, he did not impress so deeply in this ; but at the grave we were electrified. He was in silent tears, while the corpse was laid in the vault. When he began, the beatings of his swollen heart bespoke his inward anguish. In the last prayer he pronounced these words, ‘ *As our hope is, that this our sister ——— DOTH ;*’ making a long pause, and throwing a mighty emphasis on the word *doth*, by which the mind was naturally forced to contemplate the soul of the deceased as then in the enjoyment of bliss with the departed saints in paradise.

“ I forgot to mention, when speaking of dress, that the Doctor always used the academical

gown, and not the full sleeve, which indicates no degree.

“ I have several short Notes written entirely by Parr : these are of no value, but as being specimens of his penmanship. I have three or four Letters upon interesting subjects : these are written by his amanuensis. And I have a full and very flattering testimonial by him in my favour in the form of a Letter, addressed to the Trustees of the Ch. at H. in S., for which I was a candidate. As a composition it is a great curiosity, which I value more than the mitre of Canterbury. None of these have I by me : they are packed up with my luggage. I know not when they will reach me : we are not resolved where we shall finally reside. Most likely it will be B. You shall have copies of them, if you wish it, when I can send them.

“ Among them I recollect are some observations about bells. Of these he was very fond. He knew the history of most of the principal bells in the kingdom, and possessed the rare faculty of telling the weight of a bell from its sound. He much disliked the tenor-bell at S. P. B., and wished me to get the four larger bells in the tower re-cast into one. ‘ You can do what you like in the parish,’ said he ‘ call a meeting, and propose this. I will give a written document upon the subject.’ It contains very minute

particulars expressed with great accuracy — the expences, — the value of the old clappers ; and these four large bells were to be supplied by four *lively tinklers*, in order to keep up the number, and to preserve the good humour of the ringers. His observations upon the majestic solemnity of the great bell, which would be the largest in any parish-Church in the kingdom, would be very useful from its central situation as a clock to the manufacturers, and very solemn for the funerals of the more opulent, are worthy of notice.

“ Thus, Sir, have I endeavoured to comply with your wishes, to the best of my power. You are at liberty to make what use of this you may wish, with the restriction only of keeping in profound secrecy the name of

Your respectful Servant,

* * *

“ BELLS.

“ The tenth or largest bell in the tower of S. P. was particularly grating to the delicate ear of Dr. Parr. He urged me to call a vestry, and to propose an alteration in this offensive bell. ‘Sit down, Sir, with your pen, and I will give you materials for your proposition and address’ :—

“ ‘ Gentlemen, — The subject, upon which I

‘ have troubled you thus to assemble, concerns
 ‘ in no small degree the respectability of your
 ‘ Church, and therefore cannot be unreasonable.
 ‘ It has been suggested to me by a gentleman of
 ‘ very high respectability that the tenor-bell in
 ‘ the tower is exceedingly grating to the ear, and
 ‘ therefore very offensive. I rely with the fullest
 ‘ confidence on his judgment. He knows the
 ‘ history of most of the great bells in the king-
 ‘ dom, and has the very uncommon faculty of
 ‘ declaring, from the sound of a bell, the weight
 ‘ of its metal.

“ ‘ To relieve the ear, to render the bells more
 ‘ worthy the elegant fabric of your Church, and
 ‘ the majestic dome, which they occupy, it is
 ‘ proposed to take down the seventh, eighth,
 ‘ ninth, and tenth, and melt them into one.
 ‘ The tenor-bell is 27 hundred weight; the 9th,
 ‘ 20 ditto; the 8th, 16 ditto; the 7th, 13 ditto.
 ‘ In melting, the waste may be eight or nine hun-
 ‘ dred weight, which must be replaced, and will
 ‘ cost fourscore or ninety pounds: to this add the
 ‘ expence of re-casting. The expence of this huge
 ‘ bell, nearly equal in size to the great bells at
 ‘ Gloucester and Canterbury will not exceed
 ‘ £260 or £270; it cannot exceed £300. The
 ‘ new clapper must be made out of the materials
 ‘ of the old clappers. The space, now occupied by
 ‘ the four bells, will contain the large bell; though

‘ it were desirable to place it in the centre, so
‘ that the motion of it may bear equally on the
‘ tower in all directions. Care should be taken
‘ to raise the wood-work above the frames of the
‘ other bells ; for several fine tenors, especially
‘ that of St. Peter’s at Norwich, are heard indis-
‘ tinctly from hanging rather too low. It will be
‘ very proper, both for the credit of the Church,
‘ and the satisfaction of the ringers, to have 10
‘ bells ; and the four new leaders being very small,
‘ may be obtained at a small expence. The sixth,
‘ which is now in the steeple, will be a good tenor ;
‘ the whole peal will be very lively ; and form
‘ an excellent contrast with the peal at S. M. It
‘ will be right to let the bell-caster have some of
‘ the bells sent to Gloucester, in order to preserve
‘ the notes accurately.

“ ‘ To employ any of the four great bells in ma-
‘ king the four new ones would be dishonourable,
‘ and destructive of the grandeur of the great bell ;
‘ and it cannot be necessary to avoid the expence
‘ of the four small leaders. Much of the wood
‘ will do to work up again in strengthening the
‘ supports of the great bell. The chimes may
‘ remain as they are, by shortening the hammers of
‘ the four bells, and the materials of those clappers
‘ will work up again.

“ ‘ This bell will be the largest by far, that adorns
‘ any parish-Church in the kingdom. It will be

‘ inferior only to that at Exeter, St. Paul’s, Lincoln, and Christ-Church. The note will probably be B, and the bell-caster should be instructed to make it *full, distinct, long, and exact in all the concords.*

“ ‘ N. B. As the whole number of bells is preserved, and as the materials of the four great ones are to be melted into a large eleventh bell, there will be no occasion for expence in obtaining a faculty from the Ecclesiastical Court.

“ ‘ The sixth being the tenor of 10 will be quite solemn enough for funerals in general, and the great new bell may be tolled with uncommon solemnity for the funerals of more opulent persons.’

“ The address about the bells I have filled up from a rough document. The novelty of the subject will entertain you: it gives a new feature to his genius and character. I wish I had followed his advice. At that time I could have carried any point; but I was afraid of an open rupture with my Rector. He would have opposed it, and he had his spcophants to second him. I wished to avoid creating a party, and therefore it dropped.”

[The subjoined matter on this subject, addressed to me by my learned and worthy friend, Hugh Stuart Boyd, Esq. may be acceptable to some companologists, as it contains many curious particulars in a small compass.

“ Wednesday-Evening, Dec. 26, 1827.

“ DEAR SIR,

I know very little of Paley, or Watson. As to Porson, I do not think I can know any thing of importance, with which you are unacquainted. I could not help smiling at your telling me, that Parr knew the weight of the most celebrated bells, both in England and on the Continent. I wish that you were here ; I could tell you not only the *weight* of the principal bells both here and abroad, but in many cases the *character* at the bottom, and in almost all cases the *key-note*. I would also tell you *off-hand*, some of the principal dimensions of many famous parish-Churches in England, and of most of the famous Cathedrals both in England and on the Continent, also the dates of their building. I am afraid it will tire you ; but I cannot resist the desire of giving you some specimens. I assure you, *on my honour*, that I shall state them without referring to any book, or other document, trusting to my memory alone. I also assure you, that I could give *many more* instances than those, which I am going to set down. I will begin at Norwich, though I never was there. At St. Peter's Mancroft there is a very fine peal of 12 bells. The tenor *formerly* weighed 41 cwt. An unlucky boy, tolling for the death of the Princess Charlotte, cracked it. The new tenor weighs 42 cwt. The note is C. At York-Minster, in the south-west tower, there is a fine peal of ten bells. The tenor is in the note of C, the diameter 5 feet 3 inches. It weighs 53 cwt., and 25 lbs. ; 3 lbs. more than the famous peal at Bow-Church, Cheapside, of which peal that at York is the facsimile. — At the Abbey-Church of Bath, is a peal of 10 bells, the tenor in C. It is said to weigh 41 cwt., but does not weigh quite so much. Its diameter is 5 feet, 1 inch. — At Canterbury is a peal of 8 bells, which I am told has been in-

creased to 10. They are in the south-west tower. The tenor is about 31 cwt., and is in D. On the top of the tower, under a shed, is a large bell weighing 70 cwt. Its diameter is 5 feet, 9 inches. I would give you *off-hand* an account of all the principal peals in London, the weight of the tenors and the key-note; but I must be brief. The great bell of St. Paul's weighs 5 tons; 9 lbs. more or less, I am not certain which. I should guess that its diameter is about 6 feet and a half.— I was going to talk of Great Tom of Oxford, and of some great bells on the Continent; but as I am come to the third page, I must say a little of *dimensions*. I must select a single Church as a specimen. Canterbury is in length 510 feet, being 10 more than St. Paul's, and 5 less than Winchester. The height to the vaulting is 80 feet; 19 less than York, and 21 less than Westminster-Abbey. The height of the north-west tower, is 100 feet; of the south-west, 130. The height of the great central tower, is 235 feet; ten more than Gloucester, of the same height as St. Bride's, London; 53 feet less than the great tower of Lincoln, 164 less than Salisbury-spire; 217 less than Vienna; 225, less than Strasbourg, and 285 less than old St. Paul's was. The north-west tower is very ancient, but I am afraid to say its exact date. The south-west tower was built by Archbishop Chichelli, about 1460. The great tower was built, I *think*, by Prior Selling, Prior Goldstone, and Archbishop Morton, and finished in 1509. It is, of course in the florid gothic. The nave was built in the 15th century, about 200 years after the naves of Ely, Westminster-Abbey, Salisbury, and Amiens in France. It is, of course, in the ornamental gothic. That part of the Cathedral, from the great transept to the east-end, was built in the 12th century, and is in that style, which is vulgarly called *Saxon*, but ought to be called *Norman*. If you were here, I should go on till you were quite wearied, but I must now stop. If you were here, you would probably find that I remember minute events in my life, and their dates as well as Parr did. You might also find

that I know by heart as much Greek, or a little less, or a little more, than Parr knew. If you can form an idea of the length of the longest passage, which he knew *correctly*, and how many long passages he knew, I might be able to judge. I am anxious to know, if you can forgive this strange and prolix Letter. What is its object? To prove that my memory is perhaps equal, perhaps superior to Parr's. Yet I would not for an instant compare it with Porson's.

Yours very sincerely,
H. S. BOYD."

Malvern-Wells,
Worcestershire.

" Thursday-Morning, Dec. 27, 1827.

" Having said so much, I think it better to do the thing completely, or nearly so. As I intend to pay the postage as a matter of *duty*, I shall feel anxious to know if you get this safely. I again assure you *on my honour*, that I write from *memory only*. In cases, where I am not quite *positive*, I shall say *I think* or *I believe*.

" In China there are one or two stupendous bells; but they are of a strange shape, have a hole at the top, and perhaps do not deserve to be called bells. — The largest bell in Europe, is in a Church at Moscow: it weighs 57 tons. I think the diameter is 13 feet. I shall not speak of that immense bell at Moscow, which never could be used. — At Rouen there is a very large bell; I think that the weight is 33,000 lbs., and the diameter 11 feet. — I think that the great bell at Rheims weighs about 32,000 lbs. — At Notre-Dame, in Paris, there is, or there was, a large bell weighing 30,000 lbs. I think the diameter is 10 feet. — There is an immense bell somewhere in Germany, but I forget where. —

The largest bell in England is Tom of Oxford. It is said to weigh 17,000 lbs., but I believe that its real weight is about 15,500 lbs. I believe the diameter is about 7 feet and a half. It is *not* a fine bell. — Some say that the great bell at Exeter weighs 4 tons ; others say that it weighs 6 tons. If this last be true, it is the second largest in England. — Then comes St. Paul's, and then great Tom of Lincoln. This last is the most harmonious of all our large bells. I think that its weight is not quite 94 cwt. — Then comes a large bell at Tong, in Shropshire, which is said to weigh about 4 tons. — Next to it is the great bell in Gloucester, which weighs, I believe, 65 cwt. I have already *spoken* of the tenors of York and Bow-Church, London. This last is, I believe, the finest bell in London. There is a very fine peal of 10 bells at St. Michael's, Coventry ; the tenor weighs about 31 cwt, and is in the key of D. The chimes there are very good, but the finest chimes in England are at St. Philip's, Birmingham ; the bells are 12 in number, and the tenor weighs 36 cwt. — At Cirencester the bells are of the same number, and the tenor of the same weight — At Wells' Cathedral there are eight bells ; the tenor is in C, and weighs about 50 cwt. I believe this is the heaviest peal of 8 bells in England. — The heaviest peal of 6 bells, in England, is at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. The tenor is said to weigh from 45 to 50 cwt. — At Painswick, in Gloucestershire is a fine peal of 10 bells, which has been increased to 12. Some years ago the tenor was cracked. It weighed 28 cwt. and it was, I believe, in D sharp. The new tenor weighs about 25 cwt. I suppose it is in E. — At Litchfield, in the southwest tower, is a peal of 10 bells ; the tenor about 31 cwt. — The finest peal in all England is perhaps that at Norwich. — Let us now return to London. I have already spoken of the fine peal at Bow-Church. But the finest peal in London, is Christ-Church, Spital-Fields ; there are 12 bells ; the tenor is in C, and weighs 44 cwt. — At St. Saviour's, Southwark, is a deep peal of 12 bells ; the tenor is in C, and weighs about

50 cwt. — At St. Michael's, Cornhill, is a fine peal of 12 bells; I think that the tenor weighs about 41 or 42 cwt. At St. Martin's, in the Fields, are 12 bells; the tenor weighs 34 cwt. — At St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, are 12 bells; the tenor is 32 cwt. These bells, though nearly of the same size, have a deeper sound than those of St. Martin's. — The smallest peal of 12 bells in London, is that of St. Bride's; the tenor weighs about 27 cwt. — There is another peal of twelve bells, somewhere in London, the tenor weighing about 41 cwt.; but I forget in what Church they are. — At St. Clement Danes are 8 bells; the tenor weighs only 20 cwt., and yet its diameter is more than 4 feet. The reason is that the bell is thin. — I could tell you of more bells, both in town and country; but I have surely said enough.

“ St. Paul's great bell was cast by Phelp, or Phelps, Whitechapel, London. So also were the bells of St. Martin's. Those at Bow-Church, York, Norwich, and several other places were cast by Leslie and Pack, Whitechapel. I think, that the bells at York cost £2,000. I beg you to observe that most of the printed accounts of the weight of St. Paul's and other bells are incorrect. So also are most of the accounts of the dimensions of St. Paul's Cathedral. I was going to give you a full account of them, from the extreme length and height of the building, to the length of the minute-hand, the hour-hand, and the figures on the dial-plates of the clock. Now, tell me candidly, whose knowledge of bells is the greater, and more extensive? Do not think that I wish to detract from the merits of so great and eminent a character as Dr. Parr: I do not wish it. But, when you gave as a proof of his great memory, something in which I am at least equal, and perhaps superior, I could not help putting in my claim. As all our faculties are the gifts of God, I ought not to be vain. Memory is a noble faculty; and I hope it may please God to preserve mine, as well as my other faculties, and my health, for some years to come. I am curious to know whether you will be able to wade through all that I

have written, or whether you will fling it down in disgust, perhaps into the fire. Again believe me your's, very sincerely,

HUGH BOYD."

P. S. I could give you the dimensions of many Churches, both at home and abroad. Let me give one of the latter. The exquisite Cathedral of Rheims is in length 455 feet ; the height of the west towers is 253 feet. It was begun, I think, in 1211, that is four years before the nave of Ely, and nine years before the naves of Westminster-Abbey, Salisbury, and Amiens. I may as well fill up the sheet, and add that St. Michael's, Coventry, is 300 feet long, and 300 high ; Boston is 300 high ; Lowth 282. I think that St. Martin's and the towers of Westminster-Abbey are of the same height ; that is, 221 feet ; and Bow-Church 224."

" Tuesday-Afternoon,

[Recd. Jan. 4th, 1828.]

" MY DEAR SIR,

When I was writing a long Letter to you, on a subject which you did not ask about, and which might, perhaps, prove a bore to you, I think it would have been incorrect not to pay the postage. I now write to answer your questions, as well as I can. You ask me about the tenor-bell at Harrow. I do not profess to give an account of all the bells in England, but of those only, which are famous. I can, however, say something about several, which are not famous. Do not be offended, if I begin with Beverley. In the north-west tower I think there is a peal of eight bells : the tenor has been said to weigh 50 cwt. It is nearly 20 years since I was there. From the idea, which I now have, of the sound of the bell, when the clock struck, I should think that it did not weigh more than 32 cwt., or 36 cwt. at the most. It is possi-

ble, however, that the clock strikes on the largest bell *but one*. This is the case, or at least it used to be, at Dartford, in Kent. The clock strikes on the seventh bell. At Hereford the clock strikes on one of the smaller bells. Surely this is most absurd. The tenor is a heavy bell, for it weighs, I think, 44 cwt. If the clock struck upon *it*, it would surely be heard for some miles round Hereford. I think that at Warwick there are 10 bells, and that the tenor weighs 28 cwt.

I know nothing of the effect of vibration upon steeples. I am *not* a man of science. When I was a boy, I got hold of a work translated from the French, called *Nature Displayed*. In the eighth volume, (I think it was the eighth,) there was a print of the beautiful west-front of St. Nicaise at Rheims, which was destroyed during the French Revolution : the print was given to illustrate a curious phenomenon. There were several bells. When *one particular* bell was rung, one of the buttresses of the tower moved to and fro, and was quite agitated. In the book there is a full account of it, and of the experiments made on it by scientific men.

You ask me about incorrect accounts of bells. Almost all the printed accounts of St. Paul's great bell make it to be only 84 cwt. I told you its real weight in my last Letter. At the same time, Great Tom of Oxford is said to weigh more than it really does.

Dr. Parr and I certainly appear to have been *cast* in the same mould, as far as *bells* are concerned. When quite a child, I had an ardent desire to see the inside of a steeple, and I remember something of the delight, which I felt, when my wish was first gratified. I have often stood in the belfry at Margate, when the bells were being rung, but I never rung, except *by myself*. The tenor of Margate is a noble bell. It is in E. It weighs 23 cwt. and about 50 lbs, and its diameter is, I think, four feet and two inches. I have raised this bell myself, and have rung it out, when raised.

Before I have done with bells, I will mention one thing,

which ought to be generally known. Let us suppose, that at Thetford, or any other place, the bells are old and rather worn. Let us suppose, that the parish is poor, and cannot afford the expence of new bells. By spending *a few pounds*, they can make the bells as good, or nearly as good, as at first. Let them be turned in their sockets, about one quarter of the whole circumference; the clappers will then strike upon a new part. It would be better that the bells should be turned *one sixth part* of the circumference; for, in that case, they could be turned another *sixth part* at some future period.

From childhood I have been passionately fond of architecture. I think that the Roman is fine, that the Grecian is very fine, but that the Gothic transcends them almost infinitely. I do not know if you are aware that the late Mr. Lowry was a man of *profound science*, as well as a great artist. It was his opinion that considered, on the whole, Beverley-Minster was the finest Gothic building in England. I prefer Lincoln, and then York.

You ask me to tell you something about Hurd and Warburton. You do not know what a confined mind I have. I never troubled my head about either of them, and scarcely ever about Paley or Watson.

You must surely allow that to repeat long passages *word for word*, is a greater thing, than to remember the mere substance and matter of books.

Yours very sincerely,

H. S. BOYD."

Malvern-Wells,
Worcestershire.

" Wednesday-Evening, Jan. 9, 1828.

" It runs in my head that, when I sent you the double Letter about bells, I made a slight mistake. When speaking of

the comparative weight of our heaviest bells, I think that I placed Gloucester next to Tong. On referring to the foolscap-sheet, you will perceive that the great bell at Canterbury is heavier than that at Gloucester.

You have said that in your *Parriana* you will record what I have said of bells. It must give me great pleasure to be mentioned by you even on that subject ; but I hope you will not forget my *Select Passages*. To have translated Chrysostom's *Oration on Eutropius*, and to have endeavoured to bring both him, and Gregory, and Basil into public notice, is, I think, a real honor. I have lately had read to me some of Chrysostom, and a good deal of the other two. It really grieves me to think of what an immensity of pleasure learned men deprive themselves through their prejudices. Besides the eloquence, which is great, and the learning, which is profound, Gregory's two *Orations against Julian* contain several instances of shining wit, and cutting satire. I am not a great laughier, but I could not hear some passages read without feeling my risible muscles a good deal distorted. Of these two *Orations* there is an excellent edition in small 4to., printed at Eaton in 1610." E. H. B.]

" September 20th, 1826. .

" MY DEAR SIR,

I am not a little gratified that my Letter found from you a favourable reception. I have not been in haste to reply, because you did not seem to think it absolutely necessary. Unwilling, however, to be thought inattentive, I again take up the pen, though I am not able to send you the precious MSS. You shall receive

them as soon as we can unpack our luggage. In the mean time you must be content with such scraps of *Parriana*, as I can muster. I shall give you them as they occur.

“ The Doctor begged me one morning to take him into S. P.’s belfry. Secured from interruption, he proceeded to his intended object, which was to raise, and full scientifically, the tenth or largest bell : he set to work in silent, solemn formality. It took some time, I suppose a full quarter of an hour ; for there was the raising, the full funereal toll, and the regular toll. When it was over, he stalked about the belfry in much pomposity. At re-composing himself, he looked at me with a smile, and said — ‘ There, what think you of that ? ’ He was evidently very proud of the effort. It was this said tenor-bell, that he could not bear to hear : he said it was inharmonious, harsh, flat, and cut his ear. His ear was indeed delicate in its perception of sound. I believe I told you before that from the sound of a bell he would tell you what weight of metal it contained.

“ He was very fond of good music. There was in my day a very eminent piano-forte player, of Merton-College : I think his name was Hicks. He was once upon a visit at ——. The organ at the old Church, S. M.’s, was very good, much better than ours at S. P.’s. We accompanied

the Doctor down there to hear Hicks display the beauties of this instrument. We sat at the altar, the utmost distance from the organ. Parr said to him, before he began, ' I desire you'll stop, when I bid you ; for I will not be GLUTTED.'

" I am anxious to communicate to you an event, which at the time caused me some mortification and pain. My Rector was a very elegant and able scholar. He was the most fascinating preacher, that ever entered a pulpit ; but withal proud as Lucifer. Politics ran high at the time ; Pitt was in his zenith ; Parr devoted to Fox. Hence it was that my Rector, when in residence at B., would not notice Parr. But that made no difference to me. Once, and but once, they met in S. P.'s vestry. I introduced Parr, fully expecting that my Rector would receive him with courtier-like graciousness ; but no, nothing like it. For his usual, dove-like meekness, there were assumed the peacock's pride and consequential strut. He artfully took special care to let Parr see that he intended to treat him with contempt. However he appeared to disregard, nay not to see it, Parr must have felt stung to the quick. Had it been from Curtis, the Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham, Parr would have given him a second edition of *Peeping Charles of Coventry*. But my Rector was far more formidable. By the peculiar tact of

a thorough-bred courtier, he could assume a repulsive power, which neither Parr nor Johnson could resist. After service was over, as we walked along the churchyard in our way to Dr. —, I stopped, (for I was bursting with indignation, and could refrain no longer :) ‘I cannot describe my mortification at the treatment you have received this afternoon.’ He had seen and marked it, and would doubtless remember it. But there was no resentment, no surprise, no comment : he took hold of my hand, and with a benignant smile said : — ‘In your knowledge of the world you are a mere child ; with my age and my experience you will know the world better. Come along, lad, and think no more about it.’ I do not recollect that during the evening the subject was renewed : I have no doubt that during their secret confabs he would name it to —

“I remember on a Good-Friday, in the evening, about seven o’clock, he paid me an unexpected, solitary visit. I was in my study, having on a cotton-dress. ‘What, Sir? clad thus, and on so holy a day?’ ‘The services of the day are over, and I am glad to sit at my ease.’ ‘Aye, aye — thus it is with you all — all eager to throw aside your canonicals. Not so when I was young : then the clergy were always in character. Why, even so lately as when I was Mas-

‘ter of the School at Norwich, I was never seen without a gown and cassock. Next in time they were worn only on visits and special occasions. Now they never appear but on Sundays, and are confined within the walls of the Church. This negligence in externals is injurious to the cause of religion. Sir, when you observe those *‘holy lines of distinction,* you at once make others respect you, and you at the same time respect yourself.’ A great deal more was said, which I have forgotten.

“ It was on the same evening that the Doctor for a long time kept his eyes stedfastly fixed on a fine print of a crucifix suspended over the fireplace. I could not but notice the solemnity and earnestness of his gaze. At length I ventured to say : — ‘ May I presume, Sir, to request your opinion upon that extraordinary personage?’ The Doctor started from his reverie, and with vehement anger replied, ‘ I am surprised, Sir, at the indelicacy of your request,’ and then with the finger’s ends of one hand pointing to his breast, he waved backward and forward in his chair in much agitation. Thus he continued for a considerable time. I was speechless, and astounded with fear.

“ *Saturday, Sept. 23.* I have been prevented from finishing my Letter by company and business. I had, in compliance with your request,

noted down several events, and many particular observations, as they occurred to my mind from time to time : not one of which I have inserted in this sheet. Why not ? When I took up the pen, my mind was occupied with what you will find on this sheet, and I was unwilling to check the rising current of my thoughts.

“ You must excuse my saying more at the present than that I am, with great respect,

Your sincere friend,

* * *

Dec. 15, 1826.

“ Let me now proceed to send such *memorabilia*, as occur to my mind.

“ Warburton and Tucker, as you know, were contemporary, Bishop and Dean of the same Cathedral. Both were eminent, but very different in the line of their studies. For many years they were not even on speaking terms. It was on a Good-Friday, not long before Warburton's death, they were at the holy table together : before he gave the cup to the Dean, he stooped down, and said in tremulous emotion — ‘ *Dean Tucker, let this cup be the cup of reconciliation between us.*’ There, Sir, is a precious morsel for you. It had the intended effect : they were friends again to their mutual satisfaction.

“ I am not sufficiently conversant in Warburton’s writings, so as to speak of him with confidence. I do not think that he will long continue to be much read. He will live to reflect honour on our national literature ; but still he has had his day. I often smile at Bishop Hurd’s servile adulation of him. He wishes to descend arm in arm to posterity with this great friend. The volume of their *Letters* is poor, meagre stuff: what an eternal bandying of silly compliments ! Then the exhibition of their portraits, *cheek by jowl* ! The first sight of them excited laughter and pity, and perhaps a degree of contempt. What a mixture of folly and wisdom do we see often in the same man ! Thus it is more or less with us all.*

* [One of the most curious articles in the book is the mention of Noah’s Ark, Warburton thus writeth p. 113. (Edn. 2d.) in *Letter* 46th, dated *Bedford-Row*, *June* 13, 1752. :— “ But you was made for higher things ; and my greatest pleasure is that you give me a hint, you are impatient to pursue them. What will not such a capacity and such a pen do, either to shame or to improve a miserable age ! The Church, like the ark of Noah, is worth saving ; not for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin, that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality, that was as much distressed by the stink within, as by the tempest without.” In *Letter* 47th, dated *Prior-Park*, *July* 5, 1752. the facetious, but profane Bishop renews the subject : — “ You mention Noah’s Ark. I have really forgot what I said of it. But I suppose I compared the Church to it.

“ A friend has sent me from London a copy of a book in duodecimo, *Aphorisms, Opinions, and Reflections of the late Dr. Parr, with a Sketch of his Life*, printed for J. Andrews, 167 New Bond Street. The *Life* is, for that of such a man, below contempt : it can give a stranger no correct idea of the Doctor. The selection as many a grave divine has done before me. The Rabbins make the giant Gog or Magog contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching. So that he was disposed to take the benefit of the Ark. But here lay the distress ; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that in that stormy weather he was more than half-boots over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely, when the Ark landed on Mount Ararat. Image now to yourself this illustrious Cavalier mounted on his *hackney*, and see if it does not bring before you the Church, bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion.”

Should William Hone, the bookseller, have been tried for political parodies ? when Bishop Warburton could write in this manner about biblical history, and when Bishop Hurd 41 years afterwards *gravely*, and with one leg in the *grave*, says in the advertisement prefixed to the volume : — “ These *Letters* give so true a picture of the writer's character, and are besides so worthy of him in all respects, (I mean if the reader can forgive the playfulness of his wit in some instances, and the partiality of his friendship in many more,) that, in honour of his memory, I would have them published after my death, and the profits arising from the sale of them, applied to the benefit of the Worcester-Infirmity.”

from his works is made apparently at random, without method, taste, or judgment. You must have seen this catchpenny-thing, which I should not have noticed but to explain to you a circumstance respecting Parr and White, the late Arabic and Hebrew Professor at Oxford. In this little book are several quotations from White's Bampton-Lectures. Why this?

"White was a very extraordinary man, of great profundity as an Asiatic linguist. He was first discovered by the late Dean Tucker, working as a poor apprentice to a poor weaver in a village either in Gloucestershire or Somersetshire.* At this village at a certain day was to be a dinner-

* [This account, which is probably the more correct, does not agree with the statement in Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*, (where the *Gentleman's Magazine* V. 84. is referred to: —) "Joseph White, an eminent oriental scholar, Canon of Christ-Church, Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, was born in 1746, of parents in low circumstances in Gloucester, where his father was a journeyman-weaver, and brought up his son to the same business. Being, however, a sensible man, he gave him what little learning was in his power at one of the Charity-Schools at Gloucester. This excited a thirst for greater acquisitions in the young man, who employed all the time he could spare in the study of such books, as fell in his way. His attainments, at length, attracted the notice of a neighbouring gentleman of fortune, who sent him to the University of Oxford, where he was entered of Wadham-College." E. H. B.]

party. The Dean, strolling about before dinner, chanced to go into the poor weaver's shop. He picks up a dirty, shattered Greek Testament. 'How comes this here? Who reads this book?' 'Sir, my lad is always poring over such books.' On speaking to the lad, he found him well versed in Greek and Latin. By appointment he waited upon the Dean in the afternoon, who introduced him to the company. Some collection was made for him. Tucker undertook the care of him; put him to school at Gloucester, and from thence sent him to Oxford. Here he gradually rose in academical success — Fellow of Wadham, Professor of Arabic, Canon of Christ-Church, Hebrew Professor. But I hasten to bring White in contact with Parr.

"White, while Fellow of Wadham, was appointed to preach the Bampton-Lectures. Much and varied learning was expected from him; but his friends trembled for his English; not supposing him capable from want of habit of English composition. But, to the surprise of the literary world, he came forward, exhibiting a most splendid specimen of pure, elegant English; more elaborate than Addison, — less sonorous indeed, but not less dignified than Johnson, — equal to Parr in purity of diction, though it must be confessed far his inferior in splendour of imagery, in variety of style, in varied and unusual

phraseology, in originality, which surprises with unexpected delight, and in that perpetually varying order in the construction of his sentences, in the collocation of his words, by which he summoned at will to his service troops of metaphors and old words, made to express new ideas. If White does not astound his reader with awe, like Johnson, — if, with Parr, he does not captivate with new and unexpected delight, he is that well-bred, that elegant English gentleman, who is received everywhere with profound respect, and with a smile of grateful welcome, because he pleases all, and because he benefits all.

“ But I crave mercy, — let me not lose sight of Parr. The first question, after surprise had subsided, was, Whence hath this man all this eminence in style? For a time all was mystery — at length it was cleared. It seems that White, sensible of his own inability, applied to the late Mr. Badcock for assistance. Badcock having conducted the Monthly Review for 50 years,* was well versed in the art of composition. Of this Parr [White] was fully aware: he applies to Badcock — terms are settled — and the bargain is made. Great secrecy is enjoined. Though White had the simplicity of a child from his ignorance of the world, yet he shews upon this

* [Badcock was a considerable contributor to this periodical, but not the conductor. E. H. B.]

occasion much cunning. To avoid suspicion, the *Lectures*, as they were forwarded from Badcock, were not delivered to him at College, but he walked on the Abingdon-road to meet the coach, and receive the expected MSS. from the coachman. Observe that this was sometimes on Sunday-morn, when he was to preach : so you see, he drove fine, to a hair ! Simple, thoughtless, imprudent man ! Sometimes he by this means kept them waiting for him at St. Mary's. All this, and more than this, I remember being the subject of conversation, when I was a young-stér and an under-graduate ; and therefore it is that I am somewhat prolix.

“ At length the secret came out, and thus it was. After Badcock's death, in examining his papers, his sister found that White owed her brother a certain sum, the remainder of what was unpaid for the job, or assistance given in the *Lectures* ! She wrote to White, who at that time was Poverty personified. Unable to pay, he hesitates, demurs, *denies*, or *refuses* ! In reading this, who does not blush, and lament that the fine gold is become dim ? The secret once out, became the subject of general conversation ; but White never sunk, but still kept his head firmly aloft, and was still generally beloved and respected. In the materials he had given Badcock abundance of learned lore, and the skele-

ton of each *Sermon* was minutely exact, copious, and the parts judiciously arranged. He gave directions as to the difference of style, which each *Lecture* would require, and was very particular that Badcock should reserve all the powers of his eloquence for the conclusion of the fifth *Lecture*.

“ But in his solicitations for assistance, he did not confine himself to Badcock. The whole work was finally sent to Parr for the last exquisite polish. He added a new conclusion to the fifth, and supplied many copious notes : among these, those *upon miracles* must be especially noticed.

“ While poor White was thus stripped of his borrowed plumes, there was a certain Dr. Gabriel of Bath, who came forward, and put in his claims, and with unblushing impudence asserted that he wrote the fifth.* Here Parr could no longer refrain.—‘It was never my intention,’ said he, ‘to make known my secret services to White; but this Gabriel forces me. Rather than let that lying coxcomb thus claim what is not his own, I must speak out; I wrote the conclusion of the fifth. He write it indeed!’ It was at this very time White and Gabriel were

* [“ Gabriel, however, a man neither of literary talents nor character, was at the head of an envious junto, who were determined to injure Dr. White, if they could.” Chalmers’s *Biogr. Dict.* E. H. B.]

forced into close contact in the Convocation-house at an election for a Vinerian scholarship. I was near them, and was entertained with White's sort of bullying grunt, and Gabriel's puffing pomposity.

"I have reason to believe that Parr afforded some aid to Kett in his *Bampton-Lectures*. I remember that the Doctor, in speaking of Kett, shewed evidently that he was not partial to him. 'When I am with Kett,' said he, '*I am never otherwise than wary.*'

"He was in the Theatre, when Richards recited his Prize-poem, *The Aboriginal Britons*. He listened with delight, and observed that there was a happy medium between Pope and Dryden.

"I believe I have now nearly exhausted my budget. I see but two items left in my little paper-strip of *memorabilia*.

"One is that I was surprised to see so many strange people call upon Parr, when at Dr. —'s: these not gentlemen of literature, but mere tradesmen, political friends, whom he received with the political slang of '*citizen,*' or '*brother.*' I should think that he dropped these latterly, provided they would let him drop them. A Mrs. B., the widow of an attorney, whom he had once visited in his prosperity, among others frequently called upon him. She was a vain, talkative, silly woman, and had a very lovely daughter, *who*

was upon sale. But our host was shy, and was always annoyed by her visitations. She was announced one morning : we were in the back-parlour. Our poor host was convulsed with anger and passion — Parr pacified him — ‘ *Come, never mind, I’ll go to her.*’ Our host must indeed have been much inconvenienced by the numerous visitors, which Parr in his very frequent visits brought to his house.

“ In speaking of the prints of him, that had been published, he observed — ‘ All the artists, to whom I have sat, fail in one feature — none of them give me my peculiar ferocity.’ O that an artist had taken him, when he had assumed the ferocious in S. P.’s pulpit ! M. G. and W. D., two young bankers, were quizzing him, as he mounted the pulpit — his figure, his wig, the fulness of his dress, &c. : they still kept playing the fool, after they were discovered. The Doctor *set* them like a pointer ; but still they were undismayed. At length the singing is ended, — there is silence, — no preacher’s voice is heard, — all eyes are directed to the pulpit, — there stands the Doctor ; he turned direct to the offenders, ferocious as a lion ready to dart at his prey. The poor puppies are soon abashed, chop-fallen, and have no courage to lift up their heads during the remainder of the service. Here was his ferocity in all its wildest grandeur. An artist could

not express it, while it was dormant. To express it properly, he must have seen it, as when excited into full action in S. P.'s pulpit.

“ To me he never appeared more striking than when some emotion induced him to throw up his eye-brows, and exhibit his eyes. Thus have I seen him sometimes fascinate with a bewitching smile — sometimes you gazed in amaze, while he laughed outright — his whole frame then shook in convulsive motion — he did not, as somebody* observed of Johnson, ‘ laugh like a rhinoceros ;’ no, it was all good-humour without any sarcastic sneer. Sometimes when thus with brows elevated, he appeared absorbed in some secret admiration — the sentiment, which he then inspired, was awe — it forbade a word, or a breath — but the flash of his anger was inexpressibly terrific.

“ The prints, that I have seen of him, as likenesses, are very defective. The first is too seraphic, — not sufficiently mortal ; the second bears a somewhat better resemblance ; the third is the best by far. There you have the real man ; but still there is somewhat of the caricature. You see genius, good-humour, and all the features well expressed — all these I must have, but I must also have more, a something to inspire me with respect. The print affixed to this book is copied from the last-published print ; but it

* [Tom Davies, mentioned by Boswell. E. H. B.]

differs in this respect : here the face is turned to the left, in the large print he is more easy, and turned to the right. The large print is the best of the two. I once heard him lament that no artist had ever given a good likeness of him : ‘ Sir, they will not express my ferocity.’ On this he seemed to pride himself.

“ He had a great dislike to infuriated, high-church politics. Hence at dinner-parties his aversion to the toast of ‘ *Church and King*,’ ‘ *the King and his friends*,’ etc. etc. His favourite toast was ‘ *Old England*.’

“ What he drank was chiefly before the cloth was drawn. He soon took his pipe, with which he took weak wine and water : he was temperate, but not abstemious.

“ Like Johnson, he loved good living, though he professed to disregard it. He was fond of a shoulder of mutton roasted. I have heard him give directions that it should be sent to table, covered with a brown incrustation of salt and flour. His favourite part of the joint, to which he liked to help himself, was that which contained nothing but fat—it lies opposite the part that is first carved. This he would cut not into slices, but into a large circular lump : he called it a ‘ hunch.’

“ I have already observed that he loved good music, and would enjoy a song, during which he would occasionally introduce a few notes, as counter-tenor, tenor, or bass.

“ The Doctor was rather fond of a rubber at whist at a party. Before the game began, he observed : ‘ Gentlemen I never play higher than a penny-corner.’ At this rate he would always pay and be paid.

“ If he had smoked much, and the room was warm, he would frequently refresh himself with a water-glass and a napkin.

“ I never sat in a pew with him at Church, and therefore cannot speak of him from personal observation ; but our host told me that he was very attentive, and at parts of the conclusion of the Litany seemed by his motions to be in a sort of extatic convulsion.

“ You will see in one or two of the *Letters* that my Rector’s rudeness had made a deep impression upon Parr’s mind, and that in few words he delineates his character with the pencil of a master.

“ I was once surprised to hear Parr not speak as I should have expected on the acquisition of the knowledge of Hebrew. I lamented to him my total ignorance of it, and that my heavy professional engagements, together with the cursed system of visiting, in which I was necessarily involved, deprived me of most of my time, so that I had little or no leisure for any private study. To my observation respecting Hebrew, and that we ought to be as conversant in the original language

of the Old Testament as of the New, he made a scornful reply, — a mere pish at it. This surprised me in such a man as Parr ; but it struck me at the time that he might thus speak, and thereby justify his own partial knowledge of that language. I have reason to think his knowledge of it was very superficial.

“ The following is a MS. *Prayer* by Parr, to be used before the Sermon — Kett gave it to me as Parr’s, but I know not its date : —

‘ Almighty and ever-lasting God ! who art al-
 ‘ ways more ready to hear than we to pray, and art
 ‘ wont to give more than either we ask or de-
 ‘ serve, pour down upon us the abundance of thy
 ‘ mercies, — increase our faith, — confirm our
 ‘ hope, — enlarge our charity — Preserve us, we
 ‘ beseech me, from the numberless temptations
 ‘ of a most corrupt world — Give us attention to
 ‘ hear thy holy word, wisdom to understand, and
 ‘ steadiness to follow it — And finally, we beseech
 ‘ thee, O Lord God of mercies ; to deliver us
 ‘ from the guilt and misery of all sin, through the
 ‘ merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, in obedi-
 ‘ ence to whose command, and by the aid of
 ‘ whose instruction, we thus call upon thee — *Our*
 ‘ *Father*, etc.*

* [A very intelligent clergyman, a very liberal-minded man, and a very excellent friend, to whom I am indebted for much information respecting Dr. Parr, thus writes in a *Letter* dated Febr. 1828 : —

"I know not how Dr. Parr came to send the following interesting observations on the *Prayer* in our Liturgy, *O God, whose nature and property*

"You enquire of me about his opinions on theological subjects. His *Catalogue*, I conceive, displays almost circumstantially his very free and liberal sentiments. And yet in some of his tracts he speaks of the 'wilds of latitudinarianism.' I write now from memory. This is not quite consistent with what so frequently escaped him in conversation. One specimen I can give, which occurred when he was last at my house. He observed that the *Lord's Prayer* was evidently designed for his disciples; though by a parity of circumstance it might be accommodated to and adopted by every Christian. The *δαὶμόνιον* he understood to mean 'the human persecutor,' and I believe thought very lightly of Satanic influence. He was aware that the hints did not shock his hearer, who had accustomed himself to think *religionem simplicem et incorruptam nisi salva libertate stare non posse.*"

In a very recent *Letter* from the same friend, dated Febr. 18, 1828. occur the following words:—"With regard to Dr. Parr's theological opinions, I know that he was a complete latitudinarian. You suppose that he might imbibe his sentiments of Satanic influence from a book by Mr. Richard Wright." *An Essay on the Existence of the Devil, and his Influence on the Human Mind*, Liverpool, 1810. 12mo.; it is mentioned in the *Bibliotheca Parriana* p. 129.) "I should rather think he would take his ply from an admirable Essay by Mr. Simpson of Bath," (who published *Thoughts on the New Testament Doctrine of Atonement*, 1802. 8vo.; *An Essay on the Duration of a Future State of Punishments and Rewards*, 1803. 8vo.; *Essays on the Language of Scripture*, 2 vol. Bath, 1808. 8vo.; *Additional Essays on the Language of Scripture*, 1810. 8vo. The two last-mentioned works occur in the *Bibliotheca Parr-*

is ever to have mercy and to forgive !” I suppose I might have asked his opinion about its proper place : —

iana p. 98. with this notice, ‘ The gifts of the amiable and intelligent author. S. P.’)

“ I scarcely need remind you that in his excellent *Letter from Irenopolis*, which I deem the best of his publications, after paying a just tribute to the high worth of Priestley’s character, he avowed a dissent from him *in toto* on the doctrine of ‘ the pre-existence.’ What his opinion might be subsequently, I would not venture to decide, but latterly he became more than tolerant to ‘ the heretics.’ This it is, which the high-church folk have pounced upon. The article in the *British Critic* I have not a doubt proceeds from the virulent temper of N. of Hackney. A more thorough-paced bigot I never conversed with ; and yet in private life I am told he is benevolent and amiable. Such is too often the inconsistency of human nature !”

The passage, to which my friend adverts, does not occur in the *Letter from Irenopolis* ; but I suppose the following words to be his allusion : — “ Besides paying and receiving all these visits, I have *condescended* to accept from Dr. Priestley some of his controversial publications ; I have *dared* to write to him three or four Letters, and *vouchsafed* to receive from him four or five ; nay, I have carried my *complaisance* so far, as to examine with great accuracy, and with little or no change of my original and orthodox opinion, the dispute in which this Heresiarch was engaged with an illustrious Prelate. Upon one topic, (I mean the scriptural evidence for the miraculous conception,) where my fixed belief is diametrically opposite to that of Dr. Priestley, I confessed myself dissatisfied with some arguments used by his antagonist. Upon other topics, I condemned the austerity of that antagonist’s spirit, though I have always given him just and ample credit for mathematical know-

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ You will hear what I have to say on
‘ the conversation between Dean Tucker and
‘ Mr. C.

‘ Nichols speaks of the *Prayer for Pardon* as
‘ introduced in the time of King James, and
‘ standing originally after the second *Prayer* in
‘ the Ember-weeks, but placed by a blunder of
‘ the printers in 1662, after the *Prayer for all*
‘ *Conditions*, when the Commissioners made them
‘ strike it out, and print a new leaf, where it was
‘ placed before the *Prayer for the Parliament*.

‘ I can account for the blunder of the printers
‘ in the transposition. The *Prayer* originally
‘ was at the end of the *Collects*; the *Prayers for*
‘ *the Parliament* and *for all Conditions* were added
‘ at the last review, as was also the general
‘ *Thanksgiving*, and the printers still wished to
‘ keep the *Prayer* in question at the end of the
‘ *Collects*.

‘ Wheatley agrees with Nichols as to the time

ledge, for classical erudition, for acuteness of reasoning, and
for splendour of diction.” *A Sequel to the printed Paper* p.
103; edn. 2.

I may conclude this note with the remark that, when Dr.
Parr states his ‘ fixed belief on the scriptural evidence for the
miraculous conception’ to be ‘ diametrically opposite to that of
Dr. Priestley,’ but at the same time declares his ‘ dissatisfaction
with some arguments used by his antagonist,’ the expressed
‘ dissatisfaction’ would be of itself no more a proof of his be-

‘ and circumstance of the transposition, and the
 ‘ order of the Commissioners ; but he says p. 186,
 ‘ that it was added in the second book of Edward
 ‘ VIth, and not by order of James I. But, while
 ‘ he corrects Nichols’s mistake, he himself falls
 ‘ into another, and in p. 585, he informs us that
 ‘ the *Prayer* was first added in Queen Elizabeth’s
 ‘ *Common-Prayer*.

‘ Comber has paraphrased the *Prayer*, and in
 ‘ p. 868, he says : — *It is an appendix of the Li-*
 ‘ *tanies of the Western Church, and retains the*
 ‘ *marks of primitive devotion.* This position
 ‘ he would illustrate first by quoting from Theo-
 ‘ doric, *Ut quem delictorum catena constringit,*
 ‘ *magnitudo tuæ pietatis absolvat* ; and secondly,
 ‘ by referring to the *Sarum-Missal* p. 66, where
 ‘ is the *Gregorian Sacrament*. I have not the
 ‘ *Sarum-Missal* ; but I have a fine collection of
 ‘ Liturgies by Muratorius, published at Venice
 ‘ in 1547, and there is the *Sacramentarium Gre-*
 ‘ *gorianum, sive Sacramentorum Ordo*, composed

terodoxy on that point, than his declaration, that ‘ the argu-
 ments’ of Bishop Burgess on the Trinity ‘ do not convince him,’
 is of itself a proof that Dr. Parr rejected the doctrine ; and yet
 Mr. Bewley, (on good grounds supposed to be a fictitious cha-
 racter, and referred to in Mr. Field’s *Memoirs of Dr. Parr*,
 1, 301. as a real name,) in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, reasons
 just as if the declaration of non-conviction as to certain argu-
 ments were tantamount to the rejection of the doctrine in-
 volved in them.]

‘ by Pope Gregory I. In the *Sacramentarium*
 ‘ there are many vestiges of the matter, which we
 ‘ read in the *Collect for Pardon*. Thus in p.
 ‘ 343. : *Æterne Deus, cui proprium est ac singu-*
 ‘ *lare, quod bonus es, et nulla umquam a te es*
 ‘ *commutatione diversus, propitiare, quæsumus,*
 ‘ *supplicationibus nostris, et ecclesiæ tuæ miseri-*
 ‘ *cordiam tuam, quam deprecatur, ostende, etc.*
 ‘ This you see resembles the opening of the
 ‘ *Prayer*, and is appointed in the *Missal* for the
 ‘ Nativity of Christ. But the very words of our
 ‘ *Collect* are to be found in p. 248, in a long ca-
 ‘ talogue of *Prayers pro Peccatis* : *Deus, cui*
 ‘ *proprium est misereri et parcere, suscipe depre-*
 ‘ *cationem nostram, et quos delictorum catena con-*
 ‘ *stringit, miseratio tuæ pietatis absolbat.*

‘ Now, my friend, I have brought you to the
 ‘ fountain-head of the objection.

‘ The Dean of Gloucester, probably, knew
 ‘ only what he had read in Comber ; but I pro-
 ‘ duce the very words from a Romish Liturgy.
 ‘ What then ? There is no matter in them par-
 ‘ ticularly Romish, and I should say the same of
 ‘ many other *Prayers*, which precede, and which
 ‘ follow it. Yet, as it first was adopted from a
 ‘ Romish Liturgy in the *contentious* days of Eli-
 ‘ zabeth, our forefathers shewed their usual wis-
 ‘ dom in not commanding, but permitting this
 ‘ *Collect* to be read — Yet their successors thought

‘ it a good *Prayer*, and not only retained it, but
 ‘ were anxious to preserve its original, and there-
 ‘ fore right place in our Liturgy. But who would
 ‘ cry out Popery against him, who used it? I
 ‘ should pardon a Dissenter, but not a Dean for
 ‘ doing so.

‘ Are you Papistically inclined, because you
 ‘ read our Sacramental service? Behold what
 ‘ Gregory writes in this very *Sacramentarium*
 ‘ p. 1.: *Vere dignum et justum est, æquum et sa-*
 ‘ *lutare, nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere,*
 ‘ *Domine sancte, Pater omnipotens, æterne Deus,*
 ‘ *per Christum Dominum nostrum.* Some matter,
 ‘ which follows these words, is Papistical, and
 ‘ therefore our excellent forefathers have omitted
 ‘ it; but in the *Collect for Pardon* there is *no*
 ‘ doctrinal matter, which called for omission.
 ‘ You and I shall continue to use the *Collect*,
 ‘ though for reasons given by Wheatley and Ni-
 ‘ chols, we should read it before the *Prayer for*
 ‘ *Parliament*, if it be worth while to alter a harm-
 ‘ less custom.

‘ Now in this very *Sacramentarium* there are
 ‘ five *Prayers* to be used *in time of war*, and I
 ‘ think four of them preferable to the *Prayer* in
 ‘ our Liturgy; the three, which occur in p. 358,
 ‘ (or 858,) and the first, which occurs in p. 67,
 ‘ are more satisfactory to my judgment, and yet I
 ‘ would not innovate, though I am conscious of

‘ no Papistical propensities in approving of them.
 ‘ Tell Mr. C. that to an edition of Aratus, published at Oxford in 1672, I have three Greek
 ‘ *Hymns*, marked with Greek notations. The
 ‘ *Hymns* are from Dionysius : there is also part
 ‘ of one of Pindar’s *Odes*, to which are affixed the
 ‘ Greek musical marks. They are in the Lydian
 ‘ mode.

‘ I am truly your friend, and obedient servant,
 S. PARR.’

‘ Nov. 24.’

“ I send you a short *Letter*, without date, containing observations on the character of the late Dr. Johnstone of Worcester, father of the gentlemen at Birmingham : —

‘ I am exceedingly concerned for the loss the
 ‘ Dr. Johnstones have sustained by the death of
 ‘ their celebrated father. The length of his experience, the soundness of his judgment, the
 ‘ vigour of his understanding, and the variety of
 ‘ his knowledge, will always make me consider
 ‘ him as a man far raised above the generality of
 ‘ his medical brethren, and entitled to the respect
 ‘ of every man distinguished by literary or intellectual excellence.’

“ I send you also Dr. Parr’s character of the candidate for Aldridge-School : —

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ This Letter will be delivered to you by
‘ Mr. Mac Evoy, who is candidate for a School
‘ at Aldridge, the mastership of which is now va-
‘ cant ; and to whom I entreat you to do any ser-
‘ vice, that may be in your power. His father,
‘ lives at Kyneton in Warwickshire, where he
‘ serves three Churches, and from his laborious
‘ exertions is entitled, as a brother clergyman, to
‘ my good-wishes. The bearer was educated in
‘ the excellent School of Christ’s Hospital, and
‘ left it when he was fifteen ; he continued un-
‘ der the care of his father till he was seventeen ;
‘ and though circumstances did not admit of his
‘ being sent to either of the Universities, he was
‘ in my judgment very properly employed for the
‘ improvement of his mind, and the increase of
‘ his knowledge. Afterwards he lived with a
‘ printer at Dudley for two years and a half ; he
‘ has a Testimonial from Dr. Booker, in favour of
‘ his conduct, and I need not explain to a man of
‘ your learning and sagacity, that a young person
‘ might in such a situation have many opportuni-
‘ ties for directing his attention, very diligently
‘ and very profitably, to the cultivation of his in-
‘ tellect. From Dudley he went to Castle-Brom-
‘ wich, where he was teacher of the Latin lan-
‘ guage, and from whence he removed, because
‘ the master of the academy found it convenient

‘ to employ a foreigner in the double capacity of
‘ a French and Latin teacher. Since that time
‘ he has kept a School in Birmingham, and I
‘ should suppose that he can be furnished with
‘ proper recommendations from his employers in
‘ that town. Upon conversing with him I have
‘ sufficient reasons to believe that he is amply
‘ qualified for the situation, in which he wishes
‘ to be placed at Aldridge, and my earnest request
‘ is that you would have the goodness to recom-
‘ mend him to any of the electors, with whom you
‘ may happen to be acquainted. I understand
‘ that Mrs. S. is one of them, and I am sure that
‘ your wishes will have great influence in deter-
‘ mining her choice upon such an occasion. He is
‘ a married man, and this circumstance will appear
‘ to you, as well as to myself, of considerable im-
‘ portance. If it were my fortune to know person-
‘ ally any of the electors, I should write to them
‘ in behalf of Mr. Mac Evoy, and as it is not, I
‘ leave you at liberty to communicate this Letter,—
‘ a proof, not only of my earnest wishes for his suc-
‘ cess, but of my firm conviction that he deserves
‘ to be successful.

‘ I thank you, dear Sir, for your kind Letter,
‘ and on Monday next I shall be with you at B.
‘ I have the honour to be, with great respect,

‘ Your much obliged Friend,

‘ And most humble Servant,

‘ *March 25th, 1802.*’

S. PARR.’

“ Here ends my budget. Nothing else occurs at present. You are at full liberty to make what use you may think proper of what I have communicated.

“ In the bundle of *Letters* you are to receive, you will have new lights thrown upon Parr’s character. I have never seen any of his lighter *Letters*, when the mind is unbent, and the writer is without restraint, and lets you see his inmost soul, and the man without disguise. The *Letters* of Pope, Warburton, Swift, and Hurd, are stiff, and do not shew the real man. But in the *Letters* of Johnson in general, and especially in those to Mrs. Thrale, you have the artless lucubration of an honest, generous, and noble heart, — without disguise, and without hypocrisy.

“ If I have anything more to send about Parr, you may depend upon having it. I am sensible that what I have sent you from time to time, is all true ; and however meagre, still it may afford you materials, upon which to enlarge, as occasion may require. I am anxious for the speedy appearance of your work, because the small two-penny book, to which I have alluded, and others are not only to be regretted, but may damp the ardour of the public for more general and respectable biography. I hope the Doctor’s *Works* will contain ALL, and I hope that the Executors will not omit the *Sequel*.

“ Now, my good Sir, I congratulate you on at length coming to an end of a long and tedious *Epistle*. I have complied with your requests to the best of my power, and sincerely lament that my efforts are not better worthy your acceptance, and more conducive to your benefit in the prosecution of your work. May health and happiness and success attend yourself, and family, and all your honest undertakings! I speak in sincerity; for, as the friend of Parr, you must be a good man. And what more than that I conclude with my signature, and the usual, but in this instance not complimentary phraseology?

‘ Your friend and admirer,

* * *

“ Nov. 7th, 1826.

“ I have at last been able to get at my papers, and find that I have more MSS. by Parr to send you than I expected. I am so bewildered by the multiplicity of papers before me, that I hardly know what to select first in preference. *Impri- mis*: the Testimonial from the great Doctor in my favour. As a composition, it possesses such superlative excellence, and so great is my own interest in the preservation of so highly flattering a paper, that I cannot prevail upon myself to trust a document, to me of infinite value, to the precarious mode of conveyance by coach, of

through the medium of friends. I, therefore, to satisfy my own fears, and to ensure its security, shall in this sheet send you an exact and literal copy : —

‘ Hatton, May 2, 1802.

‘ Gentlemen,

‘ Though I have not the honour to be personally acquainted with you, yet I trust that you will excuse the liberty I take in bearing my sincere and decided testimony to the character of Mr. —, who is now a candidate for the vacant Chapel of H. I am happy and proud to call him my friend ; for I have heard his public instructions, — I have been pleased by his private conversation. Therefore I know the purity of his principles upon subjects the most interesting to the honour of the Established Church, and to the influence of religion upon the understandings and the hearts of those, by whom it is reverentially considered as the rule of their actions, and the foundation of their hopes.

‘ With unfeigned and serious approbation I have long observed his diligence and zeal in the discharge of his clerical duties. They have impressed me more strongly, because they were unaccompanied with selfish views, or ostentatious display ; because they were uniformly

‘ directed to the improvement both of the rich,
 ‘ and of the poor, and above all, because they
 ‘ were enforced by the authority of virtuous and
 ‘ ample.

‘ Few Clergymen have more deservedly, and
 ‘ more extensively obtained the esteem of their
 ‘ hearers, and the confidence of their friends; and
 ‘ sure I am that, if Mr. — should be thought
 ‘ worthy of your support, his good sense, his
 ‘ good manners, the uprightness of his intentions,
 ‘ and the activity of his exertions, will amply
 ‘ justify your choice, as well as my own recom-
 ‘ mendation.

‘ I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

‘ With great respect,

‘ Your most obedient humble Servant,

SAMUEL PARR.’

‘ To the Trustees of the Chapel of H. S.’

“ There, Sir, though it be only a transcript,
 its internal evidence testifies its authenticity.
 For the author must be *aut Parr aut Diabolus* !”

* [When my learned friend, the Rev. Thomas Kidd, now
 Master of Wymondham-School, was a candidate for the Mas-
 tership of Lynn-School, Dr. Parr thus powerfully and justly
 urged Mr. Kidd’s claims in a *Letter* addressed to a friend, who
 has obligingly favoured me with the extract : —

“ July 1, 1818. You well know the interests, which I take
 in the cause of education, and the length of time, during
 which I was myself employed as a teacher of youth. You

“ I have studied, with some degree of attention, the genius and gradual history of the English Language, and do not hesitate to say that by Johnson and Parr it has been brought to its present high state of perfection. Johnson at times astounds by his awful solemnity : Parr captivates, delights, enraptures his reader by sudden bursts of heavenly splendour, never before beheld by will, therefore, in my name, respectfully communicate to the electors of Lynn-School the testimonial I am going to bear to the merits of Mr. Kidd, as a candidate for the Mastership now vacant.

“ I can from direct personal knowledge assure the electors that Mr. Kidd is one of the best scholars in this kingdom. His acquaintance with the writings of the most celebrated critics is very extensive ; his judgment on their comparative excellencies is correct ; his memory is ready and exact on the most abstruse questions of philology. His erudition far exceeds what, in the ordinary course of instruction, can be required from the Head-Masters even of Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow. He was highly esteemed by the late Professor Porson, and by our common friend, Dr. Charles Burney. He has deservedly obtained the praise of scholars, English and Foreign, by his publications, — some valuable writings of Ruhnken, which he has edited, and on which his notes are judicious, — some writings of Porson, which he has occasionally illustrated, and the famous book of Richard Dawes, to which he has made some useful additions, which do credit to his learning and acuteness. I have to add that his manners are quite unaffected, his temper mild, and the general character of his mind ingenuous and benevolent.”

Mr. Kidd was elected, and in all probability this *Letter* secured his election. E. H. B.]

mortal eye. In the style of Parr there is a greater variety and originality ; he has twisted our language into an endless diversity of fascinating delusions ; he has made it express more than ever Johnson did. General utility predominates in the Johnsonian scale ; he balances his sentences with the nicest accuracy. So also does our Grecian sage ; but he often makes one scale kick the beam by his sudden corruscations of wit, his matchless union of Athenian elegance with English manliness, of Spartan simplicity with English policy and English liberty. But I check my pen : I am swerving from the point, which ought alone to direct me."

[The subject was thus resumed in the *Letter* dated Dec. 15, 1826. E. H. B.]

" Parr certainly had read more, and was consequently conversant with more and various writers. These he retained, and seems to have quoted them with ease. He had, beyond all comparison, more classical learning. Here he was quite at home ; and had used playfully to say — '*Porson is the first Greek scholar ; I am the second.*' Their hearts — it is not so easy to speak upon this topic. When we speak of a man's heart, we include his moral and religious conduct, and necessarily must refer to much secret feeling and private principle : it is difficult to ascertain these with certainty, in some instances

not at all. Both abounded with the milk of human kindness ; both liberal with their purse, and that too at a time when they were harassed with poverty ; and both ever ready to assist their literary friends with advice and the pen. Of their writings, I think it must be allowed that Johnson is more generally useful, because he is more intelligible to common minds. Not so Parr : — he is almost always to be considered as a scholar writing to scholars. Of their style, Johnson, with all his gloomy notions, has showed more wit than Parr. In his *Rambler* he is serious, solemn, and awful. The papers want to be enlivened by variety and lighter subjects, such as are exhibited in the *Idler*. I do not say that he knew human life better than Parr ; but he has certainly given us numberless specimens of real life in endless variety. In this respect Parr is certainly his inferior. In reading Parr I do not remember that he ever excited a smile, never but once a laugh, and that was in the *Sequel* : as he returned from the interview at Dr. Marsh's at Coventry, (I think that was his name,) he amused himself by drawing a comparison between *Peeping Charles*, (Curtis,) and *Peeping Tom of Coventry*.* In their

* [" On Monday the 7th of November," says Dr. Parr p. 32. edn. 2d. " I went to Coventry, where I found that Mr. C. had caused his paper to be circulated, and, upon this occasion, I hope to be excused for a little relaxation of my gravity, when

characters these men differed widely. Johnson, unless when excited by some external means, was always morose and gloomy ; Parr had nothing of this, but was always cheerful. Each had his peculiarities : in Johnson we see perpetually occurring an unreasonable, ridiculous prejudice against the Scotch, which his better sense rejected : the foibles of Parr consisted of political antipathies — to be a friend of Pitt was sure to incur the thunder of Parr's vengeance. To do him justice, it must be allowed that Parr had more liberality than Johnson with respect to our Universities ; he was the steady, uniform champion of both.”*

I tell my reverend brother of a harmless conceit, which played around my fancy, as I was passing from the town, and for which a reader, who has seen Mr. Curtis's statement, will easily account, without being very profoundly versed in Hartly's doctrine of association. It struck me, then, that our reverend inspector, (*i. e.* of Dr. Priestley's *Letters*.) felt more than an ordinary degree of satisfaction in sending that statement to a place, where his favourite passion of curiosity is brought home to the recollection of the multitude, by an annual celebrity in honour of a well-known lady, who could not escape the peering eyes of a well-known cobbler. Now the love of posthumous fame is common to all men ; the cause of the Rector of St. Martin's is more popular than that of the Coventry-hero ; and who knows but that the good people at Birmingham may be persuaded to reward the zeal of their pastor by instituting a rival procession to the memory of *Peeping Charles* ?”]

* [On Jan. 3, 1828. a very enlightened friend, with whose

[In these communications from my intelligent correspondent, there has been much reference to the conduct of the Rector towards the writer, his Curate, and also towards Dr. Parr on one particular occasion, and therefore it may be proper to introduce the following quotations from two *Letters* of Dr. Parr addressed to the Curate, but without any date of the year, in which they were written:—

opinions on this subject I do not agree, wrote thus to me:—
 “Parr’s literary celebrity was not great; those, who took an interest in him, were not numerous; his observations were mostly confined to books and literary characters; his colloquial powers were rather shewn by brilliancy of language than depth of thought, or remarks, ingenious or profound, on life and manners. In all these respects he differed from Dr. Johnson. He, therefore, attracted much less of the attention of the public. Hence biographical notices of him, and of what he did or said, should be on a smaller scale. I believe the *Philopatris Varricensis* had at most a limited sale: yet Fox was the subject, and Parr the writer. I spent some time in Norwich and its neighbourhood soon after Dr. Parr quitted that city: much was said of his merciless severities to his scholars.”
 (On this topic, one of Dr. Parr’s Norwich-pupils, whose *Recollections* have been given in an earlier part of this work, has written copiously and satisfactorily.) “I have often heard that Dr. Charles Burney and Mr. Porson did not think highly of Dr. Parr’s knowledge of the Greek language. I observed in my conversations with him that nothing fell from him, which shewed he had been a constitutional reader, or that he was much conversant with the writings of the ancient Greek Fathers. I never remarked his saying in company what was offensive, except too gross abuse of his present Majesty. His high eulogium of Queen Caroline was childish.” E. H. B.]

"Jan. 31. Most assuredly I shall always be interested in the happiness of so worthy a man as yourself, and therefore I was very anxious to know the result of your correspondence, and your conference with a certain person. Your description of the interview is animated, and your remarks upon it are just. I rejoice at the increase of your income, and I approve of the spirit, with which you asserted your claims. I know, my friend, that if hostility or coldness be the consequence, the blame will not lie with you, and perhaps I am glad that a person who, like yourself, having the best intentions, is unlikely to suspect duplicity or meanness in others, has had a fresh opportunity for penetrating, through the veil of ostentatious and artificial politeness, into the real character of a specious and bowing priest. As to the incivility, of which he spoke, when we accidentally met in the vestry, you know from immediate observation, and of course you will take care to state upon proper occasions, that I am a man *more sinned against than sinning*. I once received him at my house with great politeness — I have never intentionally given him offence — I have spoken of him with respect in a well-known and well-received publication, and surely under all these circumstances I was entitled to more courtesy than I experienced. I do not, however, complain, but am

anxious only to prove that I have done nothing worthy of censure."

In a second *Letter*, dated *May* 13th, Dr. Parr writes : — " I am afraid nothing has been done for the melody of your steeple, and when you retire, there may be much talk, but there will be very little exertion for the good of the Church. My mind is very deeply impressed with the loss of that illustrious man, Dr. Johnstone of Worcester. Keep up your spirits, and remember that what has passed between you and your Rector, will add materially to your knowledge of mankind, — will teach you to distinguish between plausible appearances and solid realities, — and will enable you to set a right value on that calmness of mind, and dignity of character, which are the proper rewards of sincerity and firmness, such as belong to yourself." E. H. B.]

" *Nov.* 7, 1826.

" I have a glorious historical anecdote to send of the unhappy end of a pupil of the Doctor's, whose life was sacrificed to the laws of his country, for the murder of his intended wife's father in a sudden paroxysm of phrensy. You must know the whole of the story ; but you had it not, like myself and K., told *con amore* by the Doctor. The *minutiæ* of detail, — the perturbed agitation of the narrator's feelings, — his varied

and expressive action, — the long, procrastinated pause, — the deeply impressive emphasis, — the bursts of indignant passion, — his acute knowledge of human nature, as exemplified in his artful endeavours to elicit certain particulars from the poor, hapless, condemned criminal, — his description of the celebration of the Eucharist, but ten minutes before the final exit, — all, all was told in a manner so simple, and at the same time so nervously and so impressively, that it would have done honour to Garrick and Siddons in the zenith of their splendour.”

“ Account of the Trial and Death of a young Gentleman, a quondam-Pupil of Dr. Parr. My wife thinks his name was Oliver ; but I know not for certain.

“ K. and I called one morning upon Parr at ———. He was alone, and in a pleasant, communicative humour. I know not what led to the subject, but so it was. ‘ Sir, he was a pupil, ‘ whom I ardently loved : had he been my own ‘ child, he could not have been more dear to me. ‘ He was on the eve of marriage, and was visiting ‘ at the lady’s house. Preliminaries were all settled. John and his intended father-in-law had ‘ passed the morning with their dogs and guns. ‘ Summoned by the dinner-bell, they return to ‘ the Hall. As they walk up an avenue or terrace, without a previous word of anger or mis-

‘ understanding, John turns short upon the old
‘ gentleman, and in a moment shoots him dead
‘ upon the spot. He immediately walks through
‘ the house, goes to the nearest magistrate, con-
‘ fesses and surrenders. He was tried at Stafford
‘ in the Church ; for it was at the time when the
‘ new jail was being built. We did all in our
‘ power to save him ; but many obstacles were
‘ against him. His having been a pupil of mine
‘ was enough to brand him as a Jacobin ; it was
‘ at an early period of the Revolution. Well,
‘ Sir, I examined the Jury with all my powers of
‘ discrimination, challenged and rejected several ;
‘ but all our efforts were ineffectual : the Court
‘ was incensed, and determined upon his con-
‘ demnation.

‘ I swore that insanity was in his family, and
‘ that he had been deranged, while under my tu-
‘ tion. Dr. John Johnstone of Birmingham
‘ gave it, as his professional opinion, that no man,
‘ in whose family was derangement, and who had
‘ himself been deranged, ought ever to be con-
‘ sidered as capable of a legal act. *Doctor, is*
‘ *that your professional opinion?* said Judge
‘ Heath. *It is, my Lord. Then let me tell you,*
‘ *Doctor, that I differ from you in toto.* The
‘ public expression stung Dr. Johnstone. He
‘ wrote and published a pamphlet, called *Medical*
‘ *Jurisprudence*, sent a copy to the Judge, who

‘ had the liberality in a reply to confess his error
 ‘ as expressed in Court, and to say that he was
 ‘ a convert to Dr. J. Johnstone’s opinion.

‘ Well, Sir,’ continued Parr, in a state of increasing agitation ; ‘ as he was condemned, all
 ‘ that remained was to endeavour to prevent mischief, and to make his mind for the short remainder of his time as easy and composed as possible. To this end I obtained permission of
 ‘ the Chaplain to attend him officially, and I
 ‘ knew the delicacy of his feelings, and his ardent spirit, that, if the Chaplain had attempted
 ‘ to talk to him in the usual way, he would have
 ‘ done mischief.

‘ I obtained permission, and attended. Oh, it
 ‘ was a most heart-rending interview ! I assumed
 ‘ a gay vivacity, ill according with the sorrows of
 ‘ my heart. We were as cheerful as ever, as if
 ‘ nothing had happened, — talk upon various, in-
 ‘ different subjects, and even laugh heartily. But
 ‘ it was time to be serious. Well now, Jack, an
 ‘ end to trifling. I know the high tone of your
 ‘ mind, and that you will not submit to the ignominy of a public execution. I wish to consult you upon the best expedient to anticipate
 ‘ the executioner. Whatever you may do, take care
 ‘ not to involve your keeper, as guilty of negligence ; for he must pass the night in the
 ‘ room with you. I soon saw I had gained his

‘ confidence, and I knew he would not deceive
‘ me. He then pointed to the cuff of his coat.
‘ *Doctor, I have here concealed a lancet, with*
‘ *which I mean to open the jugular vein.* That
‘ will do, that will do, Jack. But do not do it till I
‘ have seen you again, which will be to-morrow.
‘ This he promised : I was satisfied. The conver-
‘ sation then resumed its former cheerfulness. I
‘ did not at that time venture to obtrude serious
‘ and religious subjects ; for I was fearful, lest I
‘ should vex and depress him.

‘ The next day our interview was cheerful, and
‘ similar to that of the preceding day. I waited
‘ a considerable time to see whether he would
‘ advert to his present unhappy situation ; but
‘ no, not a word. It was time, therefore for me
‘ to begin. My plan of operation required much
‘ prudence and gentleness. My first object was
‘ to prevent the act of suicide. My dear fellow,
‘ reflect that by such a deed you would totally
‘ blast your character, — though under temporary
‘ degradation, you have still a character, — have
‘ many, many friends, who love and respect you :
‘ all these you will by such a deed distress and
‘ offend. Your remains will be dishonoured :
‘ hence another source of sorrow. It may mate-
‘ rially affect your property. It will confirm the
‘ public opinion of the reality of your Jacobin-
‘ ism, and consequently of your infidelity. No,

‘ no, Jack — this will never do — you must
‘ shew your patriotism by dutiful submission
‘ to the offended laws of your country. And
‘ then, Sir, I did not omit the more weighty
‘ arguments to be deduced from the Christian
‘ code. I did not forget that I had to sus-
‘ tain the character of a Christian priest. With
‘ affection, with solemnity, and with pathos, I
‘ depicted the example of the willing submis-
‘ sion of him, who knew no sin, and yet suffered
‘ an ignominious death. My own awakened sen-
‘ sibilities roused him into a state of evident emo-
‘ tion — he wept and sobbed. I was not less af-
‘ fected ; for I felt a reciprocal impression of my
‘ own precepts upon my own breast. After pas-
‘ sion had subsided, he looked at me, — put his
‘ hand to his sleeve, took out the concealed lan-
‘ cet, — snapped it to pieces in a moment, —
‘ threw it down, and added : *I give you my ho-*
‘ *nour, Dr. Parr, that I will not do it* : I was sa-
‘ tisfied, and said no more on the painful subject.

‘ And now, Sir, on the next day came the final
‘ trial. It was necessary that he should join in
‘ the celebration of the holy Communion. But
‘ this was too much for me to attempt. No, no
‘ — my heart was already bleeding. I could not
‘ have administered : the disturbed state of my
‘ mind would have most unseasonably agitated
‘ and discomposed him. I therefore called in

‘ the regular Chaplain, and communicated with
‘ them. After I had received the elements, and
‘ he had taken the bread, I ventured to take hold
‘ of his hand, gently pressed it, and had courage
‘ to look at his face. The tears were rolling
‘ down his cheeks.’ Here Parr was dread-
fully agitated, — walking impetuously, — rolling
in various directions, — now he resumed his
seat, — crossed one leg over the knee of the
other, — tapt it with a more and more quickened
motion, — at length with a tremulous voice he
repeated: ‘ Yes, Sir, the tears were fast rolling
‘ down his cheeks, and — and — and in ten mi-
‘ nutes he was gone!’

“ He pronounced these words in a loud, ago-
nized tone, such as would reverberate over the
house. We were astounded, and unable to speak,
nay, so paralysed with fear, as to be afraid to
speak. We looked at each other, and then at the
Doctor, and with little or nothing said, bowed
respectfully and left.

“ The scene exhibited this morning was one
of the most impressive I had ever witnessed.
Though so many years have intervened, it is still
vividly enforced on my imagination. It raised
him higher in my estimation as a man, than any
other feature I had observed in his character.
The solemnity of the subject, — the deep inten-
sity of his grief, — his knowledge of character, —

the happy success of his manœuvering to extort from the poor young man his secret design, the cogency of his arguments to prevent it, all proclaim at once the greatness of his mind, and the gentle benevolence of his heart. I have given you a faithful detail — it is cold and meagre.

“ Neither Garrick, nor Kemble, nor Siddons, could have done the recital so much justice. They would have acted a feigned part, — displayed a perturbed and agitated bosom ; but in Parr it was the reality of nature faithfully delineated — it was unpremeditated, and therefore undesigned. Here was the living man, at once a Raphael and a Garrick, without the servility of an imitator ; original in each department, and in each superior to all ! ”

[The circumstances here so interestingly and vividly detailed are not mentioned by Mr. Field, in his *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.*, where (p. 373.) he gives the following account ; nor does he represent Mr. Oliver to have been a pupil of the Doctor : —

“ Early in the year 1797, the attention of Dr. Parr, in consequence of the representations of some common friend, was drawn to the melancholy case of Mr. Oliver, a surgeon of great respectability at Burslem, in Staffordshire ; who

appears to have been remarkably distinguished by serious religious principle and correct moral conduct, by mild and benevolent dispositions, and pleasing and engaging manners. This unfortunate gentleman had paid his addresses to Miss Wood, the daughter of a considerable potter, in that neighbourhood ; and his proposals were favourably received by herself, and were approved, at first, by her father and her friends. Afterwards, however, Mr. Wood thought proper, for reasons, which do not appear, to withdraw his consent, and to forbid all further intercourse between the parties. The disappointment preyed upon a mind subject, in a high degree, to morbid irritability ; and in the anguish of his spirit, Mr. Oliver was urged on to the dreadful resolution of destroying himself. For that purpose, and, as he always affirmed, for that purpose only, he borrowed pistols, cast bullets, and proceeded with all the cool deliberation, which in such cases is not uncommon.

“ On the morning of the day, which he had fixed for the last of his life, he went to the house of Mr. Wood, with two loaded pistols concealed about his person ; and having obtained an interview with that gentleman in the presence of his clerk, Mr. Bathwell, he inveighed, in strong terms, against the wrong and the cruelty of first encouraging, and then, for no just cause, reject-

ing his proposals to his daughter. He was heard with indifference, or with contempt; when — continuing his remonstrance with increasing warmth — he vehemently declared that his life was become insupportable; and finally protested that he was determined to die, and to die at that very instant, in that very house. In a moment, eagerly and hurriedly, he drew out one of his pistols; and presented it, with the butt-end, to Mr. Wood, passionately imploring death at his hands. Mr. Wood, perhaps, considering the whole as an attempt to terrify him, pushed away the pistol, with some expressions, either of cutting reproach, or of sneering insult. All this was more than Mr. Oliver, in the high-wrought, half-frenzied state of his mind, could bear. He was stung, as he himself said, almost to madness; and, in the moment of extreme irritation, reversed his pistol, and fired. Mr. Wood fell, mortally wounded. The wretched perpetrator, struck with horror at his own dreadful and unpremeditated deed, instantaneously pulled out his second pistol; and, in the very act of dispatching himself, was seized, disarmed, but overpowered by Mr. Bathwell. Then, exclaiming, ‘Oh! what have I done!’ — ‘what misery have I brought upon this family and upon myself!’ — he sat down in a agony of grief and distraction, passively waiting the arrival of the officers of justice.

“ He was committed for trial, to Stafford-Jail. There, in consequence of his own earnest solicitation, he was visited by Dr. Parr; to whom he disclosed all the circumstances of his case, with an urgent request that the whole might be put into a form of defence, to be read at his trial. The request, with every assurance of compassionate concern, was granted.

“ Dr. Parr, on his return to Hatton, summoned to his aid the present writer as an amanuensis; and for the greater part of two days, and almost the whole of the intervening night, they were occupied in arranging and preparing the proposed defence. He, who now records the affecting story, well remembers Dr. Parr’s distressful feelings on the occasion, and his devoted attention to the task, in which he so benevolently engaged. All the powers of his mind seemed to be stretched in full and vigorous action. In the midst of his labours, as if to excite himself to the greatest exertion, he often exclaimed, ‘Ah! let us do our best!’ — ‘It is a work of justice, as well as of compassion.’ — ‘Let us struggle to save, if not the life, at least the character, of an unfortunate, more than a guilty man.’ In the course of the second day the defence was completed. The facts of the case were detailed in a clear and striking manner: much strong reasoning, and many forcible observations were introduced; and the whole

was skilfully directed to the point of proving a case of that extreme provocation, to which the lenient spirit of the English law extends merciful indulgence, imputing the crime to infirmity rather than malignity ; and instead of wilful murder, construing it into the milder offence of manslaughter. The closing appeal to those, on whose verdict the awful sentence of life or death depended, was powerfully pathetic, and reminded the writer of a similar address, composed by Dr. Johnson, for the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.

“ The defence, thus anxiously prepared, was, however, not called for. Though a strong case of gross provocation was fairly made out, yet, on careful reconsideration, under legal advice, it was thought, that resting as it did, almost entirely on the statement of the accused, unsupported by other evidence, it would fail of producing the intended effect. It was finally determined, therefore, to change the ground of defence into a plea of insanity ; for which, it was believed, that sufficient evidence would be found, in the fact of hereditary mental malady, and in the deranged state of the prisoner’s mind, during his confinement, and some time before it, as attested by the evidence of his servants, several of his friends and neighbours, and especially by that of two eminent physicians, Dr. Arnold of Leicester, and Dr. E. Johnstone of Birmingham. The plea,

so supported, did not, however, avail. The accused was found guilty and received sentence of death.*

“ Dr. Parr arrived at Stafford a day or two before the commencement of the trial ; and passed almost all his time in visiting, advising, and consoling the unhappy man ; and when every hope of life was extinguished, he exerted all his remaining efforts in administering to him the supports of friendly sympathy and of religious consolation. He passed with him almost the whole of his last day, and nearly the whole of his last night.

“ His behaviour, as Dr. Parr often related, was, to an astonishing degree, calm, collected, and even cheerful ; except when, indeed, his unfortunate attachment was alluded to, either by himself or others ; for then he was greatly agitated — his countenance was convulsed — and his whole appearance completely maniacal. But at other times, he had generally the look, and even the smile of complacency, and seemed not to feel the least wish for life, nor the least dread of death. He acknowledged the criminality of the act, as the effect of sudden and ungovernable passion ; but utterly and steadily repelled the imputation of every thing like preconceived malice, or premeditated design. Having retired

* “ See the *Trial*, published at Stafford.”

for a few hours, long after midnight, Dr. Parr returned once more to his unhappy charge, early on the morning of execution; assisted him in the last awful preparations; accompanied him to the foot of the scaffold; and there took of him a solemn and affectionate leave. The unhappy man died with perfect composure and submission; and never after was his name mentioned by Dr. Parr, but with deep commiseration for his fate, intermingled with regret, which all must feel for his crime."

In a *Letter* now lying before me, dated *August 22, 1797*. Dr. Parr writes thus: — "I shall this very morning set off for Staffordshire, to assist at a trial, where the accused person has little chance of justice in consequence of the political prejudices, that have gone forth against him. He is charged with murder. But the real ground of his offence is, that he used to drink Fox's health, — that he condemned the war, — and that some writings of Tom Paine were found in his house, when he had been committed to prison. He has a most excellent character, and his principles, both moral and religious, are very sound. I am sure, *quite* sure, that he is a maniac. His grandfather and his aunts were maniacs. Two of his sisters have shewn symptoms of maniacal hallucination, and the whole of his conduct, from disappointed love, is marked

with insanity. I think he will be condemned, and shall try to instruct and comfort him in his last moments. I have most rigorously explored his mind, and I am quite at ease about his doom at a higher tribunal. This office of humanity will prevent me from looking into your book till my return ; and you, who love practical virtue, will pardon the delay."

In a *Letter*, dated *March 21*, (1797.) which Dr. Parr addressed to the late R. B. Sheridan, Esq., and with the loan of which I was yesterday (*March 2*, 1828,) favoured by his youngest and only surviving son, (and my zealous, and active, and intelligent, and acute fellow-labourer in promoting the Greek Cause,) Charles Brinsley Sheridan, Esq., occur the following words : —

" I must call in your aid to the case of Mr. Oliver, who is in Stafford-Jail for killing a Mr. Wood, under circumstances, in which you and I in all probability should have done the same. There never was a more distressing case to sentiment, a more venial case in morals, or a more dubious case in law. He is next week to be tried by Judge Lawrence ; and Lawrence, with a very good understanding, is in the first class of those judges, who are not scholars, — not citizens, — not philosophers, — not Christians, — not men, but short-sighted, and sharp-sighted, and flinty-hearted lawyers. Now Wood, the person killed,

was a Methodist ; and Methodists unite the language of saints with the tempers of fiends. They are not social, but gregarious, and as they wage war against the common sense and common feelings of mankind, they make common cause among themselves upon all occasions. Monkeys imitate men, and in the same way sectarian tribes imitate that form of a commonwealth, which one of these seven Greek sages recommended, and in which the leading rule was, — wrong done to one citizen should be punished and resented by all. When Oliver had been sent to prison, an impertinent and unprincipled attorney went to his house without any authority, and with the intention of taking it for his brother, who might succeed Oliver in his business as a surgeon. To secure the succession, it was necessary to get Oliver hanged, and to get Oliver hanged was more easy by first rousing the hue and cry against his character as a *Painite* : he found *Paine's Age of Reason* in the house. The law-child of Beelzebub joined forces with the Gospel-brood of Satan ; and the story ran like wild-fire. It was sent to London-Newspapers, and to many County-Newspapers, and even to the *Monthly-Magazine*. What the law prescribes for such enormities, I know not ; but the Gospel, I thank heaven, gives them no countenance. However, the consequences are serious. Oliver at first

was treated very civilly in the jail. But, when the tale about Paine's book got wind, the magistrates, who think a *Painite* much blacker than a murderer, took the alarm, and one of them, whose name I will tell you when it is safe, sent an order to the jailer to treat Mr. Oliver according to the rules of the jail. It is true that Oliver has always opposed the war ; — it is not true that he is an irreligious, or an immoral man. But the effect of this calumny is so wide and so strong, that his friends mean to ground upon it an application to the Judge to defer the trial till this storm is blown over. Now, my dear Sir, if you are acquainted with any sensible and worthy magistrates in Staffordshire, I entreat you, for heaven's sake, to interpose ; but you must do so *warily* ; for in this, as in other matters, we cannot complain of persecution without irritating the persecutors. If with caution, — the utmost caution, — you can serve us, pray do."

In a postscript to the *Letter*, Dr. Parr adds : — " Help Oliver, pray do. Can you assist in a *Petition*, if he is condemned ? Mrs. Sheridan would weep, if she knew half of what I know about this melancholy case." On the cover of the *Letter*, to crown the deed of mercy, he pathetically adds : — " I conjure Mr. Sheridan to read this *Letter* immediately — it is a question of life and death."

Mr. Buckingham's *Athenæum*, Jan. 9, 1828.

quotes the above-cited words, and subjoins:—
 “ We have to add, of our own knowledge, that the mother of the unhappy man lived many years after his execution, and that her friends succeeded in keeping her ignorant, through life, of the circumstance of her son’s unfortunate end.”

In further illustration of Dr. Parr’s humane conduct on such occasions, I may cite the case of Masters, the Hatton-Organist. My excellent and enlightened friend, the Rev. Dr. Wade of Warwick, in a *Letter* dated 40 *Tavistock-Street, Covent-Garden, London, Jan. 1, 1828.* writes thus to me:—

“ I have obtained from the Rev. John Kendall all the papers I mentioned to you in my last *Letter*. They are sent herewith, and it gives me great pleasure to be able to procure you them, as I think the papers valuable as to the following objects, viz. shewing Dr. Parr’s character in a pre-eminent point of view over Dr. Johnson’s. The former wrote a speech for poor Dr. Dodd; the latter for the boy named *Masters*; Dr. Johnson had the applause of all the world; Dr. Parr was satisfied with the approbation of his God and his conscience. Again, the *Letter*, dictated by Dr. Parr, is a compendium of all the best feelings, that can animate a neighbour,—a Christian—a Christian pastor. While he speaks of his unfortunate Organist, his soul seems filled

with heavenly harmony, and if one or two severe passages, (' the same punishment hangeth over the head of another base, mischievous, calumnious, and perfidious ingrate,') occur, they are no less true to nature ; for the very flats in the musical scale, which of themselves are discordant, yet when placed in a flood of melody, are resting-places to enable the understanding to overtake and join with the spirit of love."

My kind friend, the Rev. John Kendall, in a *Letter* dated *Warwick, Jan. 16, 1228.* communicated to me the following particulars : — "The crime of Masters, the Hatton-Organist, was burglary. He and a simple ploughboy, whom he had drawn in to accompany him, broke, in the dead of night, into the mansion of Lord Dormer at Grove-Park, then occupied by Mr. Arundel, and carried off some articles of no great value, belonging to the Miss Arundels. Lord Dormer, Dr. Parr, and myself appeared to his character. The youth, being found guilty, received sentence of death, which, through the lenity of the Judge, was commuted into one year's imprisonment. Shortly after the expiration of that term, he enlisted into the army, and became one of the Band. His parents have left this neighbourhood, and I have heard nothing of him since."

Masters, when called upon to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, was di-

rected by Dr. Parr ‘ to fall upon his knees, and
 ‘ slowly and seriously pronounce the underwrit-
 ‘ ten words :

‘ My Lord,

‘ I do not presume to find fault with
 ‘ the verdict given by the Jury. I gratefully ac-
 ‘ knowledge the candour and tenderness of Mr.
 ‘ Arundel in his evidence. I most humbly im-
 ‘ plore mercy from your Lordship. I deeply
 ‘ feel the guilt of my own behaviour ; and I most
 ‘ sincerely hope that, with the assistance of God
 ‘ Almighty, I shall in future prove myself a pe-
 ‘ nitent not unworthy of pardon at his awful tri-
 ‘ bunal, — make amends to society for the wrongs
 ‘ I have already done, — and, by a course of so-
 ‘ briety, industry, and honesty, shew myself truly
 ‘ thankful for that lenity, which in your wisdom
 ‘ it may be the good pleasure of your Lordship to
 ‘ grant to a misguided and most afflicted youth.’

This address was, I believe, published at the
 time in the *Warwick-Advertiser*.

The *Letter* of Dr. Parr above referred to, of
 which a copy is now lying before me, is address-
 ed to the Rev. Dr. Bridges, and dated *Hatton*,
May 18, 1816. I shall present to the reader that
 portion of it, which relates to the unfortunate
 convict in question : —

“ Knowing the humane and truly Christian
 interest, which you take in the case of our young

mis-guided Organist, I have now to inform you, that all my endeavours to avert a capital indictment were frustrated, not so much by the rapacity of the Birmingham-thieftaker, prowling for a large reward, as by the cool malignity of a certain magistrate, and the weakness of the prosecutors in suffering themselves to be influenced by the perverse and spiteful suggestions of a certain professor of patriotism and philanthropy ; — that the attempts of the judge to obtain a verdict not for the burglary, which he said was imperfectly proved, but for the larceny, which was proved clearly, were defeated by the vulgar stupidity of the jury ; — that sentence of death was passed upon the poor lad, while his wicked associate escaped with impunity ; — that Mr. Arundel, in all probability said something favourable to Baron Richards ; — that I wrote to him earnestly, explicitly, solemnly ; — that his answer was replete with good sense and lenity ; — that he informed me confidentially of the commutation, which he intended to propose to the Prince Regent ; — and that yesterday an official order arrived, not for sending the offender to Botany-Bay, but for imprisoning him one year in the house of correction. These glad tidings I have to day communicated to the parents, as I yesterday did to the boy, and the communication was accompanied by most serious advice. Your heart will be glad-

dened, not only by his escape from death and transportation, but by the testimony I bear to his deep and unfeigned penitence, to the kind exertions and religious instructions of the parochial priest, Mr. Kendall, and to the meritorious wisdom and exemplary tenderness of the Gaoler and his excellent wife, who have anxiously separated Masters from the society of felons, employed him in various kinds of easy manual labour, checked every approach even to folly, encouraged every symptom of returning virtue, and appointed him to be the teacher of 10 or 12 young offenders, who yesterday in my hearing read very correctly, answered questions upon spiritual subjects, and on their bended knees chaunted the praises of that God, whose name they had formerly profaned, or to whose holy will their heads and hearts had been long strangers. Oh, Dr. and Mrs. Bridges, I wish you had been with me at the awful and instructive scene! I cherish the hope that you will console and instruct young Masters, when you visit him in the prison, and this is a Christian duty, which both of you will be glad to perform."

Mr. James Sharp, in a *Letter*, dated *Priory-Road, Warwick*, Oct. 8, 1827, obligingly made to me the following communication :—

" I learn from Dr. Wade that you are prepar-

ing for the press a work respecting the late Dr. Parr, and thinking the following might not be altogether unacceptable to you, I have subjoined it. It was written on the fly-leaf of a copy of *Nelson's Companion for the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England*, which Dr. Parr, presented to the Governor of the County-Gaol, as a mark of his approbation for his very humane and considerate behaviour to an unhappy convict, (*Masters*,) then in his custody, and once a parishioner of the learned Doctor's: —

‘ As a teacher in the venerable Church of England, and a sincere well-wisher to every class of my fellow Christians, and fellow creatures, I desire Mr. and Mrs. Tatnall to accept this Book for a testimony of the serious approbation, which I feel of their judicious, active, and humane attention to the reasonable comforts, and the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of those young persons, who, by the authority of the laws, are committed to their charge in the County-Gaol of Warwick.

‘ To Sir Samuel Romilly, and other enlightened friends, I shall state my fixed opinion, that the complicated and arduous concerns of a prison are nowhere conducted with more discretion, more vigilance, more benevolence, or a larger share of all the other laudable properties,

‘ by which the Manager of a Gaol can promote
‘ the best purposes of public justice.

‘ SAMUEL PARR,’

‘ *Hatton-Parsonage,*

‘ *Sept. 10, 1816.*’

Many other instances of similar conduct observed by Dr. Parr in similar circumstances might be given ; but the reader is referred to the case of Joseph Gerrald, which will be stated in a subsequent page. E. H. B.]

“ *Febr. 6, 1827.*

“ DEAR SIR,

I feel strong compunction at my procrastinated silence. I am culpable, and sorry for my unjustifiable neglect of you. Now I have resumed the pen, I am somewhat at a loss ; for you have exhausted my stock of *memorabilia* about Parr. I will not say that you resemble the Egyptian task-masters, who required bricks, without affording the proper materials. My materials are meagre and scanty : you must be satisfied with such work as I can manufacture.

“ I am not surprised that Parr’s character should have been so little known, and undervalued. What men do not understand, they do not praise. It is not with philosophers, as with some public characters, such as players, singers, fidlers, and dancers. Here fools are carried down

the stream of fashion, loving and admiring what is above their comprehension, and what is in itself really contemptible. Besides, there is, you know, such a faculty as taste. The different pursuits of men necessarily lead the mind into a diversity of opposite reflections. Prejudice and personal feeling have no small weight in the estimation of character. Politics and party-spirit sadly bias and gangrene the mind. These, and a thousand causes, operate on our consideration of character.

“Your correspondent appears actuated by vanity in his views of Parr and Mackintosh. He superior to Parr in argument? He either has not read, or does not understand our beloved philosopher. I have just finished the *Sequel*. Even in that strange medley of a work, in which the reader might expect to find nothing more than a deserved chastisement of folly and impertinence, are to be found, and that not here and there, thinly scattered, but blazing excellencies, such a rich display of splendid eloquence, and such profound reasoning on political subjects, as have no equal from any other pen. Is proof wanted? Look at the character given of Dr. Martin Routh.* Poor

* [“The same has been my conduct,” says Dr. Parr (p. 109. ed. 2d.) to Dr. Martin Routh, President of Magdalen-College, Oxford — Let me pause at the mention of this venerable name. Amidst the dreary prospect, which lies before me, when I am

Curtis viewed in contrast, how keen the satire, how merited the castigation! Scholarship with him is out of the question. One of his Curates once gagged him, as he was indulging in a pompous panegyrick of the Church, and virulent abuse of the Dissenters: ‘Stop, stop, Charles, ‘no more of this infuriated zeal—do you see yonder Spire? (Saint Martin’s.) Born and bred as ‘you were a Presbyterian, it was that Spire, which

to return to Mr. Curtis, I find myself refreshed with the recollection of Dr. Routh; and why should I deny myself the satisfaction I must feel in saying of him here, what of such a man I should say everywhere, with equal justice, and with equal triumph? The friendship of this excellent person, believe me, reader, will ever be ranked by me among the sweetest consolations and the proudest ornaments of my life. He, in the language of Milton, (see the *Sonnet to Mr. Lawrence*), is ‘the virtuous son of a virtuous father,’ whose literary attainments are respected by every scholar, to whom he is known,—whose exemplary virtues shed a lustre on that Church, in which they have not been rewarded,—and whose grey hairs will never descend to the grave, but amidst the blessings of the devout, and the tears of the poor. He fills a station, for which other men are sometimes indebted to the cabals of parties, or to the caprices of fortune, but in which he was himself most honourably placed from the experience his electors had long had of his integrity, and the confidence they reposed in his discernment, in his activity, and in his impartiality. The attachment he professes to academical institutions, proceeds—not less from a sincere conviction of their utility, than from a deep reverence for the wisdom of antiquity in the regulations it has made for preserving the morals of youth, and for promoting the

converted you !' As long as Parr's name is had in honour, so long will his correction of the Rector of St. Martin's be had in grateful remembrance.

" Why, this correspondent of your's is strangely at war with facts. Who could express his thoughts with more strength, and with more precision ? Who could balance with more nicety the varied excellencies of different writers and different characters ? Or play one off against the

cultivation of learning. His government over the affairs of a great and respectable College is active without officiousness, and firm without severity. His independence of spirit is the effect — not of ferocious pride, but of a cool and steady principle, which claims only the respect it is ever ready to pay, and which equally disdains to trample upon subordination, and to crouch before the insolence of power. His correct judgment, his profound erudition, and his various knowledge, are such as seldom fall to the lot of man. His liberality is scarcely surpassed even by his orthodoxy, and his orthodoxy is — not the tumid and fungous excrescence of prejudice, but the sound and mellowed fruit of honest and indefatigable enquiry. In a word, his mind, his whole mind, is decked at once with the purest crystals of simplicity, and the brightest jewels of benevolence and piety.

' His life is gentle, and the elements

' So mix'd in him, that Nature may stand up

' And say to all the world, *This is a man.*'

The reader, if he be a man of letters, and a man of virtue, would perhaps wish me to pursue this digression yet farther ; and, at all events, he will excuse me for detaining him from a dry detail of petty facts, to contemplate for a while so noble a character, as that of Dr. Martin Routh."

other with more humour, or more happy effect?

“ Of his political principles, their uniformity and his disdain to act the courtly parasite, are best testified by the uniform neglect, which he experienced from those in power. He never, like his friend Jemmy, sacrificed his duty to his interest. Dearly as Parr loved his friend Mackintosh, the tender ties, that had so long united them in heart and hand, were dissolved by his abandonment of his former honourable sentiments of action.

“ It is true, Parr did indeed change his opinion upon one subject. When experience convinced him of the mischief, that might arise from the abolition of the Corporation and Test-Acts, he manfully avowed his change, and assigned his reasons.*

Dr. Parr's work was published in 1792, and yet, though in the present year of 1828, the ‘exemplary virtues’ of Dr. Routh still ‘shed a lustre on the Church of England,’ we may nevertheless re-echo the regret of Dr. Parr that ‘in that Church they have not been rewarded.’ E. H. B.]

* [In the *Bibliotheca Parriana* p. 615, is mentioned a work, entitled *The Right of Protestant Dissenters to a complete Toleration*, second Edn. corrected, 1789. On the fly-leaf Dr. Parr has written the following note: — “ This very able book was published on the application of the Dissenters for the repeal of the Test-Act. It has been ascribed to Serjeant Heywood, who probably was assisted by lawyers and dissenting clergymen. It is the only powerful book produced by the ap-

“That he ‘wished the aristocracy to govern the King and the people,’ is a bold assertion, which every work he has published, will abundantly disprove. ‘Praise liberty,’—yes, to be sure, he would, and would soar in its praise with the bold flight of the eagle. Here he was more consistent than his *quondam*-friend; he was no apostate, but practised what he professed.*

plication, and it wrought a total change in Dr. Parr’s mind on the general principle of tests. He always disapproved of the sacramental test, and he now sees the inefficacy and the injustice of all religious tests whatsoever. S. P.” E. H. B.]

* [Two extracts from the *Sequel to a Printed Paper* pp. 51. 53. will sufficiently confirm the statement in the text.

“ ‘The liberty,’ say I with Mr. Burke, the only liberty, ‘I mean, is a liberty connected with order, and that not only exists with order and virtue, but cannot exist at all without them. It inheres in good and steady government, as in its substance and vital principle.’ Burke’s *Appeal* p. 35. ‘To be possessed,’ as Mr. Burke elsewhere says, ‘it must be limited; but it is a good to be improved, not an evil to be lessened. It is not only a private blessing of the first order, but the vital spring and energy of the state itself, which has just so much life and vigour, as there is liberty in it.’ These two passages occur in Mr. Burke’s *Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents* p. 57. 58; and they are very judiciously quoted in Sir Brooke Boothby’s very candid and sensible *Letter to Mr. Burke* p. 92.

“My political creed lies in a short compass, and I will tell it to the reader in better words than my own :

Τοῖς μὲν ἐλευθερία γυγνέσθω μετὰ βασιλικῆς ἀρχῆς,
τοῖς δὲ ἀρχὴ ὑπεύθυνος βασιλική, δεσποζόντων νόμων

" If he was the dupe of Ireland's forgery, upon its detection he was as ready to avow his deception as was Johnson in the affair about Milton.*

τῶν τε ἄλλων πολιτῶν καὶ τῶν βασιλέων αὐτῶν, ἀντιπαράνομον πράττειν. Plato *Epist.* 8. V. 3. p. 366. ed. Serr.

" Such, if I have read to any purpose, is the spirit of the English constitution, and such too the very letter of the English law. *Rex*, says Bracton 2, 16., *sub Deo et lege. Rex habet superiorem Deum, item legem, per quam factus est rex*, etc." E. H. B.]

* ["The testimonies here adduced," says Mr. Ireland, (*Vindication of his Conduct, respecting the Publication of the supposed Shakspeare-MSS., being a Preface or Introduction to a Reply to the Critical Labours of Mr. Malone, in his 'Enquiry into the Authenticity of certain Papers,'* etc. Lond. 1796. 8vo. p. 19.) "it were difficult to resist. But these were not all, by which my conduct was governed in this transaction. I invited to my house all, who wished to gratify their curiosity, by an inspection of the papers. Of these, the greater part consisting of the most celebrated literary characters this age has produced, expressed their opinions, not in the phrase of mere assent, but in the unequivocal language of a full and overflowing conviction. Some were even desirous of subscribing, without solicitation, their names to a certificate, in which their belief might be formally and permanently recorded. The first of this respectable list was the Rev. Dr. Parr. I informed this gentleman, that the late James Boswell, Esq. had requested my permission to annex his name to a certificate, vouching for the validity of the papers, and which he drew up for that purpose. When I shewed the Doctor, at his request, what Mr. Boswell had written the day before, he exclaimed with his characteristic energy and manner, that it was too feebly expressed for the

What was it but sagacity, that enabled him so admirably to criticize the works of Warburton and Hurd ? To separate the chaff from the wheat ?

importance of the subject ; and begged that he might himself dictate to me the following form of a certificate, to which he immediately subscribed his own name, and which afterwards received the signatures of the other respectable characters, that are annexed to it.

‘ We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have, in the presence and by the favour of Mr. Ireland, inspected the ‘ Shakspeare-Papers, and are convinced of their authenticity.’

<i>Samuel Parr</i>	<i>Lauderdale</i>
<i>John Tweddell</i>	<i>Rev. J. Scott</i>
<i>Thomas Burgess</i>	<i>Kinnaird</i>
<i>John Byng</i>	<i>John Pinkerton</i>
<i>James Bindley</i>	<i>Thomas Hunt</i>
<i>Herbert Croft</i>	<i>Henry James Pye</i>
<i>Somerset</i>	<i>Rev. N. Thornbury</i>
<i>Is. Heard, Garter King of Arms</i>	<i>Jon^{rs}. Hewlett, Translator of old Records, Common-Pleas Office, Temple</i>
<i>F. Webb</i>	<i>Mat. Wyatt</i>
<i>R. Valpy.</i>	<i>John Frank Newton.</i>
<i>James Boswell</i>	

“ Mr. Boswell, previous to signing his name, fell upon his knees, and in a tone of enthusiasm and exultation, thanked God, that he had lived to witness this discovery, and exclaimed that he could now die in peace.”

From the *Confessions of William Henry Ireland, containing the Particulars of his Fabrication of the Shakspeare-MSS., together with Anecdotes and Opinions, (hitherto unpublished,) of many distinguished Persons in the Literary, Political, and Theatrical World*, Lond. 1805. 12mo. p. 66. I shall make the following extracts : —

And what but the most refined spirit of criticism could have produced so accurate, and at the same time so pithy a character of our first prose-writers from ‘ the clear and luminous galaxies of imagery

“ DOCTORS PARR AND WARTON ON THE PROFESSION OF
FAITH.

“ Of the persons, who visited Mr. Samuel Ireland, when the manuscripts were not very voluminous, the above gentlemen were among the most conspicuous. On their arrival, Mr. Ireland was alone in his study to receive them ; but, by the desire of the visitants, I was shortly after summoned before them, to answer interrogatories. I confess I had never before felt so much terror, and would almost have bartered my life to have evaded the meeting : there was, however, no alternative, and I was under the necessity of appearing before them. Having replied to their several questionings as to the discovery of the manuscripts and the secretion of the gentleman’s name, one of these two inspectors of the manuscripts addressed me, saying,

‘ Well, young man, the public will have just cause to admire you for the research you have made, which will afford so much gratification to the literary world.’

“ To this panegyric I bowed my head, and remained silent.”

“ PERUSAL OF THE PROFESSION OF FAITH. — While Mr. Ireland read aloud the profession of faith, Doctors Parr and Warton remained silent, paying infinite attention to every syllable, that was pronounced ; while I continued immovable, awaiting to hear their dreaded opinion. This effusion being ended, one of the above gentlemen, (who, as far as my recollection can recal the circumstance, I believe to have been Dr. Parr,) thus addressed himself to Mr. Ireland : — ‘ Sir, *we have very fine passages in our Church-service, and our Litany abounds with beauties ; but here, Sir, here is a man, who has distanced us all !*’ When I heard these words pronounced,

‘diffused in the Works of Bishop Taylor’ down to the ‘majestic energy of Johnson’? See the *Warburtonian Tracts* p. 151.

“I have devoted more space to the observa-

I could scarcely credit my own senses ; and such was the effect they produced upon me, that I knew not whether to smile or not. I was, however, very forcibly struck with the encomium ; and shortly after left the study, ruminating on the praise, which had been unconsciously lavished, by a person so avowedly erudite, on the unstudied production of one so green in years as myself.

“INCITEMENT OF VANITY. — On entering the back dining-room, which was contiguous to Mr. Ireland’s study, I reclined my head against the window-frame, still ruminating on the words I had heard ; when vanity first took possession of my mind, to which every other consideration yielded. Fired with the idea of possessing genius, to which I had never aspired, and full of the conviction that my style had so far imitated Shakspeare’s, as to deceive two persons of such allowed classical learning as Doctors Parr and Warton, I paid little attention to the sober dictates of reason, and thus implicitly yielded myself to the gilded snare, which afterwards proved to me the source of indescribable pain and unhappiness.”

In the *Bibliotheca Parriana* p. 522. we read : —

“Ireland’s (Samuel) ‘*great and impudent Forgery called, Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments under the Hand and Seal of William Shakspeare, fol. 1796.* I am almost ‘ashamed to insert this worthless and infamously-trickish book. ‘It is said to include the Tragedy of *King Lear*, and a Fragment of *Hamlet*. Ireland told a lie, when he imputed to me ‘the words, which Joseph Warton used the very morning I ‘called on Ireland, and was inclined to admit the possibility

tions of your correspondent than I can afford ; but I must have done with him.

“ Another anecdote of Parr : — Some years ago Dr. E. Johnstone’s two little daughters were upon

‘ of genuineness in his papers. In my subsequent conversation I told him my change of opinion. But I thought it not worth while to dispute in print with a detected impostor. S. P.’ ”

The statement of W. H. Ireland respecting Mr. Boswell is this : —

“ As the circumstances,” says he in the *Confessions* p. 95, “ attending Mr. James Boswell’s inspection of the manuscripts, have been variously represented, and as I was present on that occasion, I shall state the facts as they really occurred.

“ On the arrival of Mr. Boswell, the papers were as usual placed before him, when he commenced his examination of them ; and being satisfied as to their antiquity, as far as the external appearance would attest, he proceeded to examine the style of the language from the fair transcripts, made from the disguised hand-writing. In this research Mr. Boswell continued for a considerable length of time, constantly speaking in favour of the internal as well as external proofs of the validity of the manuscripts. At length, finding himself rather thirsty, he requested a tumbler of warm brandy and water ; which having nearly finished, he then redoubled his praises of the manuscripts ; and at length, arising from his chair, he made use of the following expression : ‘ Well ; I shall now die contented, since I have lived to witness the present day.’ Mr. Boswell then, kneeling down before the volume containing a portion of the papers, continued : ‘ I now kiss the invaluable relics of our bard, and thanks to God that I have lived to see them !’ Having kissed the volume with every token of reverence, Mr. Boswell shortly after quitted Mr. Ireland’s house ; and although I

a visit at Parr's. They were mere children. During their visit one of them unfortunately died. The first time I saw the Doctor after the child's death, I asked the great man how the surviving

believe he revisited the papers on some future occasions, yet that was the only time I was honoured with a sight of Mr. James Boswell."

"On the CERTIFICATE SUBSCRIBED BY STAUNCH BELIEVERS OF THE MSS." he says p. 114.

"When the influx of persons to inspect the manuscripts was very great, Mr. Samuel Ireland, by the advice of several gentlemen, who were most strenuous in their belief of the papers, drew out a kind of certificate, stating that the undersigned names were affixed by gentlemen, who entertained no doubt whatsoever as to the validity of the Shaksperian production, and that they voluntarily gave such public testimony of their ideas upon the subject. To this certificate several names were affixed by persons as conspicuous for their erudition, as they were pertinacious in their opinions. There is scarcely need to add, that, upon my confession of facts, I had no right to expect mercy from the above gentlemen, who were by that means held up to the taunts of Mr. Malone and his inveterate friends, the critics."

"Sheridan was one of the sceptics in regard to the authenticity of the *Ireland-Papers* from the very first, although the critical acumen and learning of Dr. Parr were wholly at fault with respect to that notorious imposition. Indeed the Doctor's enthusiasm in favour of its merits was extraordinary, and ardently he strove to make Sheridan a convert to his opinion. After much argument in their favour, Sheridan so far conceded the point as to say: 'Shakspeare's they may be; but if so, by G—, he was *drunk*, when he wrote 'them.' " *New Monthly Magazine for July, 1827.*

child bore the loss. They were of nearly the same age, had never been separated, and had had no other acquaintance. ‘ Sir, at first she felt acutely, ‘ and wept bitterly ; but the paroxysm soon went

There is here, if not some wilful fabrication, at least an accidental mis-representation ; for, according to the statement of W. H. Ireland himself, though Sheridan did not sign the Testimonial, he does not appear to have disbelieved in the genuineness and the authenticity of the papers. The words are p. 137. : —

“ MR. SHERIDAN’S OPINION OF SHAKSPEARE. When it was agreed that Vortigern and Rowena should be represented at Drury-Lane theatre, Mr. S. Ireland had very frequent conversations with Mr. Sheridan respecting the transcendent genius of our bard ; and one day in particular, after Mr. S. Ireland had been as usual lavish in his encomiums, Mr. Sheridan remarked, that, however high Shakspeare might stand in the estimation of the public in general, he did not for his part regard him as a poet in that exalted light, although he allowed the brilliancy of his ideas, and the penetration of his mind.”

“ OPINIONS ON VORTIGERN. Previous to the agreement’s being signed respecting Vortigern and Rowena with the managers of Drury-Lane theatre, Messrs. Sheridan and Richardson waited upon Mr. Ireland, to inspect the fair copy of the play, which had been made from the manuscript as produced in the disguised hand. After having perused several pages, Mr. Sheridan came to one line, which was not strictly poetic ; upon which, turning to Mr. Ireland, he remarked — ‘ This is ‘ rather strange ; for though you are acquainted with my opinion as to Shakspeare, yet, be it as it may, he certainly always wrote poetry.’ — Having perused a few pages further, Mr. Sheridan again paused, and, laying down the manuscript, spoke to the following effect : — ‘ There are certainly some

‘ off. Some childish trifle took possession of her thoughts : she soon laughed and played just as if nothing had happened. Sir, the infantine mind is a very curious subject for speculation :

‘ bold ideas, but they are crude and undigested. It is very odd : one would be led to think that Shakspeare must have been very young, when he wrote the play. As to the doubting whether it be really his or not, who can possibly look at the papers, and not believe them ancient ? ’ ”

“ AGREEMENT FOR THE PLAY OF VORTIGERN. After the most unaccountable procrastination, the terms of the deed, as to the purchase of the Vortigern by Mr. Sheridan, were agreed upon, and the papers drawn up by Mr. Albany Wallis, of Norfolk-Street ; Mr. S. Ireland being made trustee for me, as I was then under age. The terms of the agreement were, that Mr. Sheridan should pay down three hundred pounds, and that the profits of the performance for the first sixty nights, (that I believe to have been the number,) should be equally divided between Mr. Samuel Ireland and Mr. Sheridan, after deducting the necessary expenses of the theatre ; which sum was also specified, but has now entirely escaped my memory. The three hundred pounds were paid in notes of hand, at short dates, drawn upon Mr. Hammersly the banker, out of which I received sixty pounds.”

The disbelief of Porson in the genuineness and the authenticity of the papers is generally contrasted with Parr's belief, to the disparagement of Parr's critical sagacity and solid judgment. A witticism of Porson is cited in proof of the fact ; but the witticism by no means proves Porson's disbelief, and from W. H. Ireland's *Confessions* it appears, not that Porson was more sagacious than Parr, — not that Porson disbelieved the antiquity of the papers, but that, though he was inclined to believe in their antiquity, he was

‘ it is altogether anomalous : you can never depend upon them. Their passions strong, and their minds always active, they are mere creatures of impulse, and fluctuate with every gale.’ This,

more wary than Parr in declining to record his belief. The words of W. H. Ireland p. 69. are these : —

“ MR. PORSON AND THE PROFESSION OF FAITH. — For the accuracy of the following statement I cannot avouch, not having been present upon the occasion ; but, from what was frequently stated, I was given to understand that the above gentleman, after inspecting all the manuscripts then in Mr. Ireland’s possession, appeared so perfectly well satisfied respecting them that Mr. Ireland was emboldened to demand of him whether he felt reluctance to subscribing his name among the list of believers in the validity of the manuscripts : upon which occasion Mr. Porson very drily made answer, ‘ I thank you, Sir ; but I never subscribe my name to professions of faith of any nature whatsoever.’ ”

The question itself was one, on which Porson was better qualified to give an opinion than Dr. Parr, because Porson was accustomed to handle, examine, and collate old MSS., and though Parr was a great admirer of Shakspeare, yet Porson was a greater admirer, and he had a more intimate acquaintance with the avowed productions of his immortal pen. Now if Porson entertained any opinion in favour of the genuineness and the authenticity of the papers in question, Parr may be excused for entertaining a stronger opinion on those points — Parr rivalled Johnson himself in veneration for truth ; and the unsuspecting simplicity of his heart made him on this occasion a readier dupe of artifice — the general powers of criticism and judgment in Dr. Joseph Warton and Dr. Parr are no more questionable, because they were deceived on this occasion, than were the powers

and much more, which I cannot remember—afterwards a fine historical description of the progress of the human mind from the earlier dawn of reason to the full maturity of the intellectual faculties.

of Johnson, because he was deceived by the specious forgeries of Lauder. I consider that the public has been very unjust towards Dr. Parr and others on account of this deception, and therefore I wish to write very emphatically about the matter. Suppose that the papers had been suddenly laid before Dr. Parr, and that he after a cursory inspection had pronounced them to be forgeries? The event would have justified his judgment, it is true; but is there any value to be set on a *hasty* judgment? Is it not likely to be incorrect as correct, whatever may be the talents of the speaker? Dr. Parr examined the papers once, and once only—the examination in the presence of Dr. Joseph Warton was necessarily of a cursory sort, and therefore little dependence could be placed on the judgment pronounced at the time. In judging of the genuineness and the authenticity of writings numerous circumstances have to be well considered by the critic, if he intends to deliver a sound judgment; and such nicety is required in the critic, so difficult is it to find in any individual the right combination of qualities for forming a consummate critic, that men apparently of great sagacity and discrimination are frequently deceived in a remarkable and almost incredible manner. The annals of classical criticism and philology would supply abundant instances to confirm the truth of this observation; but it will be sufficient for me to refer to the controversy about the authorship of Junius's *Letters*. I am perfectly willing to allow that, if Dr. Parr had been asked to examine the papers with great care, and when he was at full leisure, and if he had pronounced a mature, deliberate, decided opinion in favour

“ My old school-master, the Rev. Mr. J., second Master of the School at B., told me as one cause of Parr’s dislike of Hurd, that in some Testimonial, which Parr presented to the Bishop, the latter objected to the signatures upon the

of the genuineness and the authenticity of the papers, assigning his reasons for the opinion, there would have been a fair ground for impeaching his general judgment in such matters. But in plain truth the *hasty* opinion, which he did deliver, marks — not want of *judgment*, but want of *discretion*.

“ *Ireland’s Shakspeare-Forgeries*. These original *Papers and Legal Instruments* are to be sold by Evans, in the collection belonging to the late John Dent, Esq. They are, perhaps, the most astonishing forgeries ever produced, and beat all the bank-note imitations of modern days. Here are the pretended *Legal Instruments*, under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare, including the Tragedy of *King Lear*, a Fragment of *Hamlet*, etc., *Articles of Agreement between Shakspeare and H. Condell*, *Lease to Fraser*, etc. and *Anna Hatherwaye’s Lock of Hair given by her to Shakspeare*. Those are the identical papers, which caused so much controversy in the literary world some years ago. W. H. Ireland has given a full account of the fabrication in his *Confessions*.” *The Norwich Mercury*, April 28, 1827.

“ The following lot, which excited great curiosity, was sold yesterday at Mr. Evans’s : ‘ The original Forgeries of Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments, under the hand and seal of Wm. Shakspeare, by W. H. Ireland ; including the Tragedy of *King Lear*, — a Fragment of *Hamlet*, — the Tragedy of *Vortigern and Rowena*, — *Articles of Agreement between W. Shakspeare and H. Condell*, — *Lease to Fraser*, — *Common-Place Book*, — and *Deed of Gift to Ireland*, — *Anna Hatherwaye’s Lock of Hair*, — *Portrait of Shakspeare*, — a

plea of informality. Parr fired, took up the paper, abruptly left the room, indignantly exclaimed — *That gentleman's name, Dr. Hurd, is as respectable as your own.*

“ Let your correspondent, — you see I am *Drawing,*’ etc. etc. M. Tunno became the purchaser of it at 44 guineas. The late Mr. Dent, we believe, gave 130 guineas for it.” *The Times*, May 4th, 1827.

In a Notice of the Rev. Wm. Field’s *Memoirs of Dr. Parr*, in Mr. Buckingham’s *Athenæum*, No. 2, Jan. 9, 1828. I read these words : — “ The mode, in which the writer before us speaks of the *Shakspeare-Papers of Ireland*, is natural enough as the friend of Dr. Parr, who was one of the illustrious dupes ; but we cannot avoid expressing our opinion, that the persecution, which W. H. Ireland has endured through life, for an extraordinary exercise of boyish ingenuity, is one of the most absurd and inhuman quackeries, that the history of literature presents.”

Whether the critic will be better pleased with my ‘ mode,’ I cannot say ; but I beg to be considered not as Dr. Parr’s apologist, but as the advocate of truth and justice.

“ PORSON. The following is a curious and characteristic *Epistle* from the late Cambridge Professor to a very eminent Surgeon, with whom he was on terms of intimacy for many years : —

‘ DEAR SIR,

I should be very happy to obey your obliging summons — I should equally approve of the commons, the company, and the conversation ; but for some time past, my face, or rather my nose, whether from good living or bad humours, has been growing into a great resemblance of honest Bardolph’s, or, to keep still on the list of honest fel-

at him again, — say what he will, I never heard ‘scurrility of abuse’ from Parr.

“And so forsooth, ‘he spoke English, as he wrote Latin, in recollected terms’! Why, what is this, but to make him a mere automaton? Come, Mr. Doctor, speak; let us have for our amusement some of your best set phrases; select some respectable antagonist, whom you fear, because you cannot vanquish — come, out with

lows, of honest Richard Brinsley’s. I have, therefore, put myself under a regimen of abstinence till my poor nose recovers its *quondam*-colour and compass; after which I shall be happy to attend your parties on the shortest notice. Thank you for returning Mr. Ireland’s, whom you justly call *an amiable youth*, and I think you might have added, *a modest*. Witness a publication of his that appeared in 1804, entitled, *Rhapsodies, by W. H. Ireland, Author of the Shaksperian MSS.*, etc. where he thus addresses his book: —

‘As on thy title-page, poor little book!
 ‘Full oft I cast a sad and pensive look,
 ‘I shake my head, and pity thee;
 ‘For I, alas! no brazen front possess,
 ‘Nor do I ev’ry potent art profess,
 ‘To send thee forth from censure free!’

Though I cannot help looking upon him as too modest in the 4th verse, he certainly under-rates the amount and extent of his possessions. He is by no means *poor in his own brass*. I was going to conclude with, ‘And now to dinner with what appetite you may;’ but first I bethought me of a question — Do you see nothing extraordinary in the Note? Nothing, perhaps, you will say. Why then be amazed; for it is written with a pen from the wing of an eagle. Ay, and

your artillery, and bespatter him with plenty of your low scurrility.

“ When I have heard him read the *Liturgy*, I heard no ‘tones’, and saw no ‘manner, that indicated dissatisfaction’: quite the contrary: it seemed to occupy his whole soul. I told you before with what prodigious emphasis he marked passages in the *Nicene Creed*: thus, ‘God — OF God ——— *VERY* God OF very God — and was made *MAN*.’

of an Irish eagle too, dear joy. So no more at present, but rests yours sincerely,

R. PORSON.”

The Times, July 17, 1826.

“ ‘At the decease of Mr. Addison in 1719, the Estate (at Bilton,) came to his Widow, the Countess of Warwick, from whom it devolved on their daughter, the present Mrs. Addison, whom I had the honour of seeing, at this visit, with no small degree of respect and veneration. This lady was born about a twelvemonth before the death of her father, who, as some vague reports in the country say, left a large trunk of MSS., with a strict injunction that they should not be opened till her decease; if this be true, the polite and learned may, at a future day, expect what may yet further magnify the revered name of Addison.’ Ireland’s *Picturesque Views on the Upper or Warwickshire-Avon*. An ingenious friend has suggested that it was probably the accidental circumstance of this iron-chest first gave to Mr. Ireland the idea of the *Shakspeare-Papers*.” *Addisoniana*, 2, 5. But we must not forget that the latter work was the composition of the son, whereas the former, *the Views*, was the production of the father. E. H. B.]

“ Let Parr say what he may,* no head of a College in my time could be compared with Dr. Cyril Jackson. All his time and thoughts, and cares were devoted to his College, and the general welfare of the University. He well knew the character of all the members. There was a system of espionage transmitted in various ways, originating with the Dean — then to his favourite, a young man, then only a bachelor, called *Ca-rissime Carey* to distinguish him from another *Carey*, a translator of Italian poetry. Well, *Ca-rissime Carey* had his spies, graduating down to the lowest servants. No man had more influence with the present King than had Cyril Jackson. Hence he was enabled to get his brother, Wm.

* [In the *Sequel to a Printed Paper* pp, 105. 213. Dr. Parr has made very honourable mention of Dr. Cyril Jackson : — “ Did not the Dean of Christ-Church, with his usual sagacity and good-humour, call Dr. Priestley a *Trinitarian in Politics*, and a *Unitarian in religion*, when they saw each other at Oxford ? ”

“ Having lately heard that this observation was made by some other person in the presence of the Dean of Christ-Church, I shall state the passage, which induced me to impute it to him : — ‘ In a conversation I had last summer, at which Dr. Jackson, Dean of Christ-Church, Oxford, was present, I maintained the importance of *three* different powers in every well balanced State, with so much earnestness, that with great good humour, he and the rest of the company rallied me, as being a *Trinitarian in politics*, though an *Unitarian in religion*.’ *Familiar Letters to the Inhabitants of Birmingham*, by Dr. Priestley, p. 80.” E. H. B.]

Jackson, promoted to the See of Oxford, and his *Carissime* to a Stall at Westminster, to the Head-Master's place at Westminster-School, and finally to the See of Exeter.

“ Merit he always eulogised and rewarded. A young man, an unusually excellent scholar, very humble, and very amiable, was on the eve of going to Christ-Church in some inferior situation. ‘ Can nothing be done for him ? ’ A subscription was made,—not enough to maintain such a young man,—‘ but send him up ; I can upon emergency as easily raise in my College £1,000 as sixpence ! ’. The Dean was a parent to him, and supplied all his wants ; made him student of Christ-Church, Tutor to Lord Francis Spencer, and Domestic Chaplain at Blenheim. Through his interest with More, his Grace procured him a Prebendal Stall at Canterbury. Before the young man went to Blenheim, the Dean gave him instructions for the regulation of his conduct : — ‘ You will find the Duke an excellent scholar, and most amiable man, — make him your friend, — be open, and without disguise, — consult him upon all occasions, — you will find him steady and sincere. But beware of the Duchess ; she is the very *Dévil incarnate*, — her manners most fascinating and elegant, — then she is most to be dreaded, — then be most upon your guard, for she is plotting

‘ against you, — above all, be cautious what you say before her, — never lay down a word, which you cannot at any time take up again’, (quoting ‘ a Greek proverb.) Mr. Brown found the truth and utility of the Dean’s observations and advice.

“ Mark upon one occasion how admirably the Dean managed her Grace. He was at Blenheim. Lord Francis had been ill : he was going out to take the air, but she could not prevail on him to put on a great coat. ‘ Now Mr. Dean, don’t you think that Lord Francis had better?’ ‘ Upon my word I cannot tell ; but let us consult Betty the maid.’

“ You have heard of the famous theatrical fêtes at Blenheim. Upon one of those occasions the Duchess wished her son’s absence for a week. The Dean consented upon condition that he returned to College every night : he had no restrictions as to time, but he must return ; ‘ for I allow none of my young men to sleep out of College.’ She begged, and begged again : the Dean would perhaps have given way to any one else, but not to her. ‘ If Lord Francis does not return to College to-night, he need not return in the morning.’ This gagged her effectually.

“ I have heard Brown talk in admiration of the Dean’s general knowledge ; — the more he saw, the more he admired. I should like to have

seen Parr and Jackson in duet. His brother, William Jackson, was Greek Professor, a stupid, muzzy man, fond of tippling in solitude.*

“ Kett was my Tutor, a strange compound, — his *Classical Lectures* excellent, — his *Bampton-Lectures* of the first order. His gravity was unnatural for his years. When not 30 years of age, he was called ‘*Father Kett.*’ He was industrious, and very persevering in his study. Thus far all was well. But, as he advanced in years, he advanced in folly ; he affected to be a man of the world, the gay *Lothario*, and to dance attendance upon the ladies. We were amused at beholding trophies of gallantry suspended about his paintings and prints — here a piece of green, there blue, and there a piece of pink ribband. To add to the ludicrous, he put himself in London under the tuition of a dancing-master. You may trace the same graduation of folly ; for after his *Bampton* and other *Lectures*, and his *three Volumes on Prophecies*, he published *Juvenile Poems*, his *Novel of Emily*, and his *Flowers of Wit*. He lost his former character, was an object of general ridicule, despised in his own College. He was senior-Fellow. Twice the head-

* [It was said at the time, when he was raised to the Episcopal Bench, that his present Majesty had hailed the mention of his name for the vacant See in these words : — ‘ He shall be a Bishop — he has comported himself well ! ’ E. H. B.]

ship became vacant, and twice he lost his election. This mortification was too much for his mind : for some time he was under the care of a medical friend. But he was miserable in the head and heart. At length he married. I never knew why he had not a College-Living ; for he rejected many. He had no preferment, and no fortune but what he had saved and got from his Works. He had not been married long, when he destroyed himself. This I was told by a bookseller in Paternoster-Row. Poor man ! vanity and the world gained an undue ascendancy — at length reason tottered, and the anchor of the soul was lost ! Alas poor Kett ! I often think of him with amazement and pity.

“ This Letter really is not worth your acceptance ; for I have no more to say about Parr. O yes — I hear that he said, ‘ The Church of England had three enemies in three of her Bishops, ‘ one was a *fanatic*, another a *dandy*, and the third *avaricious*, [a *miser*,] Lichfield and Coventry, Lincoln, and Winchester. I hear from Winchester-people much of his meanness and love of money — I know not how such men view Christian principles. Tomline has not been idle, but has employed his talent well. As to the dandy at Lincoln, he was fit for nothing but a dinner-party, ball-room, and court. Thank God that the Church

is at length rid of them. Lichfield is, I believe, a good and active man.

I will now gladly lay down my pen, and relieve you from the troublesome perusal of a dull, uninteresting scroll ; but you have to thank yourself for it ; for you make me write.

Your respectful and obliged

Friend and Servant,

* * *

“ Sept. 24, 1827.

“ You will be sorry to hear that you have exhausted my stock of Parrian anecdotes. I cannot call to mind any untold particulars. Yes — there are two circumstances, which I will state, though they must be well known to you. The one is the want of personal cleanliness. This at some times was exceedingly offensive. I have seen him at a party sit down to the supper-table by himself, eat promiscuously, then leave the table and the dishes, etc. in great disorder.

“ It just strikes me that Dr. Bridges and he had made a sort of exchange of Livings, it was agreed that Bridges was to have permission, every year, of officiating a month at Hatton ; ‘ for he ‘ could not conscientiously altogether neglect the ‘ souls of his dear people at Hatton.’ ‘ Nay,

‘ nay,’ says Parr; ‘ now, Bridges, none of that.
‘ Remember that, when you and I exchanged
‘ Livings, it was a mere rascally Jewish *truckle*,
‘ and that spiritualities had nothing to do with
‘ the business.’”

XX.

*Letters addressed to the Editor by George Dyer,
Esq. of Clifford's Inn, Fleet-Street, London.*

“ March 16, 1827.

“ DEAR SIR,

I cannot boast of having a very intimate acquaintance with your learned friend ; but I have certainly known, in the various situations, in which I have been placed, many of his friends, and it occurs to me that at the end of his *Spital-Sermon* he has done me the honour to call me his ‘*friend*.’ Without more introduction, then, I send you, agreeably to your request, a few particulars, very imperfect as they are.

Dr. Parr had, I suppose, either known, or heard of me in very early life at Dr. Askew’s. I became acquainted with that gentleman about 1770, or 1771, and used to visit him in Queen-Square very frequently, particularly during the holiday-time of his two eldest sons, one of whom was at the time with Dr. Parr at Stanmore,

the other under Dr. Davis at Eton, when I read the classics with them.

Parr was, you know, a native of Stanmore, and was at first a pupil of, and afterwards an assistant to Dr. Sumner. Dr. S. died in 1771. The flower of Harrow-School were Sir Wm. Jones, the Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. Parr, and Warburton Lytton, Esq., all of whom were not only contemporaries, but continued friends for some years afterwards till a disagreement took place between Mr. Lytton and Dr. Parr. Lytton went to University-College, Oxford, during the residence there of Sir William Jones. Great friendship lasted between them, which continued till Sir Wm. Jones went to India. He went to India in 1784, with a salary of £8,000, was there seven or eight years, and made a fortune of about £70,000. I have alluded to him in my *Poet's Fate* :

‘ Yet Jones was blest with learning, taste, and sense,

‘ Courted the Muse without neglecting pence.’ *

I have also said something concerning him in the *Cambridge-Fragments*, in the *Privileges of*

* [*Aliquid humani passus est vir doctissimus mihi que amicissimus.* The lines, at least in the second edition, run thus :

P. ‘ Yet Jones was blest with learning and with pelf ;

‘ Courted the Muse, without forgetting self ;

‘ And Rogers is a bard of fair renown :

‘ See MEMORY fly like lightning through the town.

X. ‘ But whence their wealth ? Was Jones the Muses’ grudge ?

‘ Jones shone in India, — was an ermin’d Judge ;

Cambridge, where also I inserted a beautiful little *Poem* of his, (not in his *Poems* :) I had previously inserted it in the *Cantabrigiana* of the *Monthly Magazine*, all of which (the *Cantabrigiana*) was written by me.

Of all these gentlemen I have had some knowledge. The Bishop of Cloyne I used to visit till nearly the last. He was my tutor in College. And with Mr. Lytton I possessed a very intimate acquaintance for several years. He was a man of good fortune, and a great linguist both in ancient and modern languages, though he never published any thing. He had composed a modern *Greek Grammar*, and presented me with

‘ Mid circling Nabobs liv’d at small expense,
 ‘ And, though a poet, had some common sense :
 ‘ And *Rogers*, if he share the town’s regard,
 ‘ Was born a banker, and grew up a bard.’

“ Sir William Jones, the author of *Asiatic Researches*, published a volume of *Eastern Poems*, long before he visited the East. In 1784; he was appointed Chief-Judge in India, with an annual salary of £8,000. In 1794, he died, and left behind him a fortune of £60,000. In India he passed his life as an economist, and a philosopher. The *Poems* alluded to in the text, are not those published in the *Asiatic Miscellany*, printed at Calcutta, but *Poems* consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatic language, which possess much true poetry.” I know not whether it was the fact ; but it is not improbable that the economy, attributed to Sir Wm. Jones, proceeded more from his studious habits, which required retirement, than from any serious intention of hoarding wealth. E. H. B.]

£10, — he was in the habit of making me kind presents, — to bring it through the press. This was a little before his death. The MS. passed into the hands of his executors, and, though I applied to one of them repeatedly for it, I could never learn what became of it.

On October 13, 1771, Dr. Parr began his school at Stanmore with 60 scholars, who separated from Harrow, and as he was now entering on house-keeping, Dr. Askew introduced to him the lady, whom he married, Miss Maisendale.

He had under his care at this time several gentlemen, who, I think, have distinguished themselves in the literary world.

Thomas Maurice, with whom I was much acquainted at the time, (for he had formerly been of Christ-Hospital,) wrote a Poem, I recollect, entitled the *School-Boy*, in imitation of Phillips's *Splendid-Shilling*. In this he humorously characterised Dr. Parr, and some of his more eminent pupils : he describes himself as

‘ Maurice far renowned for drinking port. ’

I have no doubt you might glean from it, some anecdotes relating to Dr. Parr's more distinguished pupils at that time : I do not possess the Poem ; at least I cannot find it. The only names of Parr's pupils at that time, which occur to me, besides that of *Mr. Askew's*, are those of Mr. Pollard, the Honourable Mr. Legge, Mr. Gerrald, Mr.

Maurice, Mr. Beloe, (Editor of the *British Critic*,) and Mr. Street, (Editor of the *Courier*.) Pollard was at Emmanuel College, while I was there. I had no acquaintance with him. He was, I have heard, a Creole, and reckoned an excellent scholar. He had property in America, which was confiscated by the American Government. Mr. Pitt gave him some place under Government. Legge was at Oxford with Maurice; but I never knew him. Maurice became a student of University-College. When Maurice came to London, (during his being under the care of Parr,) which he often did, we used to spend many a social evening together. Dr. Parr introduced him to Dr. Johnson; and I remember his telling me that Parr was very intimate with Johnson, and not only his great admirer, but very manifestly his imitator; it must have occurred to you that your friend retained not a little of the Johnsonian manner and character, though not the toryism, to the last.

I think it certain that I must often have met your friend in these early days, as I used to visit so much at Dr. Askew's and at the house of Mr. Maurice's Guardian, Mr. Wells. But, though I may have met him frequently, it could have been only incidentally — otherwise I should have recollected some of the more striking circumstances, that would have attended our interviews,

as I did of his friends, who visited in Queen-Square. But it will be recollected that I was but an

Imberbis juvenis nondum custode relicto,

and that Parr was then but a young man, just rising into reputation as a school-master, and probably too much confined by the concerns of a great school to pay frequent visits to the Metropolis : Though of course I used to hear a great deal about him and his school-discipline, more particularly from his two scholars, Maurice and young Askew, and much more than I remember at present. But of one part of his school-discipline, I should say, speaking according to my present feelings and convictions, that I must not wholly approve it. He carried the flogging system too far ; and I myself recollect hearing him defend it in a most serious manner, as from *principle*. At the same time it must be admitted that he possessed a kind, paternal heart, and was in great earnest in advancing the literary improvement of his scholars ; nor do I ever remember to have met with one pupil of Dr. Parr's, who did not retain a strong affection for his old preceptor, and Dr. Parr, I believe, from every thing I have heard, possessed a proportionate regard for his *quondam*-pupils :

*Dii majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,
Sperantesque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver,*

*Qui præceptorum sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco !*

I have frequently dined at Dr. Askew's with several learned persons, with whom Dr. Parr was probably well acquainted. Of this number were Dr. Lort, Greek Professor at Cambridge, well known as an antiquarian; George North, A. M. Rector of Codicote, formerly of Benet-College, a great medallist: he drew up Dr. Mead's Catalogue of Medals, and left his own collection between Dr. Lort and Dr. Askew. Mr., afterwards Dr. Farmer, was a frequent visitor in Queen-Square, and if I mistake not, often made it his residence, when in London. Of him more presently.

Parr took his Master-of-Arts degree (*per regias literas*,) in the year 1772, from Emmanuel-College, and I suppose, from his engagements at Stanmore, did not reside there a very long time: long enough, however, to become well acquainted with the principal members of the Society. His old school-fellow, Bennet, had taken his Master-of-Arts degree there two years before, and if I mistake not, the Doctor revisited the College occasionally, as several of his own scholars were entered there.

The principal members at the time were Dr. Richardson,* the Master, who was, however,

* [In Mr. Dyer's *Cambridge-Fragments*, p. 58. (in the *Privileges of the University of Cambridge*,) there is a pleasant

just going off the stage of life. He was, I understand, a good-humoured man, a great Tory, and a strict disciplinarian. He had been a King's-Chaplain, and had acquired from his office very expensive habits at his table, for which he and his heir, Dr. Robert Richardson, who was Chaplain to Sir Joseph York, at the Hague, paid very dearly. He was not highly distinguished for learning or talents, but he re-edited Bishop Godwin's famous book *de Præsulibus Angliæ*, etc. in a new form, rendering it a very useful publication, and it was indeed the most magnificent volume, which had ever been printed at the Cambridge University-Press before.

Next to him may be mentioned Mr. Henry

story connected with the name of Dr. Richardson, which, as a lover of facetiousness, and an encourager of good-humour, I will transcribe : — " Dr. Burton of Oxford was once dining with Dr. Richardson, a late Master of Emmanuel, and editor of Godwin *de Præsulibus Angliæ* : the latter, when the cheese was brought on table, like a true Cambridge-man, began to be full of the praises of Cottenham-cheese, (a village a few miles from Cambridge, celebrated for its excellent cheese.) ' Dr. Burton,' said Richardson, ' you know we are famous for our Cottenham-cheeses ; and this, I think, is as excellent a one as was ever set upon a table.' I do not perceive,' said Dr. Burton, ' any thing extraordinary in this cheese, Doctor.' ' Do you not ?' continued Richardson ; ' I wish you would send me a better.' ' I will engage so to do,' said Burton ; ' and, if I do not, Dr. Richardson, I will eat it.' "

E. H. B.]

Hubbard, who had formerly been Mathematical Tutor. He had been reckoned a good preacher, which I can easily believe ; for he was considered very orthodox, had a good voice, and some dignity in his appearance, and I have heard him spoken of very respectably as a Tutor. All the remembrance, which I had of him at College, was that he was a decrepit old gentleman, but still very regular at Chapel, and in the College-Hall at dinner. I am not aware that he ever published anything, except it might be a single *Sermon* ; but I think I have seen in the College-Library, or in *Dr. Farmer's Catalogue*, three volumes of his *Prælectiones*. And he also left many good books to the College-Library. Parr, I have heard, used to be fond of engaging in dispute with this gentleman.

Farmer succeeded a Mr. Buckham as Classical Tutor. He was a most facetious, kind-hearted man, and a good scholar, and from his Epitaph written by Dr. Parr, I suppose he was in great estimation with that learned gentleman. He at length succeeded, as you know, to the Mastership, and obtained eventually very good preferment in the Church, and I have been informed might have obtained still higher. He twice refused a Bishopric, when offered him by Mr. Pitt. But,—*nosti hominem*,—he preferred his Residentiaryship at St. Paul's, as by holding that he could

keep in connection with the literary Clubs, with which he was connected in London, and not be held too rigidly to the gravity of the Episcopal character. I need say nothing to you of his so much-admired *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*. I paid my tribute of respect to Dr. Farmer, as being my old Tutor and Master of the College, by writing a *Memoir* of him in the *Annual Necrology for 1797-8*, and I remember taking considerable pains with the article. Dr. Farmer died, I believe, poor, notwithstanding his ample preferments: he had always been careless about money-matters, and had been particularly generous towards his relations. Mr. Cradock, who had been his townsman, afterwards Fellow-Commoner of Emmanuel-College, to whom Farmer dedicated his *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, told me that he died worth very little besides his books. Dr. Farmer, previously to his succeeding to the Tutorship, had offered proposals for publishing the *History of Leicestershire*, but on becoming Public Tutor of the College, he abandoned the undertaking. He died in 1797.

Mr. Bennet, Dr. Parr's old school-fellow, succeeded Farmer as Classical Tutor: he was allowedly an elegant scholar, and admired as a preacher, when he appeared in St. Mary's pulpit. He was, besides being the College-Tutor, private Tutor to the present Lord Westmoreland, and the pre-

sent Archbishop of Canterbury, He went out, as you know, to Ireland, as Secretary to Lord Westmoreland, and became first Bishop of Cloyne, and afterwards Bishop of Cork. I used to visit him occasionally in Montagu-Square in London, where he resided the greatest part of the year, and where, I think, he died. His old school-fellow, Dr. Parr, read the funeral service over him in the Church of —; I think the Bishop's native place, a few miles from London. I am not aware that Bishop Bennet ever presented the world with any work of his own. And I have told you all I know of his communications to other works on the subject of the Roman roads in this country, with which he was better acquainted perhaps than any man of his time.*

* [The *Letter* referred to was received in the beginning of June 1826: — “ I thought Dr. Farmer was good-natured even to excess, and was very friendly to the last to me, as also was Bishop Bennet, whom I also visited to the last. What you enquired about relating to the *Itinerary*, was printed in a work entitled *The Description of Britain translated from Richard of Cirencester*, with the original Treatise, London 1809. (by the bye, some doubt whether this work is original.) There is much, too, in Lysons's *Britannia Magna* on Roman roads, that was communicated by Dr. Bennet; and in a work, published by a Mr. Reynolds, I think, on Roman roads, which I have seen at Mr. Lytton's. I know not whether he ever published anything else.”

In another *Letter* without date Mr. Dyer says: — “ Henry Hubbard was a Suffolk-man. I know nothing of his friends,

I am not aware that there was any other very memorable person at Emmanuel-College at the time alluded to, except it might be Mr. Meen.

(dead and gone long since.) He was chosen Fellow of Emmanuel in 1732, and as Lady Margaret's Preacher, University-Registrar, and Tutor of Emmanuel-College, I have always heard him spoken of in a respectable manner. I have not heard that Mr. Hubbard published anything but the *Sermon*. He left his library to Emmanuel-College, and in Dr. Farmer's *Bibliotheca* there are three volumes quarto of Hubbard's *Prælectiones* to No. 8009. When I was of Emmanuel-College, the old gentleman was on his last legs, and all that I know of him was, that he appeared very dignified and devout at Chapel, and was understood to take his full share of sweet real-pie on gaudy days, etc. in the Hall."

My excellent and enlightened friend, the Rev. Joseph Hunter of Bath, has furnished me with some interesting notices of Mr. Leman and the Bishop of Cloyne, which I shall subjoin : —

" Nov. 15, 1827. I knew (the late Rev. Thomas) Leman, and used to sit with him sometimes in his study. He left particular directions respecting his tomb, which was to be enriched with a number of heraldic ornaments. I was desired to superintend the execution of these directions, and Mrs. Leman sent me as an acknowledgment, and as a memorial of Mr. Leman, his copy of *Whittaker's Whalley*, in which are a few of his pencil-notes.

" Mr. Leman had a pretty good collection of historical and topographical works. He had several volumes of genealogy, which he has left with some of his annotated books to the Library of our Institution. But they are chiefly transcripts from printed works, or from MSS., which are easily accessible. I have often borrowed books of him, and I cannot say that I have found, what some say of him, that he was an unapproachable

But I do not think Dr. Parr was acquainted with him.

Mr. John Askew was a Fellow, a relation of Dr.

man. His literary strength lay in roads, and generally Richard of Cirencester, who was his oracle. It is supposed that the Edition of Richard, (Translation rather,) published above 20 years ago, was prepared chiefly by him. His own copy is left to the Institution with many notes. His attention was partially directed to other departments of our history and antiquities ; but in the latter part of his life he was rather celebrated for his *parties* than his *literature*. His house was open once a week to all comers, and on the other evenings to some. It is said that he left about £150,000.

" His tomb was in good taste ; — an altar-tomb of the old fashion with shields within quaterfoils on the sides and ends ; an inscription on the upper surface — the inscription was written by the Bishop, and was kept many years in Mr. Leman's hands. It was to be placed in a Church in Suffolk ; Wenhas-ton, I think. But he was buried at Bath."

" *Febr.* 19, 1828. Mr. Leman's own best transcripts, genealogical and topographical, are divided between our Institution-Library, and Sir R. C. Hoare, who was long a great friend of Mr. Leman. I have had for about six months a quarto volume of *Notes on Roman Roads* in the hand-writing of the Bishop of Cloyne ; — an indigested mass with nothing useful for the part of the kingdom I am illustrating. You will find much on this subject communicated by the Bishop and Mr. Leman to the Messrs. Lysons for their *Magna Britannia*. The Translation of Richard of Cirencester was chiefly the work of Mr. Leman. He could scarcely hear with patience any hint of suspicion that Richard is not what he pretends to be. My friend, Mr. Conybeare, on the other hand, was confident that the work was a modern forgery, and meditated a paper on the

Askew's. He succeeded to the Living of North-Cadbury in Somersetshire: this Living is now worth £700 or £800 per ann., the next best Living to Loughborough, Leicestershire, that is in the gift of Emmanuel-College.

subject for the *Archæologia*, which if he had lived, might by this time have been completed. He says the Latinity of Richard is not that of the 14th or 15th century, but of the Preface-writers of the 18th. In Nichols's *Leicestershire*, and I believe in other works of topography published during the last 30 years, will be found communications respecting the Roman antiquities of Britain from Mr. Leman and his friend. Strange to say, I have preserved no copy of the inscription on Mr. Leman's monument, but it is in the Church of Wenhamton, Suffolk, whence it may be easily obtained. I superintended the heraldic part; but there is one shield, in which the engraver has not conformed to my instructions.

" There was an elegance running through everything about Mr. Leman. His hand-writing was correct and beautiful: his mode of expressing himself in conversation or in writing, expressive and happy without being either adorned or having the appearance of an intention to convey more than he felt. His house was furnished in excellent taste; his study retired and quiet,—an irregular room, or rather two rooms thrown into one,—the inner separated from the other by a slight paling, in which was a sort of door. He had some good paintings: amongst them a full length of Sir Robert Naunton, who was an ancestor of his. (Is there not a *Memoir* of Sir Robert Naunton published, or privately printed by Mr. Leman?) His drawing-room was painted *en fresco* with the scenery around Lake Leman: in this there was perhaps something of affectation. I never saw it lighted up; but the effect in the day-time was good. He received all strangers of

I shall now, Sir, proceed to give you a short account of the few interviews, which I have had with your learned friend.

The first time, that I have a distinct recollection of paying my respects to him, was when I resided in Carey-Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Dr. Parr had taken a lodging for a short time in Portugal-Street just by. I think that it was at the time when Mr. Joseph Gerrald was under confinement. He had been, you know, a favourite pupil of Parr's, and I think our conversation turned upon that gentleman, and Mr. Gilbert Wakefield. I have a recollection, too, of having met him at Mr. Basil Montagu's, at which time

eminence. His mode of receiving was not to dinner, but to evening-parties, so that he saw a great deal of company at little expense. He usually rode out in a morning on horseback. His house, (you must excuse me for rambling from one subject to another,) was in the Royal Crescent, and was perhaps one of the best houses there. He had a pretty numerous establishment of servants. He was for many years in the receipt of a considerable income, and is said to have left a large sum of ready-money among his relations. The old Baronet-family (now extinct) of Leman, and he were of the same stock. With the present Baronet of that name he claimed no alliance. In one of his genealogical volumes, bequeathed to the Institution, is a full account of the several branches of his own family. *Semper juvare paratus* was his motto.

"Perhaps these imperfect hints may assist in preparing a *Memoir of Mr. Leman*; if that is your intention, I think more should be said of him than has yet been said." E. H. B.]

also he spoke of Mr. Wakefield in terms of the highest praise, and I have always heard it mentioned to the honour of your learned friend, that he was ever disposed to pay the respect due to talents and learning, wherever he found them. I have often heard Mr. Wakefield speak of this as a prominent feature in his character.

But the time, when I had an opportunity of surveying him more nearly, was in the year 1798, when I made a pedestrian tour of North and South Wales. In my way I called at Hatton in Warwickshire: it was on a Sunday. I went into the Church, and was struck with the taste displayed there, which is much greater than what is usually seen in the Church of a country-village. Dr. Parr was in the pulpit, reading from a printed book. I had the honour to dine with him, when he informed me that the sermon he had been reading was on moderation, by Dr. Jortin. He was high in the praise of Jortin, and asked me if I knew a better subject than moderation? * He entered

* [In an earlier *Letter* from my excellent friend, Mr. Dyer, he had said: — “ It is more than 20 years since I made a pedestrian tour, and passed through Hatton on my way to North-Wales. It was on a Sunday, and arriving there in the time of service I went to Church. I was surprised, not to say diverted, or indeed rather pleased to see the Doctor reading from a tolerably-sized printed volume. (I think a quarto.) I introduced myself to him after service; he received me most courteously, and I had the honour of dining with him. I remember

very warmly into political subjects. His eldest daughter seemed a shrewd young person, and to take a wicked pleasure in opposing her father. We dined in his library, and he pointed out to me some curious books, and in his good-humoured way noticed his *heretical* authors. From a recollection of what I saw of Dr. Parr at Hatton, I wrote those lines in a *Poem* entitled *The Poet's Fate*, (Lond. 1797. edn. 2. p. 9.)

' Parr Lords and Dukes are forward to commend ;
 ' But who appears at Court the Doctor's friend ?
 ' Books are his riches,—and his only rule
 ' A village-pulpit, or a country school !' *

From something, too, which had occurred at Hatton, I wrote a few lines relating to Dr. Parr,

speaking in approbation of what I heard him deliver at Church, though rather jokingly, perhaps knowing that Dr. Parr followed some conviction of his own, and that he could not be in want of sermons of his own composition ; when he asked — ' What ' could I preach better than a sermon of Dr. Jortin's on toleration' or ' moderation ?' I forget which. What diverted me, was the open *Roger de Coverley*-manner, (as in the *Spectator*,) of the Doctor's bringing forward his favourite preacher, Dr. Jortin."

* [" Dr. Parr, the celebrated Grecian," says Mr. Dyer in a note, " a learned and benevolent man, editor of *Gulielmi Bellendeni de Statu Libri* III. To the work is prefixed a Preface, not likely to recommend the Doctor to the present ministry, written in the most elegant Latin. In this Preface are traced the features of three great political characters, accompanied with the highest strains of panegyric ; the present minister

which are printed in a volume of *Poems*, which I published in 1801. 8vo. (p. 168.)*

I met him again on this tour, in Monmouth-

receives the severest castigation. Are Dr. Parr's services to literature to be measured by his observations on *Combe's Horace*, or his attack on a *Curtis*? Certainly not. But of a person, who has been so industriously and successfully employed in the education of youth as Dr. Parr, I cannot allow myself to speak as a modern satirist — *In nullum reipublicæ usum ambitiosa loquela inclaruit*: 'He has acquired reputation 'through ambitious querulousness, without doing the least 'service to the community.' In the early part of life, the Doctor was second Master at Harrow-School; in a subsequent period he conducted, with great reputation, a classical school at Norwich. He now resides not over-burthened with preferment, in the neighbourhood of Warwick; and were he unknown as a man of letters, he might be beloved as a friend to the distressed."

* ["Of the talents and learning of the Editor of *Bellendenus* it was unnecessary to say anything. The lines were written on receiving an account of the very benevolent exertions of Dr. Parr on many occasions, more particularly on one, and of the malignant conduct of an insignificant persecutor: —

" TO DR. SAMUEL PARR,

Of Hatton, near Warwick.

PARR, men like you, of noble mind,
A feeble foe may well defy;
Firm as he hears the passing wind,
Or distant views a lowering sky.

What tho' the lily's slender head
May droop beneath the drenching showers?
Tho' bends the rose on lowly bed,
The queen, th' unrivalled queen of flowers?

shire, at the house of a gentleman, who was a great admirer of Charles Fox. The conversation took a turn about that gentleman, and Dr. Parr

Yet spreads the oak its giant arms ;
Yet smiles the cedar's reverend form ;
The tempest wakes no wild alarms ;
Secure they stand, and brave the storm.

And mark where foaming torrents roar
Down the steep rock's unalter'd side ;
The pearly snows are seen no more,
But perish in the boist'rous tide.

But, shall the hoary mountain dread
Or beating rain, or thunder nigh ?
Still, as in scorn, it rears its head ;
Still looks in triumph to the sky.

For me ; — tho' I may still revere
Stern wisdom in her hermit-cell,
Yet to my heart is far more dear,
The breast, where gentlest virtues dwell.

'Tis thus I love some Alpine height,
And bless each tree, that clothes the side ;
Yet humbler vallies more delight,
Than all the mountain's varied pride.

There breathe the garden's richer sweets ;
There livelier songsters carol gay ;
There breathe, amid the blest retreats,
The shepherd's pipe, the lover's lay.

Thus have I rang'd the breezy shore,
And, rapt in thought poetic, stood,
To hear the ocean's solemn roar,
Or gaze on Severn's stately flood.

grew very warm. A young spark, who was present, ventured to oppose him, and was for going into some argument. ‘Sir’, said the Doctor, ‘is that your opinion? And do you wish to argue the point with me? I do not use reasoning with such boys as you; but, if I had a *rod* here, Sir, I would give you a good *flogging*.’

But Avon, softly flowing, pours
A stream less stately, yet more bright,
And fresh with dews, the genial flowers
Smile on the bank, and charm the sight.

Here Shakspeare, Nature’s fondest child,
First rov’d, a little thoughtless swain;
Here breath’d his *native wood-notes wild*,
And tried the soft impassion’d strain.

Here, too, collecting sweets, I stray’d,
From flowers, with mildest tints that glow’d,
And blest thy *Hatton’s* humble shade;
For it was *MERCY’S* meek abode.

A river *Avon*, (for there are several of that name in England and Scotland,) passes by Stratford, in Warwickshire, which is, therefore, called *Stratford-on-Avon*, the birth-place of Shakspeare. Hatton is a village about two miles from Warwick.”

The amiable author of these lines had written thus in a previous *Letter* to me: — “I remember hearing something about this time, that was very honourable to Dr. Parr, though I forget the particulars. His situation as Curate of Hatton, must have been better suited to him than if he had been Rector, or Vicar, or even Bishop, as it brought him into an intimate acquaintance with the more interesting concerns of the parish, without involving him in disputes about tithes, etc. I have

On my arrival at Oxford, I met the Doctor again, and spent the evening with him, in company of rather a large party of University-gentlemen, (they were of Whig principles,) Dr. Smith, late Master, (I think,) of Queen's College, Dr. Hughes, late President of Jesus, and, if I am not mistaken, Dr. Routh,* and Mr. Crowe, the Public Orator, were of the party with others. I infer that the two last-named gentlemen were of the party, from the uniform kindness, which they have since manifested towards me on my occasional visits to Oxford. A member of Parliament also was of the company. Their conversation was a good deal on the politics of the day, and rather general; I have at least forgotten the literary subjects, which were most probably discussed on that occasion; and I was struck with the deference, which was paid to your Doctor.

heard he was particularly attentive to the poor, and that he recovered some money or land, to the poor of this parish, which had been improperly applied. The lines enclosed I have had copied from a volume of *Poems*, which I published in 1801. What did Dr. Parr honour, was the part taken by him in the case alluded to, and the course the opposite party took to resent it."

* [In a *Letter*, which my friend addressed to me in Nov. 1825. he writes:—"I have been both to Oxford and Cambridge, since I last wrote to you. I had much conversation with Dr. Routh of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Dr. Cory of

I once dined in company with him at a Captain Browne's, at Knightsbridge, near London. This gentleman was author of a work entitled *Hermes Unmasked*. He was a man of genius, and carried Horne Tooke's principles of *Ἑρεᾶ Περύβεντα* farther than Tooke carried them himself.* I returned home in a coach with the Emmanuel about Dr. Parr; but I could glean nothing from them but what you know. Dr. Routh mentioned one or two smart speeches of his, as an instance of his independent spirit; — one to a great personage, who invited him to dine with him to meet two or three *learned* Noblemen, among whom was Lord T., of whom his Grace observed: 'You know, Dr. Parr, 'Lord T. is a good Scholar.' Dr. Parr excused himself by saying, 'And please your Grace, I do not choose that 'Lord T.'s ignorance should be the measure of my knowledge.' " E. H. B.]

* [In the following work, *An English Prologue and Epilogue to the Latin Comedy of Ignoramus*, written by George Ruggle, with a Preface and Notes, by George Dyer, Lond. 1797. 8vo. p. 15, occur these lines: —

'Ye book-learn'd pedagogues, of solemn brows!
'To whom, as custom leads, our reason bows,
'Who, with birch-law, *ten parts of speech* dispense,
'And every rule, but that of common sense;
'Why scowl, grave doctors, with polemic frown,
'And swear the world is turning upside down,
'Because VIGERUS is not worshipp'd still,
'And some may even question WALKER's skill?
'HOFFMANN, HENNINIUS, now neglected lie,
'(Few read them, but dull things, as you and I),
'As though dame *Science* should not walk your schools,
'And none shall enter there but *Grammar-Rules*.
'Oh! see, (and time shall all things bear away),
'Your parts of speech take wing and fly away;

Doctor to Portugal-Street ; and a particular circumstance led to a conversation on the female character, in which Dr. Parr impressed me with the liberality of his sentiments, and the benevolence of his heart.

I once made a call on him, when on a visit to your friend, Dr. Davy, Master of Caius-College.

- ' BUSBIES and LILLIES shall expire with years ;
- ' E'en HERMES now unmask'd, a dunce appears.
- ' These young *Philosophers* ! then let them pass ;
- ' And be not like old Balaam with his ass :
- ' *Hast thou not been mine ass this many a day ?*
- ' Lest some good Angel should obstruct your way,
- ' And, brandishing his sword of logic high,
- ' Should cleave you down for boobies, and ye die.'

" John Horne Tooke's celebrated work," says Mr. Dyer, " entitled '*Επεα Πτερόεντα*, or, *The Diversions of Purley*, goes to establish this doctrine, ' that in English and in all ' languages there are only *two sorts* of words, which are ' necessary for the communication of our thoughts,' or in other words, in opposition to the notion of there being *eight* parts of speech, that there are only *two*, viz. the noun and the verb. The principles of *Hermes*, or, *A Treatise on Philosophical Grammar*, a work of equal authority almost with Law and Gospel, till attacked by the author of the *Diversions of Purley*, have been attacked again with infinite wit by Captain Browne, whose *Hermes Unmasked* ' attempts to show that ' there is in reality but *one* sort of word, and that there is no ' distinction originally between the noun and verb.' I wish *all* schoolmasters, *some* politicians, and as *many* grammarians and metaphysicians, as have common sense and humility, would read *Hermes Unmasked*, or, *The Art of Speech*, founded on the association of words and ideas." E. H. B.]

It was only a morning-call, and our interview was but short, though I had the pleasure of seeing him smoke out a good orthodox pipe of tobacco, which reminds me that I once saw lying in the Chapter-Coffee-house, the Doctor's *Spital-Sermon*, with a comical caricature of him, in the pulpit, preaching and smoking at the same time, with *ex fumo dare lucem* issuing from his mouth.

The last time I had the honour of being in the Doctor's company was at Lord Hutchinson's in Bulstrode-Street. It was a dinner-party, All, except Dr. Parr and myself, were Irishmen; and as they were all alike of Whig principles, the conversation took a political turn. The company consisted of the late Earl of Donoughmore, Lord Hutchinson, (the present Earl of Donoughmore,) Mr. H. Hutchinson, Member for Cork, brother of the above, and a Dr. Macdonald, a physician. I remember being struck with the contemptuous manner, in which our learned friend spoke of the Irish literature, considering that all addressed were Irish. Dr. Macdonald was very warm in opposing him. Lord Hutchinson too, I believe, was not well pleased. For in speaking of the Doctor afterwards, he has often said of him, that he thought him a man more distinguished for extraordinary talents than profound learning.*

* [In an earlier *Letter* Mr. Dyer had observed : — " The

I have thus, Sir, endeavoured to comply with your request, though whether exactly in the way you wished, I do not know. You have, no doubt, by this time made a plentiful harvest of biographical particulars among Dr. Parr's more intimate friends, in addition to those, which arose out of your own personal knowledge.

At the end of the second volume of the *Privileges of Cambridge*, are many anecdotes of Cambridge-men, who were among the friends or acquaintance of the Doctor. There is a most admirable *Poem* of Sir Wm. Jones, (who, I think, was admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge,) not in his *Works*, which I communicated to the *Monthly Magazine*, and afterwards inserted in the *Cambridge-Fragments* (p. 124.)* There is also a copy

last time I met him, was, I think, at Lord Hutchinson's, when he was very eloquent, very witty, and very good-humoured, with the exception that he bore somewhat too hard on the state of Irish literature, which, though what he said, might be true, was done in too direct a manner, considering the whole company was Irish." E. H. B.]

* [" LINES BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sir William was a man as amiable as he was learned. Notice was just since taken of his *Specimen Poeseos Asiaticæ*. The following delicious lines were his composition; and the insertion of them here requires no apology. They were written in the honesty and gaiety of his heart, in the earlier part of life, though after he had taken his Master's degree.

of verses of Dr. Farmer's, addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, which shews that he had a taste

TO THE NYMPH OF THE SPRING.

Written near a Spring between two Hillocks, in the Neighbourhood of the River Tivy, in Pembrokeshire.

Why should old Tivy, boys, claim all our duty paid,
 And no just homage be to charming youth and beauty said ?
 See where the Nymph of Spring sits inviting us,
 With charming water crystalline, refreshing and delighting us.
 What, though his margin broad be rocky, oak'd and willowy ?
 And what, though his ozier banks be spacious, deep, and billowy ?
 She, from her sweet paps, lillied and roseal,
 Lies feeding all her laughing buds, with dew-drops ambrosial.
 Then, with sweet melody, carol to the fountain-nymph,
 Far sweeter than a sea-nymph, and milder than a mountain-nymph.
 Long may her streams gush, lucid and nectarious,
 And long may her banks be decked with flow'rets multifarious ;
 Long o'er her arched grot may purple-winged Zephyrus
 Come leading on his wanton bands of breezes odoriferous.
 Yearly to the Naiad shall the roundelay repeated be,
 And by the chorus jubilant her liquid silver greeted be.
 Say, can we better, boys, chace dull idle Care away,
 Than thus by passing hours of mirth in harmony and roundelay ?
 Stretch'd on that green hillock's bank, around her rosy nipple, boys,
 We merrily will sing and laugh, and merrily we'll tipple, boys ;
 Drinking to damsels, lovely and delicious ;
 Oh heavens ! would they smile on us, like deities propitious.
 And, mark ! if any rebel here shall miss the cup or mutiny,
 Amerc'd shall be the miscreant without appeal or scrutiny.

These lines are original — they are not in his *Works* — they were written on a tour in company with some gentlemen, after going the circuit — I was favoured with them by a gentleman, the late Mr. Justice Nares, who was of the party. But, judging only by Sir William's translations, we are of opinion that he has produced no specimen of Asiatic poetry superior, if equal, to this. It is in the true spirit of Hafez, and resem-

for poetic composition, as well as antiquities. * There is also an account of Cole, the Cambridge-
bles most of those pieces of Asiatic poetry, which by some are thought to have an *arcane* signification. *Vide Specimen Poes. Asiat.*"

In a *Letter* from Mr. Dyer, received in *June* 1826, he writes thus : — " I remember a copy of verses, relating to Sir William Jones, written by Lytton, which I communicated to the *Monthly Magazine* from Mr. Lytton, and another beautiful copy of verses, written by Sir Wm. Jones, written on the circuit, and communicated to me by Mr. Nares, who was on the circuit with him."

* [With respect to Dr. Farmer," says Mr. Dyer in a *Letter* to me, " he seems to have rested his fame on his short, but excellent *Essay on Shakspeare*. I never heard that he meditated any thing else, (but the *History of Leicestershire*.) The *History of Leicestershire* he dropped on his becoming Tutor of Emmanuel-College. I perceive in his *Catalogue*, No. 8015, among the MSS., *History and Antiquities of the County of Leicester, from the Collections of various Antiquaries, by Dr. Farmer*, and 8016. 8017. containing *MS. Collections relating to Leicester* ; and, if I mistake not, they were purchased by Mr. Nichols at Dr. Farmer's sale. I cannot perceive either from his printed books or his MSS. that he ever meditated any thing besides ; but he had a poetical turn, when younger. I have read a good copy of verses by him in the *Gratulationes Cantabrigienses*, which I have given in the *Cambridge-Fragments*, in the *Privileges of Cambridge*. Mr. Hubbard had been, I understood, a good disciplinarian : Dr. Farmer was quite the reverse, even to negligence and excess of good-nature. He had a brother, I think, a Colonel Farmer, and a nephew, who, I think, is a City-Rector. If I mistake not, the latter was his executor."

Mr. Dyer says in the *Cambridge-Fragments*, in the *Privi-*

antiquary, who was much acquainted at Emmanuel-College; and likewise of Dr. Askew, of Emmanuel-Library, and of the Picture-Gallery,

vileges of the University of Cambridge, p. 16. : — “ A little while after the late Dr. Farmer published his *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, — an ingenious pamphlet, that settles the controversy concerning the literary character of our immortal Dramatist, — he was visited by Dr. Johnson at Cambridge. Farmer observes in this Essay ‘ that an article of ‘ faith hath been usually received with more temper and ‘ complacence, than the unfortunate opinion, that he defend- ‘ ed.’ Johnson, therefore, conversing with Farmer, on the agitations, that this pamphlet had caused among the critics, justly admonished him in some such words as these : — ‘ Fear ‘ them not, Mr. Farmer; you have cut off a limb, and must ‘ expect the flesh about it to tremble.’ ”

The verses alluded to by Mr. Dyer occur in p. 96. : —

“ Dr. Farmer is only known as a Commentator on Shakspeare. The following lines, written by him, when a young man, shew that he might have been a poet, had he cultivated his talent. They are extracted from the *Gratulationes et Luctus*, published at Cambridge in 1755. As the original work is in the hands of few people, the ensuing extract may probably be not unacceptable. They are addressed to Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle, when he visited the University, for the purpose of authorizing the repair and enlargement of the Public Library.

Haste, young-eyed May, and gently pour
From bosom green thy balmy store;
Bid violets paint their azure beds,
And daffodils, with painted heads,
And tulip gilt, and primrose fair,
Sweetly catch the laughing air :

also of some curious books and MSS. there, with other matters relating to Cambridge.

I may, perhaps, just add in passing, that I

Bring Joy along, thy eldest born,
And Plenty, with her flowing horn :
Whilst birds of many a various wing
To Cam in wildest wood-notes ring,
Who sees approach his sedgy throne
The state's great patron, and his own.
Hail, Pelham, by whose favourite hand
Peace yet strews olives round the land.
See Europe's groans betray despair !
Her trembling balance asks thy care ;
And, if no human art can guide
The pendant weight on either side—
If sacred George at length shall cease
To bid the world be blest in peace—
Of crowns in vain shall Lewis dream :
His scale shall mount and kick the beam.
Whence, then, Britannia, the big tear,
Least song detain thy patriot's ear ?
His noble breast at once is free
To guard the much-lov'd Muse and thee.
See learning mark his chosen way,
With many a beam of early day !
And cowering Ignorance give place
To Science, with averted face !
While Pelham bids the column rise,
And tell his bounty to the skies.
Now smiles old Cam, and scatter'd finds
His Gothic dust the sport of winds,
Nor envies Isis, who ere while
Boasted her mausoleum pile .
On domes depends not Pelham's fame,
But be they founded on his name !
Haste, ye Muses, to prepare
Sweet flow'rets for your guardian's care !
Beneath his banner safe engage,
And brave the Vandals of the age !

have known, more or less, in the course of my life, several of the Doctor's acquaintance, and probably something may have passed in conversation, relative to him; but of any such observations I have no distinct recollection. With Dr. Priestley I was a good deal acquainted, when

For him your choicest laurels bring,
 Who lifts e'en me on fancy's wing !
 For him let Nature's face be gay,
 All be mirth and holiday.
 But when the ruddy eve steals on,
 And tips the grove with mantle brown,
 When swings the solemn curfew slow,
 Far absent be, thou bird of woe !
 Nor close the day with darkness drear,
 This fairest daughter of the year ! "

"The homeliness of Dr. Farmer's external disappointed me, who, from what I heard, expected to see him in little less than lawn sleeves. He delighted me at my father's table, when the report was alluded to that Sir Joshua Reynolds shared the gains of his man Ralph in shewing his pictures, by quoting the lines from *Hudibras* : —

' A squire he had, whose name was *Ralph*,
 ' Who in th' adventure went his half.'

The pleasure of such aptitude is not to be defined; but it is very great. Besides this, I recollect his saying of Dr. Parr, — and I print absolutely ignorant whether it be praise or censure, — ' that he seemed to have been at a feast of learning, from which he had carried off all the scraps.' " *Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs, collected by Lætitia Matilda Hawkins, V. 1. p. 14.*

On the liberality of Dr. Farmer see the *Memoirs of Gilbert Wakefield* 1, 95. 106. 176. E. H. B.]

he resided at Hackney ; I was very intimate with Mr. Wakefield. I once passed part of a day with Dr. Bridges, at a village near Thrapston, and dined with him at Magdalen-College, Oxford. I have occasionally dined in company with Mr. Porson, at Dr. Raine's, and Porson used frequently to take his mutton-chop with me. From what I knew of the latter and his writings, and two or three hints from Dr. Raine, I wrote *Mr. Porson's Memoirs*, in the *Public Characters*. I may add also Mr. Horne Tooke, though from what the latter gentleman said, I should think no great cordiality subsisted between him and Dr. Parr.

And now you see how large an *Epistle* I have written to you. Though not important, it is original ; not derived from any of the *Parriana*, which have lately appeared. I cannot object to your proposal of subjoining my name to such parts of this communication as you may approve, nor of omitting such parts, against which you may find objections.* Indeed it will not escape you, that without some acknowledgment it would appear that I had, like a rook, been robbing your nest, when I came to build one of my own. You will perceive, Sir, that the preceding effusions form rather a combination of circumstances, or a

* [The *Letter* is given entire. E. H. B.]

statement of occurrences, than a delineation of character, or any high colouring of panegyric.

Mrs. Dyer unites with me in kind respects, and I remain,

Dear Sir, yours faithfully,
GEORGE DYER."

XXI.

*Extract from the ' Whig-Club, or, A Sketch of
Modern Patriotism,' Lond. 1794. 8vo.*

“ Having bestowed so much time on the Laity, we cannot refuse some moments to one of the Clergy.

DOCTOR SAMUEL PARR may boast the same extraction as Cardinal Dubois, and is the son of a man, who united the two advantages of practising as an apothecary, and keeping a boarding-house at Harrow. It was at that school this colossus of Grecian literature received his education ; his application early distinguished him ; and he was chosen to supply the vacancy of one of the under-masters : from this situation he gradually advanced until he was promoted to the peculiar care of the fourth form. At this period he had the singular faculty of acquiring the affection of the scholars, with the esteem of the head-master. The death of the master, Dr. Sumner, which promised to promote, was ultimately fatal to his hopes ; he

aspired to be his successor ; but the governors thought themselves justified in calling Mr. Heath, from Eton, to that station. The boys were exasperated at this insult offered to their favourite ; a rebellion broke out, which will be long remembered at Harrow. It was above three weeks before order could be restored ; and then Mr. Parr retired with about fifty of the head-boys to Stanmore, where he opened a new school.

Though this measure was countenanced by Doctor Askew, and some few of the Grecian friends of the Doctor, it was far from being generally approved. It was observed, that however the ardour of the boys in favour of their preceptor might be amiable, it was neither prudent nor decent in him to avail himself of it ; that it was relaxing the springs of discipline ; and sanctioning that turbulent spirit, which has too often disgraced our great schools.

To the imprudent part of the conduct Mr. Parr was soon awakened ; most of the boys, who had seceded with him, were approaching the period, when they were to remove from school to college ; and the influence, which he even possessed over the juniors, began to decline : though the solemnity of his character was increased by the new dignity of Doctor, to which he was admitted about that time at Cambridge, it could not overawe the spirit of faction, which began to

arise. A marriage, which he contracted with the house-keeper of some obscure citizen's widow, added fuel to the flame. This wife had been recommended by Doctor Askew; for *Sammy* was too much immersed in Greek to look out for one for himself. Her sordid economy was displeasing to the boys, and her cockney dialect was grating to the ear of the Doctor. He lamented that he had not paid his addresses to the celebrated Miss Carter, whom he might have courted in Greek; and she did not condescend to conceal her vexation at having chosen for her bedfellow a pedantic pedagogue, instead of an East-India Captain, who might have brought muslins and chintzes.

The decline of the school at Stanmore admonished Dr. Parr to quit it; he afterwards tried Colchester and Norwich, but not with more success. The fame of his learning has, indeed, spread wider and wider; but with his renown his arrogance has increased; all his attainments are poisoned by a supercilious disposition; a less compliment than that from Catullus,

Ille in! PAR esse Deus videtur;

Ille, si fas est, superare Divos —

he would turn from with scorn. From lashing boys he presumed to lash men; and his Preface to Bellendenus launched him forth as one of the most daring adventurers on the ocean of political controversy: but the boldness of the attempt is

more to be admired, than the execution is to be praised. Even the purity of the Latin has been severely criticised; and the pompous phraseology, in which his ideas are clothed, announces a mind inflated by the opinion of its own superiority. It attracted the attention of the public for some time, rather from its scurrility, than its severity; but it has been long since consigned to oblivion; to the same oblivion, to which Dr. Parr's attacks on Mr. Curtis, and Dr. Combe, are rapidly hastening.

Yet, though Dr. Parr's character has suffered from acting a part so inconsistent with a minister of peace, it is not destitute of worthy and brilliant qualities. As a Greek scholar he stands unrivalled; and those, who have had the pleasure of sharing in his conversation, must acknowledge that he is gifted with an eloquence clear and captivating: it is the unhappy subject of politics, that has cramped his faculties, and proved a torpedo to his genius. We regret to find a pen, that can discourse sweet language, clothe wisdom in her fairest attire, give morality a charm to make instruction lovely, can elevate the humblest subject, and adorn the sublimest, prostituted to the worst of services, the service of a faction; we are grieved to behold a man, pure in his own morals, the advocate of a profligate crew sunk in vice and sensuality; and instead of aspiring by the open road

of learning to the highest dignities of the profession he has entered into, treading the dark and intricate paths of party, to attain to the degrading station of Chaplain of the Whig Club.”

XXII.

*Extract from a Letter to T. W. Coke, Esq. M.P.
on the Tendency of certain Speeches, delivered
at the County-Meeting, in the Shire-Hall, Nor-
wich, on Saturday, April 5th, 1817, by a
Clergyman, (Burgess,) Norwich, 1817. 8vo.
53-4. pp.*

“ I wish, Sir, we all knew our strong grounds, and could better turn our best virtues to account than we do. Your strong ground is where — I would to God every man’s was — *at home*. There you are unassailable — there you are intrenched so powerfully, that you may laugh to scorn all the malice and machinations of your enemies — there you may defy even the parasite himself to do you injury. I cannot help picturing to myself those hospitalities, to which you are indebted for much of that popularity you possess — to a purer source of popularity it is scarcely in any man’s power to be indebted. I see you surrounded by your friends — rejoicing in their joy — sharing in their misfortunes — and identifying

yourself with their best feelings, and in their happiest hours, by a thousand good offices, for which language has no name, but which are stamped in eternal characters upon a grateful heart. I know the princely demeanour you have long been in the habit of preserving towards all your connections. Every thing about you associated with home is one strong circle of enchantment. There you are the mighty magician, that can call up visions of delight to the way-faring man, and spread before him Elysian prospects at your pleasure. Your festivities have been without pomp, and your kindnesses without restraint. You have tempted to your table, with a sweet seducement, the great and the learned, the lowly and the good. In your society the industrious farmer, and the useful mechanic have forgot their littleness, and domesticated themselves with your splendor, without losing their respect for your rank.

“ At such a board every man has been proud to sit, and there too, in better days sat *one*, of whom even such a board might, in return, be proud ! Often have you been gratified by his keen political remark, running sometimes, it may be, in impure channels, but still flowing over beds of gold. Often have you witnessed his polished diction, his exquisite imagery, his fine gradations of thought, poured from a clear, full, fer-

tilizing urn. Often have you travelled with him through the records of generations past and forgotten, and feasted on his recondite researches, freely spread forth, like the light of heaven, to all around him. But when, with a fascination hardly to be conceived, he struck into new paths, which he trod without leaving a trace behind, and introduced his auditors to grand and solemn scenery — when he led them to fresh fountains, and unlocked the springs of ancient lore, and displayed the rich materials of an imagination, crowded with ‘thoughts that breathe and words that burn’ — when, finally, with a conscious, daring hand, he snatched the pencil of genius, and presented his delineation of *character*, where the figure starts from the canvass, and becomes a ‘living soul,’ I behold attention absorbed in wonder, and admiration converted into idolatry.

*Nec tantum Phæbo gaudet Parnassia rupes ;
Nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea.*

But these Athenian hours are, alas ! no more. The eagle hath deserted his ancient eyrie, and the tomtit twitters in his place. DR. PARR was the classic soul of the Holkham-hospitalities. It is suicide to recollect who is !”

XXIII.

*Copy of a Letter from C. J. Ashley, Esq. the
well-known Performer on the Violoncello.*

“ London, June 9th, 1827.

“ DEAR SIR,

It will always give me very great pleasure to do anything in my power to serve any of my late most respectable and worthy friend, Mr. Manley's family, and I had great pleasure in procuring the inclosed paper from Mr. Ashley. I beg that you will present my best respects to Mrs. Barker and her sisters, with my most sincere good wishes for their welfare and happiness.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Your very obedient humble Servant,

“ WM. JONES.”

“ To E. H. Barker, Esq.”

“ 5, Garden-Row, Southwark.

June 6th, 1827.

“ SIR,

Annexed you have the best answers I can give to the questions propounded in the

Letter, the contents of which you did me the honour to communicate from Mr. Barker.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Yours respectfully,

“ C. J. ASHLEY.”

“ To Wm. Jones, Esq.”

“ Early in life I had the pleasure of being acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Parr, when he resided at Stanmore, in which neighbourhood I and my brothers used to visit constantly.

“ As to teaching him the violoncello, I merely put some strings, and called occasionally, and tuned an old instrument he had, when I was in the village. His performance consisted in merely holding the instrument by the head, and sounding the open strings, and singing with great animation and power of voice Greek verses or choruses, as he called them; — shifting the fingers, he said, was useless, and merely a French innovation.

“ His ear for music I cannot decidedly speak upon further than I should think he possessed a correct one, as he always expressed himself delighted with the simple and sublime style of Handel’s compositions.

“ Dr. Parr often conversed upon the music of the ancients; but, as his remarks were too learned for me, (then only a boy,) to comprehend, I

am not able to state the scale of Greek music. I only recollect that upon my meeting him at an *Oratorio* I conducted at Norwich in 1807, and enquiring if he still continued practising the violoncello, he very seriously replied that as he could not accomplish the Greek scale, he had been reluctantly compelled to resign his musical studies.

“ Any anecdotes I recollect, are merely school-boy reports, and far too trifling to afford any entertainment, and I fear too ridiculous to be inserted in such a work as Mr. Barker’s. The following may probably not be unworthy of notice.

“ The Doctor in order to keep his imagination awake, and his memory retentive, requested an old cobbler, who was a great theologician, to give him a text every time he performed duty at Stanmore. The cobbler regularly attended the pulpit-stairs, and as the Doctor ascended, delivered him a paper, upon which he preached extemporarily. Some of these were extraneous portions of Scripture ; but so great were his powers, that he never was known to be at fault, or experienced the least hesitation in the delivery of his discourses.

“ The only gentlemen I recollect, as intimate with the Doctor, were the Rev. Archdeacon Ibbotson, the Vicar of ———; M. Madan Esq., son of the Rev. M. Madan, (of the Lock,) R.

Graham, Esq. Apothecary to Chelsea-Hospital ; the Rev. David Roderick,* Assistant to the Doctor ; and Mr. Blake, the Dancing-master, all of whom I am sorry to say are deceased.”

* [Happily Mr. Roderick still survives, and to him I am indebted for much interesting information respecting Dr. Parr. E. H. B.]

XXIV.

Letter from J. A. Holmes, Esq. Master of an Academy at Stratford-on-Avon, addressed to the Editor.

“ *Stratford-on-Avon, Nov. 26, 1826.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

Since I communicated to Mr. Palmer, the worthy Rector of Alcester, my intention of speedily sending to you any relicts, which I might have preserved of the conversations, etc. of our deceased and regretted friend, Dr. Parr, my time has been so fully occupied by the avocations of my school, and the languor produced by a tedious illness, from which I am as yet not quite recovered, that till now I have been rendered incapable of putting my intention into execution. Lest, however, you should judge me to be a man more ready to make, than to fulfil promises, I hasten to devote the only leisure-hours I have for some time enjoyed, to the purpose of writing to you, and endeavouring to remove any unfa-

vourable impressions, which my apparent neglect may have excited in your mind.

It gives me the highest satisfaction in having an opportunity of expressing to you, as a favoured friend of the Doctor, and to the world at large, the deep and grateful recollection I do, and ever shall, retain of the very many and great kindnesses I have received at his hands. For years he was to me rather as a father than a friend, and I ever felt for him all the affection of a son. He sought me out in my humble situation, and introduced me to men eminent for their talents, acquirements, and virtues. Whatever of good he thought he had discovered in my character, he established and invigorated by well-timed and judicious praise, and my faults he corrected with the earnestness, yet tenderness of a parent. I can with truth affirm that but few days of my life pass by, in which I do not find occasion to call to mind, and to put in practice some wise and virtuous precept, which I have received from his lips. There is a passage in a *Letter*, written by the younger Pliny (2, 1.) on the death of his friend and patron, Virginius Rufus, to Voconius Romanus, so applicable to our departed friend, and so consonant to my own feelings, that I trust I shall be pardoned for quoting it: — ‘ *Quibus ex causis necesse est tanquam immaturam mortem ejus in sinu tuo defleam : si tamen fas est aut flere,*

‘*aut omnino mortem vocare, qua tanti viri mortalitas magis finita quam vita est. Vivit enim, vivetque semper, atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermone versabitur, postquam ab oculis recessit.*’

The observations below on a paper in Hawkesworth’s *Adventurer*, were dictated to me by the Doctor, as he was one evening calmly smoking his pipe in my study, with no one present but ourselves. I was telling him that two of our common friends had decided from internal evidence that No. 87 in that work was not written by Warton, as the signature Z indicated, but by Johnson. ‘Reach your *Adventurer* from the shelves,’ said the Doctor, ‘and read the paper to me.’ When I had done so, he said : — ‘Now sit down, and write on the blank leaf of the volume what I shall dictate to you ; and remember never to part with that book, nor suffer the leaf, which you have written, to be torn out, but preserve it as a memorial of your cordial and sincere friend, when I shall be numbered with the dead.’ What the Doctor dictated, is as follows : —

‘May 19, 1808. Number 87 of the *Adventurer* was written by Johnson, not by Dr. Warton. It has internal evidence sufficient to shew who was, and who was not the writer. Instead of T the signature of Johnson, Z the signature of

‘ Warton was by an error of the press inserted in
 ‘ the earlier editions, and has since continued.
 ‘ Boswell, when collecting Johnson’s papers in the
 ‘ *Adventurer*, looked only to the signature T, and
 ‘ not finding it to No. 87, he did not assign that
 ‘ paper to Johnson. Warton was more likely to
 ‘ keep a good account than Johnson, and Dr.
 ‘ Wooll, in his *Life of Warton*, does not include
 ‘ No. 87, among the papers written by Warton.
 ‘ Dr. Parr, who gave me this information in May
 ‘ 1808, was quite satisfied with the internal evi-
 ‘ dence as supplied by the style and the matter.
 ‘ Boswell’s silence proves nothing except his want
 ‘ of vigilance, or his want of acuteness; but
 ‘ Wooll’s silence is decisive, more especially as
 ‘ Boswell has left the paper open to a claim from
 ‘ Dr. Warton, who happily had too much honour to
 ‘ appropriate the composition of another man.’*

* For the convenience of the reader I shall introduce the paper alluded to.

“ Number 87. *Tuesday*, Sept. 4. 1753.

Iracundior est paulo; minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defuit, et male latus
In pede calceus hæret:— at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore ———

HOR.

Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit
 For the brisk petulance of modern wit:

[I remember that the circumstance referred to took place at Alcester, when my correspondent resided there, and I have a faint recollection that Dr. Parr dictated to me a paper on the subject, addressed to the *Monthly Magazine*, and

His hair ill cut, his robe that aukward flows,
Or his large shoes, to rallery expose
The man. ———

But underneath this rough, uncouth disguise,
A genius of extensive knowledge lies.

FRANCIS.

“ THERE are many accomplishments, which, though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy, which is called **GOOD BREEDING**; a name, by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterised and recommended.

“ Good Breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he, who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestible superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy, with whom it is dangerous to combat.

“ In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of those, with whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate: and good breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the detraction of malice, or the adulation of servility, the obscenity of a lecher, or the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and, when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension.

signed *P. V.*, (*i. e. Phileleutherus Varvicensis*,) or *P. W.* in which periodical it will probably be found. The following words appear in Dr. Parr's copy of the *Adventurer* : —

sion, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

" It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents ; and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

" Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, Dante Alighieri, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince, which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem ; but became daily less acceptable to his patron by the severity of his manners, and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court, many players and buffoons, gamesters and debauchers, one of whom, distinguished by his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest, which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and said, ' I wonder that this person, who is by some deemed a fool, and by others a madman, should yet be so generally pleasing, and generally beloved ; when you, who are celebrated for wisdom, are yet heard without pleasure, and commended without friendship.' ' You would cease to wonder, replied Dante, ' if you considered, that a conformity of character is the source of friendship.' This sarcasm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable ; and Dante was immediately disgraced and banished.

" But by this answer, though the indignation, which produced

“ No. 87, is marked by the general signature of Warton. I do not see in it the style of thinking or writing, which I find in the other papers of Warton. I do see the mind and the language of

it, was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others : it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage ; and not the still voice of REASON, which is heard with complacency and reverence : if Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise ; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

“ Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters, which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings, which they discover. The common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention ; the various turns of fortune, that have lately happened at a game at whist, the history of a ball at Tunbridge or Bath, a description of Lady Fanny's jewels, and Lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horse-race or cock-match, and disquisitions on the game-act or scarcity of partridges, are subjects, upon which men of delicate taste do not always choose to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity ; that, if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be despised and hated by those, whom they hate and despise ; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good breeding of conversation ; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

Johnson. Once I thought it impossible for the paper to have been originally written by Warton, who was likely enough to select such a subject, and to have been materially corrected and improved by Johnson. Boswell, who had no taste nor sagacity, and was guided merely by the signatures, does not ascribe this paper to his sage. But my suspicions are confirmed by Wooll's *Life of Joe Warton*. Wooll was guided in all probability by written memorandums, and in the enumeration of Warton's contributions to the *Adventurer* he does not mention this paper. I add that mistakes in the signatures may often happen in periodical publications written by different per-

“He, who does not practice good breeding. will not find himself considered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which it is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt. This species of ill breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected that he, who is deeply attentive to an abstruse science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a rout, and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those, who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

“Equally excusable, for the same reasons, are that absence

sons. Thus in No. 293, of the *Spectator*, T is put for L, and L it is in folio and in the 8vo. of 1712, and it is printed as Addison's by Tickell in the 3d. vol of his edn. of *Addison's Works*. 297 L, or *London House*, is T in the folio. But in the 8vo. and 12mo. it is properly L. No. 265, is in folio signed T, but in the editions of 1712 it is C. Thus 3 Nos. written by Addison have met with erroneous signatures, which would lead us to ascribe them to other writers. No. 261, has Addison's signature of C, and was reprinted as such by Tickell in *Addison's Works*, but it was not Addison's. It is said that some other papers,

of mind, and that forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When LEWIS XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian, whom he highly extolled, 'Yes,' replied BOILEAU, in the presence of Madam MAINTENON, 'he performed tolerably well in the de-spicable pieces of SCARRON, which are now deservedly forgotten even in the provinces.'

"As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections in others, from which he himself is not free, indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for, as no man should be well-bred at the expence of his virtue, no man should practice virtue, so as to deter others from imitation. Z."

which I have not enumerated, have Addison's signature, though they were written by other persons. I made these extracts from a late edition of the *Spectator*, which belongs to Mr. Bartlam of Alcester. The instances I have produced, are sufficient to establish my position, that wrong signatures will sometimes occur in periodical works, where different signatures are employed by different writers. Boswell was purblind in not seeing that the No. in the *Adventurers* signed Z, has every internal mark of Johnson's style; but he was honest in not claiming it. Dr. Warton, who seems to have kept a copy of his contributions, was very honourable in not claiming the paper in question." S. PARR.

"I am convinced that Warton had no share whatever in the paper, of which I am speaking. It was Johnson's originally, and entirely." S. PARR.

E. H. B.]

"I am sorry that I have not treasured up in my memory more of the Doctor's remarkable sayings: one, however, which I remember, is, I think, worth preserving. Myself and a common friend were sitting with him in his library, and in conversation the name of a gentleman, who was said to be a hard reader, was mentioned. 'He reads hard,' said the Doctor, 'but his mental digestion is defective; it turns every thing

‘to curds and whey.’ The same common friend, who is now no more, once communicated to me a very remarkable expression of the Doctor’s. The Doctor and he had been deeply engaged in a conversation on the character of Christ, and the Doctor concluded the conversation with an expression, which to people in general would probably be deemed too light and frivolous for so serious a subject. He said : ‘Jesus Christ, Sir, was a perfect *gentleman*.’ It is to be observed, however, that the word *gentleman* in the Doctor’s vocabulary comprehended not only every thing, which in man was amiable and attractive, but all that was pure, virtuous, and holy.

“ I wish that with propriety I could have sent you some passages from *Letters*, which I have at various times received from the Doctor ; but there are very sufficient reasons why I should abstain. Of what I have written, you will make such use, as you deem proper. I have now only to request that you will write and inform me, if you receive this paper safe, and to subscribe myself

“ Yours very truly,

“ J. A. HOLMES.”

[In the Doctor’s copy of the *Adventurer* there is also the following note : — “ No. 132. on Ca-

razan, see Kant *de Sensu Sublimitatis et Pulcritudinis* 4, 227. of Born's Latin Translation. The signature of Dr. Johnson is not affixed to No. 132. But there are many strong internal marks in the thoughts and the language, that Johnson had improved it largely."

Dr. Parr adds:—"In No. 76. signed Z. there are frequent and decisive marks of Johnson's pen."*

* "Number 132. *Saturday*, Febr. 9, 1754.

——— *Ferimur per opaca locorum.*

VIRG.

——— Driv'n thro' the palpable obscure.

"CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark, which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered that, when he was indigent, he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy, which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more, as he used it less; he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and, as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

"But, though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the Mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the Temple of the

Hampton's Translation of Polybius, which first appeared in 1756, 4to., is thus characte-

Prophet. That devotion, which arises from the LOVE OF GOD, and necessarily includes the LOVE OF MAN, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which is moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection, but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment, which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turned round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the Mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, no man saluted him.

“ Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character, which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed; the multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing, like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity, which had procured him audience.

“ To Him, who touches the mountains and they smoke, The Almighty and The Most Merciful, be everlasting honour! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his

raised by Gibbon : — “ The English Translator has preserved the admirable sense, and improved the coarse style of his Arcadian original. A

visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my Harem, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandise, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of him, who dwells in the third heaven, was upon me. I beheld the Angel of Death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me, before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported, with astonishing rapidity, through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath ; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre, that obscured the sun. The gate of Paradise was now in sight ; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness, which no human eye could behold : the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced ; my day of probation was past : and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could anything be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me ; and, while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance, that flamed before me.

“ ‘ Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by Love of God : neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by Love of Man : for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due ; and thou hast approached the ALMIGHTY only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed, beheld vice and folly ; but, if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven ?

grammarian, like Dionysius, might despise Polybius for not understanding the structure of words, and Lord Monboddo might wish for a version into Attic Greek."

' If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun
' diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall
' the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn
' diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut
' compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with
' a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and therefore,
' henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light
' of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be
' driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity,
' and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.' At this mo-
ment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through
the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds
in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived
the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me,
a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness!
Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this excla-
mation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire:—' O!
' that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of
' impenitence and guilt! There society would have alleviated
' the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have
' excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had been condemned
' to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand
' years to the regions of light and life, the hope of these pe-
' riods, however distant, would cheer men in the dread interval
' of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity
' into time.' While this thought passed over my mind, I lost
sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was
quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every mo-
ment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from

Mr. Beloe writes thus : — “ Of the merit of *Hampton’s Translation of Polybius*, it cannot now be necessary to say anything. Its reputation has been long established, and many succeeding editions prove the extensiveness of its circulation. One thing relating to it, however, may not have been a circumstance of general remark, and this is that the style of the *Dedication* to Lord Henley, who was at that time Lord Chancellor, as well as that of the *Work* itself, has not precisely the same character, which distin-

the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish that, when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power, who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my hand towards the regions of existence with an emotion, that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality ; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness, which I feel, to those, from whom it is derived ; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude, to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Africa, or the gems of Golconda.

“ At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example ; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.”

guishes the *Preface*. This idea is by no means my own, nor is it altogether novel. A learned friend some years since suggested to me that the outlines of the *Preface* were drawn up by Hampton himself, and that the composition had received its finishing polish from the pen of Dr. Johnson. Nothing can be more certain than that the characters of two minds are easily discernible ; and perhaps, in one or two instances, that want of uniformity may be distinguished, which really exists in the *Bampton-Lectures* of Dr. White, but

“ Number 76. Saturday, July 28, 1753.

*Duc me, PARENS, celsique dominator poli,
Quocunque placuit ; nulla parendi mora est ;
Adsum impiger. Fac nolle ; comitabor gemens,
Malusque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.*

SENECA ex CLEANTHE.

Conduct me, thou of beings cause divine,
Where'er I'm destin'd in thy great design !
Active, I follow on : for should my will
Resist, I'm impious ; but must follow still.

HARRIS.

“ BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasures with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

which at the time of their publication wholly escaped the penetration and sagacity of certain learned critics, who were pleased to infer the authenticity of the *Sermons* from the regularity of

“ Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain. He there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation, that Patience offered him, to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. ‘Can that GOD be benevolent,’ he cried, ‘who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imaus, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power, with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those evils, which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe. — I will continue in it no longer!’

“ At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty

the style. One thing is incontrovertible. No man living could have written the *Preface* to the *Translation of Polybius*, whose mind had not an extensive and steady view of the subject, which

and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic smile, 'Follow me to the top of this mountain.'

" 'Look from hence,' said the awful conductor; 'I am Caloc, the Angel of Peace; look from hence into the valley.'

" Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and a solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries, nor a single spring in this forlorn, uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers, that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected, to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship, that might haply approach the island.

" 'Inhabitant of heaven,' cried Bozaldab, 'suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.' 'Peace,' said the Angel, 'and observe.'

" He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket? No sooner had this pitiless commander re-

Polybius has discussed ; and this praise surely belongs to Hampton. Neither could any man have written it, whose taste had not been early formed by the best models of antiquity, in com-

ceived the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition, in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

“ ‘ Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised,’ exclaimed Bozaldab. — ‘ Look again,’ said the Angel, ‘ and behold the very ship, in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock : dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors ? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man, whom thou hast pitied, shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched ; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught, not only to despise, but abhor : he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless ; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious ; he has now learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he, whom distress has taught wisdom ! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.’

“ The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper ; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Gol-

position, and in criticism; and here also the claims of Hampton are indisputable. At the same time there is a profoundness of thinking, an energy of expression, a regularity of cadence, very dissimilar

conda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

“ ‘ Gracious ALLA! — it is my son,’ cried the Caliph — ‘ O let me hold him to my heart!’ ‘ Thou canst not grasp ‘ an unsubstantial vision,’ replied the Angel: ‘ I am now ‘ shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, ‘ had he continued longer on the earth.’ ‘ And why,’ re- ‘ turned Bozaldab, ‘ was he not permitted to continue? ‘ Why was not I suffered to be a witness of so much felicity ‘ and power?’ ‘ Consider the sequel,’ replied he, that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity, and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace, so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards, married the successor to his throne.

“ ‘ Happy’, said Caldoc, ‘ is he, whom Providence has by

from the structure of the sentences in the *Translation*, and very similar to the best peculiarities of Johnson's phraseology. With respect to the *Translation* itself, whoever will be at the pains to compare it with the original, will doubtless, as must be unavoidable in such undertakings, be able to detect some mistakes; but none, it may be

' the Angel of Death snatched from guilt! From whom that
' power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have
' accumulated upon himself yet greater misery, than it could
' bring upon others.'

" ' It is enough,' cried Bozaldab; ' I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience! — From what dreadful
' evil has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly
' bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth,
' and transmitted his spirit to the skies!'

" ' Cast away the dagger,' replied the heavenly messenger,
' which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart.
' Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration.
' Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of ETERNAL WISDOM? Can a
' mind, that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any
' thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative! Can
' the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive
' the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of
' the Ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be
' conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute
' as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity.'

" The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the empyrean; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract. Z."

asserted, of very material importance. The body of the style is firm and compact, full of sinews and muscles, and with such evident marks of talent, as must impress the reader with the most exalted ideas of Hampton's erudition, as well as judgment." *Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books* 5, 286.

This 'learned friend' in all probability was Dr. Parr; for in August 1825, when I was visiting an enlightened and excellent friend, in Warwickshire, he informed me in conversation that Dr. Parr considered the *Preface* in question to be the composition of Johnson, and as decidedly proving the original tendency of Johnson's mind to Whig principles.

E. H. B.]

XXV.

*Letter addressed to the Editor by T. G.
Street, Esq.*

*" 20 Portland-Terrace, Regent's Park,
July 20, 1826.*

" SIR,

Having been out of Town, I was not favoured with your Letter till the day before yesterday. It is now nearly 30 years, or rather between 25 and 30 years, since I was honoured with frequent communication and intercourse with Dr. Parr. Our intimacy fell off without blame on either side, at least I trust without blame on mine. He resided chiefly in the country — I was a constant resident in London, and had, besides, my whole time occupied by the *Courier*, of which I was sole editor and part-proprietor. Our political principles, which began about the years 1798 or 9, to be diametrically opposite, contributed probably to our estrangement; but I trust it was an estrangement without animosity on his side, though he

was bitter against my falling off from the good cause, as he called it. From the period, to which I have alluded, we never met, even by chance ; but never could I, or can I view his character without the highest admiration and reverence. To him may be applied the brief, but expressive words, which Gerard Hamilton used in speaking of Dr. Johnson : — ‘ Johnson is no more ; — let ‘ us go to the second best ; — there is no one to ‘ supply his place.’ I quote from memory, and perhaps not quite correctly.

Our correspondence related chiefly to a pamphlet he was about to publish against a Mr. Curtis, a Warwickshire-clergyman ; and as he lived at Hatton, and his pamphlet was printed in London, the proof-sheets were sent to me, and I corrected the press, — a task, which you must know was neither easy nor pleasant ; for the Doctor’s handwriting was only inferior in illegibility to that of the late Mr. Sheridan, and besides, there was plenty of Greek quotations ! His *Letters* related to little else, and I am sorry to say I have not kept one of them, nor have I kept any *Letter* from any of the eminent men, with whom I corresponded during the 20 years I conducted the *Courier*. My work about Louis XVI, (I will not dignify it by the name of *History*,) was written, when I was scarcely 24. I never published but one volume, and of that I have not preserved one copy.

I shall be glad to be able to forget that I ever wrote it. But fortunately it did not excite the public attention, and, like the Vicar of Wakefield's *Treatise on Monogamy*, was read only by the *happy* few. Dr. Parr read it in MS., and in a note in his pamphlet about Mr. Curtis alluded to it. It was written with too great a bias to the French Revolution, — a blot in my political career, which I have endeavoured to wipe away by the zeal, the steadiness, and the constancy, with which from the period I became proprietor of the *Courier* in 1799, I opposed revolutionary doctrines.

So many years have elapsed without any correspondence or communication with Dr. Parr, that I have preserved but few of his sayings, and of these few there may be some, which may already have come to your knowledge.

Mr. Paradise, Sir James Mackintosh, and myself accompanied the Doctor to hear Dr. Horsley preach, before the House of Peers, the Sermon on the Martyrdom of King Charles, a few days after the murder of Louis XVI, in 1798. We took our station in the aisle, and Dr. Parr fronted the Bishop, who frequently cast a glance at him, as he proceeded in his Sermon. Dr. Parr became restless and indignant during its progress. It concluded with these expressions. — ‘ Let us
‘ pray that the thoughts of their hearts may be

‘ forgiven them.’ Dr. Parr instantly exclaimed : ‘ Damnable doctrine ! Master Horsley, damnable ‘ doctrine ! ’ Many persons around us could hear those expressions. The Doctor then turned to Mr. Paradise, and continued his angry comments in Greek.

Soon after this I went with him to the gallery of the House of Commons. Sir James Mackintosh, I think, went with him. The debate was of great importance. The Doctor sate in the side-gallery, from whence he could see and be seen by the leading Members of the Opposition. Mr. Fox rose, and spoke. The Doctor’s eyes sparkled with animation, As Mr. Fox proceeded, the Doctor grew more animated, and at last rose as if with the intention of speaking. He was reminded of the impropriety, and immediately sat down. After Mr. Fox had concluded, he exclaimed : — ‘ Had I followed any other profession, I might have been sitting by the side of ‘ that illustrious statesman ; I should have had ‘ all his powers of argument, — all Erskine’s eloquence, — and all Hargrave’s law.’

I once asked him his opinion of the three professions. ‘ Physicians,’ he said, ‘ were the most ‘ learned, — lawyers the most entertaining, — ‘ then comes my profession.’

Speaking of Greek, I wished to know how he classed Dr. Burney. ‘ Porson, Sir, is the first, —

‘always the first: we all yield to him. Burney is the third. Who is the second, I leave you to guess.’

When I was at Hatton for a short time, I was with him every day. He was fond of speaking of the late Mr. Sheridan. Tom Sheridan was under his care. Tom, he said, has as warm a heart as his father, and has a good share of pleasantry and humour; but, if he survive his father, it will never be said of him:

Sol occubuit — nox nulla secuta est.

Tom soon afterwards left Hatton in consequence of a dream of his father; for Sheridan had some superstition in his composition. He dreamed that Tom fell off from a tree, and broke his arm. He disregarded the dream at first — he dreamed it a second time, and immediately sent for Tom from Hatton.

He would sometimes be a day or two without examining his scholars; but then on a sudden he would send for them, and in general they were sufficiently prepared. Tom Sheridan was an unlucky wight. One day the Doctor was going to dine at Lord Dormer’s. ‘Now, Tom,’ he said, ‘I know you will do something in my absence, that will deserve a flogging; but I shall be tired, when I return. Had you not better be flogged now?’ ‘By all means,’ replied Tom; ‘for

‘ then I shall have a furlough for the day.’ The Doctor laughed, and set off upon his visit.

With respect to Gerrald, I have but few anecdotes of him. I have often heard Dr. Parr say that he was the most elegant scholar, that had ever been under his tuition. He was a most eloquent man—keen and sarcastic, when roused, but in general very good-humoured and pleasant. He was dissipated in his habits,—careless in his dress,—frequently most melancholy and desponding. He had been in easy circumstances, and bore his altered fortunes with a fierce impatience. Next to Dr. Parr, to whom he had a filial affection, he was most attached to Porson, by whom he was highly admired. I have often thought that he would never have become a member of the Scotch Convention, or at least that he would not have attended their deliberations, had it not been for a disappointment he had met with. There was a lady, to whom he was tenderly attached, and of whose fidelity he had strong suspicion. From that time he became more careless, more indifferent. He disliked the Ministry, without being attached to the Opposition, of whom he often spoke in severe terms. He would sometimes attack them before Dr. Parr. The Doctor would say : — ‘ Aye, Master Gerrald, I’ll suffer you to do this, because I’ll suffer you to do anything ; but let any one else attempt it, and I would

‘empty my whole pickle-salmon tub of invective upon his head :’ This was an expression, which he sometimes used, when he was in high good-humour. ‘Did you argue with him, Doctor?’ (Speaking of a particular person.) ‘No, Sir, I never condescend to argue with him, — I pour my pickle-salmon tub upon him at once, — I drown him.’

This is a long Letter with very little in it. However I would not delay sending it you as soon as possible, that I might not appear to be guilty of neglect. I wish you all possible success in a work, which I am sure could not be in better hands, and which cannot fail to be useful to the learned, and interesting to the general reader. Should I recollect any more anecdotes or sayings, I will not fail to transmit them to you.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

T. G. STREET.”

XXVI.

*Letter from George Newnham Collingwood, Esq.
addressed to the Editor.*

“ *Moor-House, Hawkhurst, Kent, Nov. 21, 1825.*

“ SIR,

I received the *Letter*, which you did me the honour to write to me respecting my late venerable tutor, Dr. Parr, and I should have been very glad, if I could have realized in any degree the expectations, which my friend has led you to entertain, that I could contribute anything material to the work, which, I rejoice to find from you, you have now in hand.

Nobody, I think, could have felt for Dr. Parr a sincerer affection than I did, or can now cherish his memory with deeper veneration ; for I knew him most intimately for years, and had abundant opportunities of appreciating his talents and virtues. Yet I am not aware that I am in possession of any information respecting him, of which you are not already apprised. I am unfortunately

not in the habit of preserving the *Letters*, which I receive, and although perhaps I may still find one or two from Dr. Parr among my papers, yet his correspondence was in general so free and unguarded, that I doubt much whether there would be anything, that could be rendered fit for the public eye. In his character there was such simplicity and so entire an absence of all affectation and concealment, that few persons failed to seize at once its peculiar and characteristic traits, and I should have little hope of being able to add anything to the *Memoir*, which Miss —— has drawn up with such just discrimination, and with such remarkable power of vigorous and appropriate language. Miss Augusta Wynne, who is now staying at my house, has been so good as to lend me that young lady's elegant composition, which I have read with very great pleasure.

The warmth of his temper, the richness of his eloquence, and the bursts of indignation, which the first mention of political or moral delinquency never failed to produce, were noble parts of Dr. Parr's character, and obvious to all ; but even these high qualities led him not unfrequently into exaggeration, and made those, who took him at his word, conceive at times an unjust opinion of his heart and judgment. But in his cooler moments there was no man more tolerant and mild, and you and I must have seen many instances,

where he has uttered the deepest denunciation of vengeance and hatred against those, whom he would not only have abstained from injuring, if it had been in his power, but have gladly admitted to share his benevolence, if not his friendship. Perhaps this tone was more frequently to be found in his correspondence, than even in his conversation; and I hope you will forgive me, if I say that from these circumstances I think that a selection cannot be made from his *Letters* without great delicacy and extreme caution.

It is most grateful to me to add my testimony to the character, which Miss —— has drawn of his ‘private liberality.’ I was his pupil during a time, when his fortune was at his lowest ebb, about the year 1798. Indeed I owe to this circumstance the high gratification of having been under his instruction; for he had before given up receiving pupils, and it was nothing but the pressure of pecuniary matters, which induced him to take me, whose family were then perfect strangers to him. During my stay with him I wrote almost all the *Letters*, which he sent, and as he was frequently absent on visits, when I did not chuse to accompany him, he used to desire me to open all those, which came for him, and extract such parts, as I might think required his immediate attention. I had thus a full opportunity of knowing every thing, that occurred during my stay; and I often thought

with wonder then, and continue to do so now, of the incredible number of applications, that were made to him at times for pecuniary aid, at others for his mediation in family-disputes, in short for the constant exertion of his benevolence and friendship.

It was rarely indeed that any such request was denied, and I have known many a time, when the indulgence of his charity to others has drawn the pudding from our frugal table for a full week. I remember once he desired me to write for him a *Letter* to a lady, which was couched in such respectful language, that I concluded that it was addressed to a person, who had been his benefactress, and almost doubted whether he would have used similar expressions to any minister, who might have given him a Bishoprick. It was, however, to the aged widow of a once very opulent clergyman, to excuse himself from being unable to send her more than a guinea; and when I took it myself to the old lady, (for it was in London,) I found that she and her late husband had known the Doctor only by name. But this munificent spirit of charity was not only prompted by a desire to alleviate the sufferings of others, but connected with a great ruling principle of his conduct, which he himself denominated *theopathy*, by which his mind was perpetually turning upwards to the Author of all Good,

and embracing every cheerful and happy moment with an almost heavenly feeling of love and thanksgiving. I shall never forget some years ago, when he had occasion to tell me of an act of kindness, which he had done to a young man, and I could not forbear from expressing my admiration of the benevolence, which could thus proceed unchecked by the numerous instances of ingratitude, which I am sorry to say I had too frequently witnessed towards him, with how delightful a spirit he replied — ‘ Say no more, say ‘ no more ; it is but a feeble effort on my part to ‘ shew my gratitude to that Being, who has blessed me far beyond my deserts.’

Of the instances of his learning the want of correct notes at the time, and the discontinuance of those studies with me, would render me, I fear, a very unfaithful narrator ; but I will mention one fact of this kind, because I am not without hope that the original may still be found among his papers.

Mr. Richard Parry, of Trinity-College, Cambridge, paid the Doctor a visit, while I was his pupil, and brought with him from College, among other matters, a *Prize Greek Epigram*, written by Mr. William Frere, now Master of Downing, on the subject of *Muta Eloquentia*, which begins

* *Ἴρος, ἐὼν ἀγλωσσος, ἐνὶ τριόδοισι κάθηται*

*Πτωχέων κ. τ. λ.**

* [The title of the *Epigram* in question, of which the date

Mr. Parry was praising it highly, while we were sitting at our wine after dinner, and endeavouring in vain to persuade the Doctor into similar feelings of approbation, and at last we said — ‘ Well, Sir, could you make a better ? ’ ‘ Why,’ replied the Doctor, ‘ if I could not, that would ‘ be no proof that this is good ; but, as you put ‘ me to the trial, I will see if I cannot make a ‘ better, and do you,’ (addressing himself to me,) ‘ get pens and paper.’ I did so, and after a few minutes he chose the story of Phryne, who, when unable to persuade the judges of her father by her eloquence, displayed her bosom, and conquered their obduracy by her beauty. In about half an hour he had finished 10 or 12 hexameters and pentameters, which I wrote down from his dictation, and of which I have unfortunately lost the copy, which I long retained ; but I hope that one may be found among his papers. I do not recollect more than five of the lines, but will write them down, that you may recognize the original, if it should fall into your hands. Phryne had in vain implored,

καὶ πολλὰς ἐξετάνυσσε χέρας,

but when she exhibited the charms of her person,

is *Trin. Coll. Cam.* 1796, is this —

Χρὴ συγᾶν, ἥ κρεῖσσονα συγῆς λέγειν.

It is inserted in the *Musæ Cantabrigienses*, Lond. 1810. 8vo. p. 224.]

Τοῖον ἀπὸ στηθῶν ἀπαλῶν ἐστίλβετο κάλλος,
 Καὶ τοῖον πειθοῦς ὄμμασιν ἄνθος ἔνη,

that they could not resist her appeal :

Οὔτως ἡ φεύγουσ' ἀποφεύγειν παρθένος ᾗδει
 Ἡ γυμνὴ νικᾷ, ἢ τ' ἀκέουσα λέγειν.

It is, I dare say, unnecessary to mention that he explained *φεύγειν* 'to be the defendant,' and *ἀποφεύγειν* 'to be acquitted.'

There was a branch of his learning, of which he threw out a great deal in conversation, — I mean that respecting the structure and philosophy of the Greek language, and I never quite knew whether this was derived from his own conceptions, or from the rare and curious works, which he was perpetually reading. You must have often heard him speak on the subject, and your own extensive researches will, no doubt, have enabled you to decide how much of it was original. It has often given me much pleasure to think that you will probably have preserved a great deal of this interesting lore, of which he was so full. As an instance, I would mention the manner, in which he used to trace the comparative and superlative in many words, as in *κάλλος*, *καλλ-ίων*, 'going on to a greater degree 'of beauty,' *καλλ-ιστος*, 'coming to the stand- 'still of beauty.' Again, *καλὸς*, *καλο-ετερος*, 'another and greater degree of beauty,' and then *καλο-τατος*, again a form of *ἴστημι*.

The Doctor's critical acumen, (if I may venture to express such an opinion,) was too apt to waste itself in following up and recording the similar use of words in different writers ; but I have often (in common with his other friends,) admired the instances, in which his criticism and taste took a wider and a nobler flight. Of this sort I think would be found many of the *Letters*, which he wrote to the late Mr. Payne Knight, and probably also to Mr. Uvedale Price.* To the former of these gentlemen I remember his addressing a long paper on the imperfect manner, in which Mr. Gray has transfused the spirit and beauty of Pindar's image of the eagle sleeping on the hand of Jove. He particularly objected to the feebleness and debility, which Gray had introduced by the expressions *with ruffled plume and flagging wing*, instead of the unimpaired majesty and strength, which in Pindar is described as lulled by the influence of musick into momentary repose.

* [I have good reason to believe that Dr. Parr only occasionally corresponded with Mr. Payne Knight, and by an application to his brother, Mr. A. Knight, I learnt the unpleasant intelligence that Mr. Payne Knight left no *Letters* of any sort behind him. Dr. Parr's correspondence with Sir Uvedale Price consisted of a few *Letters* connected with those subjects, in which Sir Uvedale has taken so deep an interest, and when he is prepared to lay before the public the fruits of his useful labours, we may entertain a reasonable hope of perusing in his work this correspondence. E. H. B.]

For this purpose he enlarged much on the fine passage,

ὁ δὲ κνώσσων
 Ἑγρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ, τεαῖς
 Ῥιπαῖσι κατασχόμενος.

and showed how ἕγρος meant ‘softness and flexibility,’* and anything but a *ruffled* state. I had

* [The note of Heyne is this: — “Ἑγρὸν νῶτον. Per se et origine sua τὸ ἕγρὸν nihil aliud aut fuit aut esse potest quam *humidum, liquidum*. Accessere inde notiones, ut fit, ab adjunctis; ut sit *molle*, hinc ut sit *flexile, mobile*, fere quod Latinorum *lubricum*. Ἑγρὰν ῥ’ ἄχιν equi dixit Tryphiod. 79. Etiam h. l. νῶτον ἕγρὸν per se et vi vocis nihil aliud esse potest, quam *flexile, inflexum*. (Theocr. 25, 206. κέρασ ἕγρὸν, *flexum*.) Nam quod *intumuit*, addunt VV. DD. tacite ex altera voce αἰωρεῖ. Nec magis vi vocis ἕγρὸν esse potest *tumidum* quam *fluctuans*. Ἑγρὰ κέλευθα θαλάσσης ex antiquo sermone servarunt poetæ, ut tot alia, tanquam perpetua nomina: in quibus si aliam rationem tenere vellemus, in argutias et tricas innumeras nos essemus illaqueaturi.” Damm’s explanation in his *Lexicon Pindaricum* is this: — “Ἑγρος, *humidus*. Ἑγρὸν νῶτον, *Pyth.* 1, 17. *a somno rigatum quasi dorsum, εὐδιάχυτον ὑπὸ ἡδονῆς, et remissum*. In sensu metaphorico, et ad animum translato, τὸ ἕγρὸν notat *fluxum, dissolutum* quid.” Dr. William Barford, in a tract entitled *In Pindari Primum Pythium Dissertatio habita Cantabrigiæ in Scholis Publicis VII Kal. Jul. A. D. 1750*. 4to. p. 3, has the following observations: — “Schmidius pessime interpretatur ἕγρὸν *delectatione perfusum*: alii metaphoram dithyrambicam vocabulo subesse

this paper, but have lost it. But, if it be not among Dr. Parr's papers, I can hardly doubt that Mr. Andrew Knight retains the original *Letter*, as his brother's executor.

I have thus, Sir, hastily thrown together a few of the things, which have passed across my memory.

volunt; profecto quid hæc sit metaphora dithyrambica, mecum ignorant. Ipse, εὐδιάχυτον in Scholiis secutus, puto poetam intellexisse *dorsum sinuosum*, subsidere scilicet aquilæ corpus alternis vicibus et attolli, aut reciprocari inter dormiendum reddito et recepto spiritu. Interpretationem hanc satis tuetur Xenophon *de R. E.* p. 950. Leuncl., Ὑγροῖν δὲ τοῖν σκελοῖν γαυριώμενος φέρεται, (ubi et ὑγρὰ ὀσφύς, τὸ ὑγρὸν τοῦ χαλινοῦ etc. occurrunt,) et apud Longinum *de Subl.* 34. (vide et Pearcii not. in locum,) ὑγρὸν πνεῦμα videtur significare *istiusmodi animum, qui se facile in diversas partes trajicit, Μυθολογήσαι κεχυμένος, καὶ ἐν ὑγρῷ πνεύματι διεξοδεῦσαι ἔτι εὐκαμπῆς ἄκρως.*" The interpretation of Schmidius, to which Dr. Barford objects, *delectatione perfusus*, is founded on the words of the Scholiast, εὐδιάχυτος ὑπὸ ἡδονῆς. Barford takes from the Scholiast the word εὐδιάχυτος, without regarding the accompaniments, ὑπὸ ἡδονῆς, and supposes it to justify the very fanciful interpretation, which he has offered himself. He had not a right perception of the words in Xenopho. We read thus in the *Lexicon Xenophonteum*: — "Ὑγρὸς, mollis. Hesych. ὑγρὸν μαλακόν. a) De membris corporis, Ἰπ. 1, 6. ὑγρὰ τὰ σκέλη. Ορρον. σκληρά. 7, 6. ὑγρὰ ἡ κνήμη. Ορρ. σκληρά. 11, 2. τὰ σκέλη ὑγρὰ — ὀσφὺν ὑγρὰν.

The task of doing justice to the head and heart of Dr. Parr could not have fallen into worthier hands than those of Dr. John Johnstone, who, as you tell me, is to write the *Memoir* ; and I will beg the favour of you, when you see him, to give him my very best regards ; for, although many years have elapsed since I saw him, I enjoyed his friendship too much and too long not to

K. 4, 1. τραχήλους ὑγρούς — μήτε ὑγρὰς λῆαν λαγόν-
 vas. 5, 10. 30. s. 31. ipse lepus vocatur animal ὑγρόν.
 Sed potest saltem in multis horum locorum explicari *agi-*
lis, ut nr. 4. b) De freno, 'Ιπ. 10. 8. χαλινοὶ ὑγροὶ
 ὥστωσαν: s. 10. ὑγρόν τοῦ χαλινοῦ ἐστίν, ὅταν οἱ ἄξονες
 εὐρείας καὶ λείας ἔχωσι τὰς συμβολάς. Cf. quæsequun-
 tur. ¶ 4) *flexibilis, agilis*. 'Ιπ. 7, 7. δεῖ τὸν ἵππεά καὶ
 τὸ ἄνωθεν τῶν ἑαυτοῦ ἰσχυίων σῶμα ὡς ὑγρότατον
 ἐθίξειν εἶναι. 10, 4. τὰ σκέλη ὑγρὰ μετεωρίζει, τὴν δὲ
 οὐρὰν ἄνω. Ubi fere accipi potest pro ὑγρῶς, ut s. 15.
 16. ὑγροῖν τοῖν σκελοῖν γαυριώμενος φέρεται. Cf. nr.
 3. a." "Ἐγρότης, *agilitas, mollities*. A. 5, 8, 6. in fri-
 gore τὸ κινεῖσθαι παρεῖχε θερμασίαν τινὰ καὶ ὑγρότητα."
 "Ἐγρῶς, *molliter, facile*. 'Ιπ. 1, 5. γόνατα ἢ βαδίζων ὁ
 πῶλος ὑγρῶς κάμπτη — ὑγροτέρως κάμπτονσιν ἐν
 τοῖς γόνασι. 10, 15. ὑγρῶς τοῖς σκέλεσιν ἵπποι χρῶν-
 ται." The adjective ὑγρὸς, when it is applied to limbs
 of the body, means 'softness, flexibility, suppleness, agi-
 lity;' when it is applied to animals in motion, it means
 'the ease, lightness, agility, with which they move;' when
 it is applied to powerful animals at rest, it means 'the in-
 dolence of reposing strength,' 'the suppleness of relaxed
 energy.' E. H. B.]

preserve for him the highest sentiments of respect and esteem.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your very obedient humble Servant,
G. NEWNHAM COLLINGWOOD.

XXVII.

*Letters from John Symmons, Esq. addressed to
the Editor.*

“ Abermarlais, Llandovery, S. W. Aug. 27, 1827.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

I beg most sincerely to apologize for not having attended sooner to your request. I have been, and still am so unwell, that the state of my health furnishes the *cause* of my silence, whether or no the excuse will rest with your equanimity, magnanimity, and other virtues ending in *ity*. The misfortune, my dear Sir, is that after all I have nothing worth supplying ; but, however, of that you must be the judge. I shall have done my duty, when I have done all in my power to shew you my wish to comply with your desires.

There are few things I look back to with greater pleasure than I do to a visit I made our much esteemed friend at Hatton in the summer of 1803. As I approached the house in a chaise from Warwick, I met the Doctor taking his ride,

mounted on a stout pony, and habited in a loose, zebra-striped great-coat,— stripes brown and white,— a dress well known in all the neighbourhood. I mention this apparently trifling circumstance, as every thing about our departed friend is interesting; and his dress was peculiar, and emphatically his own, and many endearing recollections are attached in my mind to that zebra-striped coat; I do not know if it survived to your time my dear Sir. *He* also attached importance to what he was habited in, and shewed me his wardrobe, in which there was a great assortment of clothes, velvets, silks, etc.

After recognizing and welcoming me, he continued his ride, and left me to proceed to the house, where in a large, bright, airy library, looking to the garden, three sides of which were covered with the well-chosen and well-assorted library of such a scholar, were seated Mrs. Parr, and her daughter, Miss Catahrine Parr,— both very remarkable and distinguished ladies, very witty and well-informed, natural and unaffected, and who promised, (what turned out to be the case,) to be most agreeable accompaniments to the intellectual feast I expected from the Doctor; nor was it only an intellectual, but a convivial treat, that that day awaited me. There was a large dinner-party, which, through a thing not in itself very agreeable to me, who was at that time shy

in strange company, *yet* was rendered very agreeable by the Doctor, who in every society I ever saw him, was all in all. Whether the party were large or small, learned or unlearned, he always filled it up by himself by the superiority of his talents, and likewise pervaded it with his peculiar amenity and benevolence ; so that all the little awkwardnesses so common in mixed company, and the littlenesses so common particularly in the societies of literary pretenders and sciolists, etc., were merged, lost, and extinguished in his greatness. For really a great man he was, my dear Sir. Woe to the *mediocres* and pretenders ! who came within his grasp, — those persons, who frequently bear down modest men of real learning and genius, as Æneas and his companions did the Greeks by assuming their arms, (*Graiarum errore jubarum.*) All such persons naturally disliked him in proportion as all those, who were really gifted both in endowments of head and heart, loved and esteemed him. You might almost say, a man was honest and good, who loved Parr ; — you might be sure that he was sincere and unpretending, and that he actually knew what he assumed to know. Why need I describe to you, my dear Sir, who have so often been witness yourself of the heart-gladdening scene ? Parr seated in the middle of a long table, full of animation , and conversation on the most

common, as well as the most elevated subjects, — every eye around him lighted up with pleasure, as *his*, beaming with intelligence and benevolence from beneath his grey ἐπισκύνιον, and like a Socrates, ταυρηδὸν ὑποβλέπων, sought round the circle the immediate object of his address, sometimes serious, sometimes jocose.

You give me παρρησία: so to use it, and give you an instance of the latter, (he was always fond of little skirmishes in conversation,) I remember his turning round from one end of a table to the other, where sat a rather proud and stately clergyman, and Parr cried out, speaking of some one else — ‘Not quite so orthodox as you and I, holy and reverend brother.’ I remember another time the same clergyman, who was on the most friendly and intimate footing with Parr, (and therefore all that passed between them was in good part,) having applied the word *foolish* or *folly* to something the Doctor had said, Parr turning to me, who was his *led* Grecian at that time, and who, he knew, enjoyed a line of Greek, cried out playfully,

Σχεδόν τι μωροῖς μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνω,

to which the clergyman replied equally good-humouredly, but eager, I thought, to shew he understood the Greek: ‘Doctor, you are welcome to call me a fool in any language you please.’ This clergyman was an excellent man,

but rather stiff, starch, and shy, and though very fond and tolerant of Parr, yet this sort of sallies, particularly before strangers, such as I was then, called the eloquent blood into his clerical cheeks, which mantled with a momentary flush. These trifles are instanced only because I happen to remember them, and they must give a very imperfect idea of his playfulness amongst his friends. A child could not have been more playful, or more natural, and all this, it must be remembered, was exhibited by an oracle of erudition, a deep polemic, and exercised *rhetorician*; for such he really was.

I have heard a vague charge of pedantry advanced against him by those, who did not know him, or were bad judges. I have seen fops, chymists, sciolists, and fine ladies pedantick; but I never saw the shadow of it in this truly and eminently learned man. His thoughts were natural, easy, and unaffected; and the periods, in which they were delivered, would, if taken down, from his mouth, have formed a piece of finished composition. Mrs. Parr, I remember, told me he had studied much to attain such perfection of delivery; but, if it was so, art had become a second nature, and he must also have been eminently qualified by nature for so extraordinary an eloquence, which never failed, and was never forgotten even in the mo-

ments of haste, sudden business, domestic harangues, scolding servants, and what not? It might be said of him that he always used the right and appropriate word on every occasion, inso-much so that in endeavouring to decipher his hand, which was perfectly Œdipodean, I was always directed by the exactness of the style *velut ad amussim*. I remember one day having occasion to lecture his clerk, he did it in the most impressive manner, and though it was on a subject purely domestic, and concerned I believe, the contents of the pantry,* there was the same flow and propriety of language, of which Parr of all men was the only possessor since the days of Johnson. His manner, not only to his servants, but to all the common people of the neighbourhood, excited much attention, as differing from the reserved and unmeaning distance generally observed: he talked to them, as they should be talked to, and preached *extempore* sermons, the most sensible and best adapted to a country-congregation I ever heard, and though *extempore*, never for a moment was he at a loss for a word. On these occasions his style is equally terse, but not so elaborate, (and perhaps the better for it,) as that of his famous *Spital Sermon*, of the style of which he is reported to have said after its delivery, whilst un-

* [Osborn, the clerk at Hatton, was a baker. E. H. B.]

robing himself in the vestry ‘I have not the
‘ monotonous pomposity of Johnson; I have not
‘ the Asiatic efflorescence of Burke.’

Ever yours,

JOHN SYMMONS.”

“ *Sept. 23, 1827.* But he was not satisfied with merely his Sermons, and the routine of Church-service — he was always attentive to his parishioners, accessible to them in his own house, and visiting them in their’s, always administering to them whatever they stood in need of, temporal or spiritual assistance, advice, instruction, comfort, and charity.

I regret much not being able to remember more of his conversation, and that I did not do as Xenophon did by Socrates, and Boswell by Johnson : Diog. L. (2. p. 120.) *Καὶ πρῶτος ὑποσημειωσάμενος τὰ λεγόμενα, εἰς ἀνθρώπους ἤγαγε, ἀπομνημονεύματα ἐπυγράψας.** I can only say he fully and am-

* [See A. C. Eschenbach's *Dissertt. Acad. Noribergæ* 1705. 12mo. p. 227, (Anthon and Barker's edition of Lempriere's *Classical Dictionary* p. 964.) and J. N. Funccius's *De Scriptura Veterum Commentatio*, Marburgi et Rintelii 1743. 12. p. 176. Gisbert Cuper in his *Observationum Libri IV.* Lipsiæ 1772. p. 108, has these words : — “ Nam quod ἀποσημειοῦν et ὑποσημειοῦν confundit (D. Heins. ad Horat. *Sat.* 2, 4.) et eadem esse vult, in eo aliquid humani passus est; illud enim ad adnotationem, quæ quomodo sit facta, mox pluribus

ply deserved it. I lament that I cannot say with Laertius : *Θήσομαι δὲ καὶ τὰς κυρίας αὐτοῦ δόξας, καὶ εἴ τι ἔδοξεν ἐκλογῆς ἄξιον, ἀνεφθεγγχθαι, ὥστε πανταχόθεν καταμαθεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα.*

Every one knows his reputation as a Grecian ; his knowledge in that department was accurate, minute, and comprehensive ; in short, more like the scholars of two centuries ago, than the more superficial and less laborious ones of the present day. But great as he was, he allowed, I am told, the palm to Porson in the *Attic Greek*, but not ‘ *in the whole scope of the language.*’ † Indeed

dicemus, hoc ad scribendi rationem refertur, qua verba recitantis notis excipiebant. Plane id adstruit Diog. L. in *Vita Xenophontis* : *Καὶ πρῶτος ὑποσημειωσάμενος κ. τ. λ.* ‘ *Primus omnium, quæ dicebantur, notis excepta in publicum edidit, commentarium inscribens.*’ ” E. H. B.]

† [The following speech (with some variations of the words, has been frequently attributed to the Doctor : — ‘ Sir, there are three Greek scholars, and three only in this country, Porson, Charles Burney, and I leave you to guess the third.’ But the Doctor did not mean these words, if used by him, to be taken in their strict sense. He did not rank either Porson or Burney above himself ; he knew the extent and the limits of their reading ; he knew that they had nearly confined their range to the Greek Tragedians and Comedians, and that in reading beyond them they chiefly looked for materials of criticism on them ; he would have denied to them any intimate acquaintance with the Historians and the Orators and the Philosophers of Greece in all ages ; he would have felt his own

I think I remember one day, when out riding, his switching his pony with a sudden impulse, and saying — ‘ Porson has more Greek, but no ‘ man’s horse, John, carries more Latin than

intellectual superiority in those important respects ; he would have had the full consciousness that he had the command of the language, and a knowledge of its writers in every class and every age, and a philosophical view of its structure and its terms ; he would never have made the same remark, which Porson once made to my friend, Mr. Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, at a book-sale, when he took up and read a few pages of Maximus Tyrius, ‘ I did not think that he could have written at the ‘ period, in which he flourished, such good Greek ; ‘ Dr. Parr would never have made to the same gentleman the reply, which Porson modestly and correctly made, when Mr. Taylor asked him what he thought of Plutarch, ‘ Aye, he is too much for me.’ I remember that I once asked Dr. Parr what he thought of Porson. ‘ Why,’ says the Doctor with his usual discrimination and fairness, ‘ Professor Porson is the best Attic Greek scholar in Europe ; ‘ and verily it was in intimate knowledge of Attic Greek that Porson and Burney particularly excelled ; it was here that the former triumphed over the Doctor, if there was any right of triumph, but even here the Doctor quite equalled and perhaps excelled the latter. Even for the language imputed to him, there would have been *classical* authority. Pyrrhus, as Plutarch writes in the *Life of Pyrrhus*, said of Hannibal, *σὺμπάντων ἀπέφηνε τῶν στρατηγῶν πρῶτον ἐμπειρίᾳ καὶ δεινότητι, Σκιπῶνα δὲ δεύτερον, ἑαυτὸν δὲ τρίτον.* Between Porson and Parr, between Burney and Parr, the difference was as great as between a mineralogist and a geologist, a pugilist and a pentathlete. Justice will be awarded to each, if we say that Porson was the better *critic*, Parr the greater *scholar*. E. H. B.]

‘ mine ; ’ which, though playfully said, was strictly true. I doubt whether, since Latin has been a dead language, any one ever wrote such pure Latin prose as Parr,* or such good Latin poetry as Milton. I know it is the fashion to give the palm of writing Latin to the modern Italian poets. No doubt, many great geniuses adorned Italy in the days of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X ; but still, in my opinion, the Latin poets of those bright periods must yield to our illustrious countryman, both in poetical, and what is the immediate sub-

* [“ Highly as I am gratified by the approbation of Mr. Heyne, I by no means aspire even to the qualified praise bestowed on those writers, who are known by the name of *Ciceronians*. Instead of imitating, as some scholars have professed to do, the manner of Terence or Tacitus among the ancients, or of Lipsius and Strada among the moderns, I have endeavoured, as far as my slender abilities would permit me, to make the style of Cicero a general model of my own ; and, at the same time, I have avowedly followed the example of many learned men in the occasional use of words, which are not found in the writers of the Augustan age. Even in the corrected *Preface to Bellendenus* I have discovered some faults ; and I have no hesitation in saying that I think my own talent for Latin composition very inferior to that of Sir W. Jones, Bishop Lowth, Dr. Philip Barton, Dr. Lawrence, and Sir G. Baker.” Dr Parr’s *Remarks on the Statement of Facts by Dr. Combe*, p. 82. Had Dr. Parr extended his commendation to foreigners, he would have placed David Ruhnken at the head of the foreign list ; he has by accident omitted the name of Dr. Robert Sumner. E. H. B.]

ject before us, in purity and propriety of Latin. Many of Parr's *Epitaphs* are known, and surely they are more classical than any modern ones I have ever met with, and in that respect much excel, for instance, Johnson's on Goldsmith, or Bentley's on Stillingfleet. He repeated to me one he had made on Burke, but it had never been made public. Have you it? I only remember a part, which ran thus :

Oratori

Qui ornate, copiose, splendide dicendo effecit,

Ut omnes Artes Eloquentiæ se præberent

Comites ac Ministras.

Politico

Alas! I remember no more.

He used frequently to talk to me about the usage of *ut*, *qui*, etc. with a subjunctive mood, the niceties of which construction, he said, were not observed by the generality of scholars, who wrote Latin. (To give an example, these two lines of Pamphilus Saxus,

Quo cecidit fato nostri decus Angelus ævi,

Gentis et Etruscæ gloria, scire cupis.

He showed me some passages of Propertius, where this rule was disregarded; but both in construction and metre, (witness his so frequent close of the pentameter with a quadrisyllable,)* Propertius was an imitator of the Greeks.

* [“ One peculiarity,” says my learned friend, Professor Anthon, (in his edition of Dr. Lempriere's *Classical Diction-*

I remember his settling at once the disputed quantity of the last syllable of *temere* by a line from Seneca :

Sic temere jactæ colla perfundant comæ.

At that time the beautiful *Epitaph* on his daughter was not put up in Hatton-Church ; for she was then enlivening us all with her wit and vivacity, and the eyes of her father had often perhaps glanced over the lines of Sidonius Appollinaris, without the sad anticipation of the application, that was to be made of them. It is really remarkable that so peculiar a character as that of Miss Catharine Parr should have been so appropriately delineated by a writer so many hundred years before her birth. I never saw any of his Greek compositions, though I longed much to do so ; but either I was too feeble in the request, or he was too resolute in the refusal. Others have been more fortunate ; for I heard before of some Greek iambics made by him, as I understood, as a parody or burlesque of some speech in Parliament.†

ary,) “ distinguishes the versification of Propertius from that of all the other Latin poets : his pentameters often terminate in a polysyllable, while those of Tibullus and Ovid end almost always in a word of two syllables, forming at one time an *iambus*, at another a *pyrrhic*. Critics are not agreed whether this is the result of accident or design on the part of Propertius. It is certain, however, that the plan pursued by Tibullus and Ovid, is far more conducive to harmony.” E. H. B.]

† [“ But if the censorious spirit of Bishop's Horsley's reli-

He was certainly not only the best writer, but the best judge and critic of Latin, and as such was consulted by all, who in that language wrote *Inscriptions* or *Epitaphs*. They all sent *θεοπρόπους χρησομένους*. Sometimes it has happened that the vain, who sent only to be flattered, and not corrected, returned disappointed and mortified. I remember once being consulted about the Latinity of an Inscription, made by a gentleman then in office, whilst his son, who consulted me, and who was joint in the authorship with his father, and I were perusing it, and weighing particular

gion," (says Mr. Field in the *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of Dr. Parr*, p. 298,) " was an object of abhorrence to Dr. Parr, equally so was the arbitrary spirit of his politics. It is impossible ever to forget, and it will be difficult even to forgive, the treasonable offence, committed against the sacred rights of men and Britons, by that amazing and monstrous declaration, uttered in his place in Parliament, ' that the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.' The strong indignation, excited in the mind of Dr. Parr, by so extreme an outrage against all the natural feelings and constitutional principles of Englishmen, burst forth in a keen and cutting remonstrance, addressed to the mitred pleader for Ottoman law on British soil. It was armed with a threefold sting, such as the bitterest terms from the three languages, most sacred to freedom, could supply ; and was composed in the triple form of English blank verse, Latin iambics, and Greek hexameters. He denominated Horsley, in the Greek verses, *Ἰππώτης*. (*New Monthly Magazine*, Aug. 1826.)"

E. H. B.]

expressions, he said — ‘ It is necessary to take all ‘ this trouble, whilst there are such men as Parr :’ not that our joint efforts could have made it proof against the ‘ touch of his enchanted spear.’

Will you forgive me, my dear Sir, if I mention myself in the omnifarious mess, which I am sending you, — in this heap of trifles, and half-animated reminiscences, (where nothing is important but the subject, the *ó δεινα*,) not as a being worthy of being introduced on my own merits, but that you may see reflected through me the frankness, candour, and plain-dealing of our friend? One morning at breakfast he said abruptly — ‘ John, you know nothing of the Greek accents?’ To which I replied, I believed I did; on which to try me, he gave out several words, one after the other, and asked what accent, and on what syllable in each word it was placed? I answered *seriatim*, and happily I was right, at which he was much pleased. Indeed so this truly worthy and excellent man expressed himself with me on many occasions. I remember another little circumstance. A clergyman, at whose house we were dining and conversing very pleasantly, repeated a Greek translation made by some one, I forget whom, of the celebrated distich :

Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane ;

Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

It ran thus : —

Νυκτὸς ὕει πάσης, ἀνλασι θεάματα πρῶι,
 Αρχὴν μειρομένην σὺν Διὶ Καῖσαρ ἔχει.

I observed that I did not know the word *ἀνλασι*, which the Doctor overruled, saying that, though it might not be Attic, it was admissible Greek, and occurred in later writers.* As the lawyers say, I took another objection, viz. to *μειρομένην*, as neither the right word nor the right *tense*, and proposed to substitute *ἡμιμερῇ*, which correction the Doctor approved, and highly commended me: — Trifles, which I mention to shew he was forward and earnest and even prodigal in commendation, though he was by no means indiscriminating; for no man had a quicker eye to see to the bottom of shallow pretensions on literary topics, nor was he backward, or over-delicate perhaps in exposure, which I put down to the score of two prominent virtues in his character, honesty and intrepidity. Hence it happened

* [The sole question is whether the simple form *ἴασι*, *sunt*, *eunt*, is Hellenistic and Attic? If it be, (and there is no doubt that it is,) there will be no occasion to look for examples to defend the same form in the case of the compounded verb. Scholars often give to themselves very unnecessary trouble to justify the grammatical form of a compound, when there is no doubt about the similar use of the simple verb. H. Stephens observes that *ἐξῆλασι*, *exeunt*, is frequently employed by Aristophanes, and he cites from Demosth. c. *Mid.* *παρίασι δεησόμενοι*, *in medium prodibunt*. E. H. B.]

that so many wounded vanities opened a cry of misrepresentation and repeated charges of his being overbearing, and endeavoured to avenge themselves by exaggerating what they called his peculiarities. I saw pre-eminence in everything he said and did, not peculiarity. He, who on most occasions of life acts and talks better than others, will be different, and as such may be considered as peculiar. I can only say that during all my stay I had to admire his many virtues, his active benevolence, his manly character, his firm and sanguine temperament, and his unvarying good-temper, the fruit of an excellent constitution, which he had received from nature, and which he had not hurt by intemperance. If Apostolo Zeno, *Dissert. Voss.* 2, 348. thinks it not to be omitted in the eulogium of Hermolaus Barbarus, (*chi visse è mori virgini,*) I do not see why the same should not be recorded as an instance of rare virtue in our friend up to the day of his marriage. I had the fact from his own mouth, and for which I much admired him. You remember what your own Tacitus says of the Germans, (ch. 20.) *Sera juvenum Venus, eoque inexhausta pubertas.*

Nothing can be more distressing to a bystander than to be witness to conjugal disagreements. During my whole stay our friend and Mrs. Parr lived certainly in an independent, but apparently

in an amicable and easy manner together ; nor was there the slightest appearance of ill-nature or disagreement, but sometimes a playful and entertaining encounter of their wits, which neither ruffled the temper of one, nor the other, and in which the rest of the party joined. I mention this, as I have heard there were disagreements between him and Mrs. Parr. I believe that in this, as well as in other circumstances relating to him, there were great exaggerations, and from the causes I have hinted at above :

Urit enim fulgore suo.

It is not in human nature but that so superior, so intrepid, so plain-spoken a man as Parr, must have excited envy, and raised detractors ; — a man so declared and devoted an advocate of a particular party in politics. Those, who could not see his merits, had scope of vision enough to scan his peculiarities. These detractors did not in all instances invent, but what they found in existence, they distorted ; what was jocose, they made serious ; what was plain-spoken, they roughened into asperity ; and trifles they magnified into importance. Besides, cold-blooded critics made no allowance for the play of his sanguine and joyous temperament, the mere ebullition of which in animal spirits might at times and by ill-natured persons be construed into exultation over a defeated adversary. It certainly sometimes

broke out into those delightful eccentricities, which you and I, my dear Sir, would love in him, as exhibiting that play of vivacity, that sportiveness, with which men of genius indulge themselves, and exhilarate their friends. It must be owned that one has in society at different times met with very respectable persons, who neither in talents nor virtues had passed the equator-line of mediocrity, who could not understand or digest Parr's; he was the *judicial corsned*, which stuck in their throats; he was too honest for some, — too disinterested for others, — and too deeply learned for others, and so on; and the elevation of his talents and virtues cast a shade, by which inferior pretensions were unwillingly obscured. I am sorry I can give you nothing more particular, or more worth recording of this illustrious character, to whom, 'take him all in all', in moral and intellectual excellence combined, we shall see in our days nothing *simile aut secundum*. He has lived.

You, no doubt, are rich in recollections of your own and your friends. I congratulate you on the receipt of the *Parriana* from your friend in Norfolk. If I had thought we were to lose him, and that *that* was my only opportunity, I should have put down in writing many passages of his conversation. To go now to domestic trifles, which after all lay more hold on the

heart, and consequently on the memory, than Greek and metaphysics :)

I remember our pleasant rides ; for he had procured me a horse, with that minute attention to the comforts of his friends, which characterized him, so that in no house I ever was in, were my comforts more attended to, and not neglected, as commonly supposed, because he was a scholar. He had bargained for the price with that earnestness and yet playfulness of manner, which, while it executed the business, and did substantial service, yet interested and amused ; business, which in the mouth of most men is intolerably irksome, in *his* was attractive, recommended by the play of his vigorous fancy, and set off by his clear and scholarlike elocution. This business was transacted with many a knock of the pipe, many an *emphasis* on the table, (which, you remember, he was fond of doing, when animated, or bringing up the round of a long period to a conclusion,) many a roll of his *φαιδρόν ὄμμα*, on a bright summer-morning in his furthest *sanctum sanctorum*, — a room in the garden with a fire-place, where he used to retire, he said, *ἐξ ὄχλου καὶ θορύβου καὶ πατάγου χυτρείου*. Whoever, studiously inclined, has been in a small house too near the clatter of plates and dishes, and the talk of servants, must fully understand his feelings. Well, the day was fine ;

the steed was brought ; we sallied out, and then, and frequently afterwards, paid our visits, when every door was thrown open with gladness to welcome him :

Αὐτόματοι δὲ πύλαι μύκον.

I never saw the spirit of true English hospitality, of which one has heard so much, but in those happy meetings of Parr and his friends. In every house, instantly the Doctor was out of his stirrups, ‘the calumet of peace’ was lighted ; for not bringing in the pipe was considered an act of hostility. Lady D., I was told, fearing for her damask-curtains, chose to forget the ceremony ; and the Doctor told me of a gentleman, (I think a high and stiff clergyman,) who omitted this attention after dinner, on which a coolness ensued, for which the gentleman was afterwards sorry. On which story I observed that he had done as Æneas to Diana : —

Ἡ λάθεται ἢ οὐκ ἐνόησεν, ἀάσσατο δὲ μέγα θεῖον.

The Doctor much enjoyed the ready and unexpected application of the line in Homer, as it certainly was quite in point ; it involved also the idea of ‘sacrifice’ or ‘incense.’

On the day of one of our sallies, behold us at the door, the Doctor mounted, when Mrs. Parr, after trying to persuade the Doctor to change his hat, which was certainly worn, and very white,

went herself up to his capacious wardrobe, where lay his *εἴματα συγαλόμεντα*, (silks, satins, and velvets,) fetched down a newer and blacker hat, and after a playful contention between them, he holding his old hat on his head, and both, indeed all the party laughing, she succeeded at last in putting the new one on, and returned to the house with the old one in triumph.

Have you seen an article in the *Sun*, *Sept.* 8, headed *Bibliotheca Parriana*, one of the most absurdly reasoned articles I ever saw? * It

* [This article, as a curious specimen of perverted reasoning, a neat sample of newspaper logic, a grand display of peremptory criticism, and a memorable instance of mis-understood character, is subjoined.

“ LITERATURE.

“ BIBLIOTHECA PARRIANA.

1 Vol. J. BOHN. London, 1827.

“ The celebrated Library, of which this corpulent quarto is the catalogue, was collected by the late Dr. Parr with infinite expence, after years of the most assiduous perseverance. It was said, by those, who had seen it, and devoutly believed by those, who had not, to contain accumulated treasures in almost every department of literature : scholars coveted it, antiquarians dreamed of it, authors meditated petty larcenies upon it, patriots proposed purchasing it for the public, and even Sir Thomas Lethbridge, though there were not two books in the whole, that he could read, and not one, that he could understand, was heard to pronounce it rather a creditable collection for a Whig parson. Yet what after all is the fact ? Why this,

underrates Parr's literary merit: why? Because in his large collection he possessed some books of not the first-rate importance. One of

that, though voluminous, it is far from valuable; consisting for the most part of dull, obsolete, verbal criticisms, (MSS. and otherwise,) on the classics; musty, theological, and philological tracts, bound up in quaint volumes; editions of Latin and Greek writers, selected as much with a view to their scarcity as their value; and curious old manuscripts picked up, no matter at what cost, in order that Dr. Parr might be enabled to say, 'I am the only scholar in Europe, who possesses them.'

"It was well observed by the late C. Mills, that a man's mind may in nine cases out of ten be judged of by his library; apply the test to Dr. Parr, and it will prove him just what he really was, an erudite, but not an enlarged scholar, an exemplary grammarian, a shrewd verbal critic, a conscientious, but useless party-man. There was no book in the Greek, Latin, or English languages, that he had not read, or could not in some degree discuss. His memory was a vast storehouse of facts, opinions, and anecdotes, all which he retailed in the same dry, faithful manner, that he had received them. Hence his conversation, replete with matter, was delightful, but wanted that inexpressible charm, which learning, when warmed by genius, never fails to impart. He would sit for hours busily engaged smoking his pipe, and entertaining his admiring listeners, (for the Doctor, we should premise, had all that pride of conversation so characteristic in the Johnsonian school,) with anecdotes or opinions of his most distinguished contemporaries; language and correctness of fact were never wanting to lend them importance; yet he knew not how to draw an inference, or to render his stories illustrative of peculiar theories or arguments: he technically related one, then paused, shook the ashes from his pipe, and proceeded to another. As

these is *Mawe's Gardener*. Did you ever hear such folly? What an inference to draw? It puts me in mind of a Welch story. As you say you like

a scholar, he possessed a vigorous appetite, but a weak digestion. He committed whole volumes to memory, yet rarely meditated upon one. They oppressed, not nourished his mind, like the food of the Anaconda, beneath the weight of which he lies inert and useless. Look, for instance, at his far-famed *Preface to Bellendenus*. Though correct, indeed, almost faultless in composition, it is merely ingenious patch-work, every word, every sentence, every peculiar or striking passage, being modelled on, and selected from Cicero. Look again to his *Spital Sermon*, which the Edinburgh-Reviewers so humorously handled. It is replete with learning, full even to an overflow with quotation, yet where is the thought, where the power of imagination, which should turn such acquirements to account, convert them into a healthy mental chile, and then send them forth regenerated, strengthened, and full-informed, with the reader's own peculiar ideas? Dr. Parr, though a bold man and exemplary scholar, was but a shallow thinker; he merely adopted opinions as he found them in books, unmodified and unamended, and without reference to time or circumstance.

“ On running through the present Catalogue, we find that it fully warrants us in our notion of Dr. Parr as a scholar. It is voluminous enough for a public library, yet abounds for the most part in trash. The classical and theological portion are decidedly the best; yet even here there is an immensity of lumber, such as ‘*C. T. Ammon, Summa Theologiæ Christianæ*’ — a treatise filled with the common places of theology; ‘*Apthorpe's Observations on Gibbon*’ — dull enough to be episcopal; ‘*Bellamy's Remarks on his Translation of the Bible*’; ‘*Various Readings on the Text of the Apocalypse*’; and Ser-

Welch Greek, you shall have it — it is quite in point. A countryman brought a horse for sale to Dr. Phillips, a sort of wag. The Doctor

mons by Matthew Booker, 'childish and feeble, though somewhat grandiloquent ; together with an infinity of others of the same calibre in point of value. In the classical department we find first and foremost Tragedies and Fragments, edited by Dr. Butler, and manifestly praised on account of their being a presentation-copy, to which a flaming inscription in honour '*Ornatissimi Samuelis Parr,*' is attached. Such, in fact, was the Doctor's vanity — such his inordinate swallow, that he could digest the most brazen compliment. Two friends of ours, one an excellent classic, but a vile writer of English tragedies, the other a compiler of ethics, dispatched their respective works to Hatton, with hyperbolical compliments, (partly in joke,) attached to them. Meanwhile a bet was made between the parties, that the Doctor's gratitude would, if possible, exceed their admiration, and accordingly a few day's post brought them both the expected answers ; in one the Doctor made use of the terms 'learned, ornate, eloquent, and transcendent,' in the other he spoke of his being 'almost a proselyte to the exquisite powers of logic possessed by his gifted friend.'

"To resume : — Under the imposing head of '*History,*' we find such trash as '*The History of Birmingham ;* — '*Jonathan Boucher's View of the American Revolution,*' a compound of prejudice and stupidity ; — '*Chateaubriand's Travels to the Holy Land,*' (a work filled with affected piety and maudlin sentiment, where the tinsel politician, 'every thing by turns, and nothing long,' drivels through nearly half a volume over the crusade-struck Lewis, his own birthday on board ship, and the nettle which grew on the tomb of Leonidas — a work, in short, which a school boy out-grows with his first long-tailed coat ;) — an '*Abridgment of Bruce's Travels,*' for

wanted a draught-horse, and so asked the question, 'If he would draw?' The countryman answered — 'Yes.' 'Could he draw a cart, a

schools ; — an '*Account of the Opinions of the most Distinguished English Writers on the French Revolution*,' published before Burke's noble *Reflections* appeared — a wretched '*Translation of Froissart*,' the most chivalrous and untransferable of chroniclers — '*Hawkesworth's Voyages*,' a book full of mis-statements, and written solely for the trade — '*Maurice's History of Hindostan*,' a pompous, but superficial production — '*Street's Reign of Louis XVI.*,' the very quintessence of common-place both in style and matter — '*Taylor, (the Platonist's,) Dissertation on the Eleusinian Mysteries*,' a work more mysterious than the mysteries themselves — '*A Guide to Exeter Cathedral*' — '*Gibson's History of Glasgow*' — '*Substance of a Speech delivered at Maidenhead by Juniares*' — '*A Pocket Companion for Oxford*,' — together with an hundred others of the same stamp, '*quos nunc præscribere longum est*.' Under the head '*Metaphysics*,' we have '*Beattie's Essay on Truth*,' a much over-rated work ; — '*Philosophical Reflections on the Virtues of Tar-Water*,' which reminds us of Dr. Macginn's philosophical reflections on seeing a Hottentot in top-boots ; — '*Collard's Logic for Schools*,' (what sort of logic is that ?) — '*A Portable French Dictionary of Philosophy*,' wherein everything relative to this world and the next, is disposed of within the compass of an ordinary coat-pocket ; '*Geddes' Essay on Original Genius*,' which Dr. Parr has praised, but which goes to prove that genius is nothing more than an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin Grammars ; — '*John Fearn's Demonstration of Necessary Connection*,' a somewhat equivocal title ; — '*Hervey's Meditations*,' a work, in which, to the best of our recollection, the sentiment of Sterne, blended with the diction of Ossian, is wedded to the twang of the conventicle, (though

gig,' &c.? was asked repeatedly, and as often answered in the affirmative eagerly by the Welchman, who wanted to sell him. 'Could he draw

the author, we believe, preceded all three;) — '*Hill's Plan for Instructing Boys in Large Numbers*;' — '*Knox's Essays*,' the most trite and common-minded of its class; — '*Ozell's Logic*,' a quaint ordinary treatise by, if we mistake not, the Editor of *Sir T. Urquhart's Rabelais*, an author duly noticed in the *Dunciad* — '*Watts's Logic*,' a dry scholastic, but perhaps useful (to those, who can wade through it,) treatise; — and, lastly, '*Wootton's Ancient and Modern Learning*,' a production, which Swift has so justly, but unsparingly tomahawked, in his ironical and comprehensive *Tale of a Tub*. In the '*Natural History*,' we find, '*Abbot's Account of the Flowers, that grow in Bedfordshire*;' — '*Dodson's Rules for Learning common Arithmetic*;' — '*Goldsmith's Animated Nature*,' an amusing, but deceitful guide; — '*Knight's Treatise on Apples*;' — '*Lambe's Cautions against Water-Pipes and Cisterns*;' — '*Leybourn's Mathematical Questions proposed in the Ladies' Diary*;' — and '*Mawe and Abercrombie's Gardener*.' Among the '*Books of Pleasantry*,' we find the following exceedingly funny works: '*Buchanan's Paraphrase of the Psalms*;' — '*Coleridge's Greek Prize-Poem*;' — '*Dantisci Joannis Poemata et Hymni*;' — '*Deliciæ Poetarum Belgicorum*;' — '*A very Humorous Dissertation, in which Anonymous endeavours to prove that Women are not Men, and to which a Woman replies that they are*;' — '*Hobbes's (Thomas) Ecclesiastical History in Verse*;' '*Hermann's, (Parr's idol,) Poesis Sacra*,' — '*Hoogveen Carmina Elegiaca*;' — '*Hooveri Tragædiæ*;' — '*Milton's Sampson Agonistes*;' — and '*Sacra Lyrica*.' Among the '*English Miscellanies*,' we discover '*The Sons of Erin*, or, *The Cause of the Greeks, by a Native of Bengal*,' a Tragedy, in which a woman hanging her head, is beautifully com-

an inference?' the Doctor then asked. 'Oh, yes, 'your Honour; I will answer for him—he will 'draw anything.' I think the article answered.

pared to a bunch of unripe grapes;—'*a Miss Carter's Poems*;'—'*Florence-Miscellany*,' a notable specimen of the Della Crusca School;—'*Glover's Leonidas*,' an epic now deservedly forgotten;—'*Ireland's Shakspeare-Forgeries*,' which Dr. Parr worshipped on his knees;—'*Poems by Chandos Leigh*,' sad stuff;—'*Zeluco*,' a very over-rated picture of life;—'*Pizarro, and the Virgin of the Sun*,' two dismal German melo-drames;—'*Watt's Lyric Poems*;' and '*Gustavus Vasa*,' by an ingenious Eton-Boy.

"Such taken from Dr. Parr's own Catalogue, is a fair sample of its value. We should add that he praises those only among his contemporaries, who lavishly return the compliment. He prefers Hermann to Porson, because the former larded him with eulogy. He bestows notices on the most worthless works of the day; while Burke, Sir James M'Intosh, (whose well-known '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' is passed without a word, though immediately afterwards, Godwin's pompous *Pol. Justice*, is introduced with respect,) and Gibbon, men who were really scholars in the most enlarged sense, are not even mentioned or alluded to. The truth is, Dr. Parr, throughout his life, was an infinitely over-rated man. He did nothing for his age, he has done as much for posterity: at the very hey-day of his fame he was at best but a literary gourmand: the learning of others assumed no new shapes, no new combinations in his mind; it was not, as with Burke and Johnson, impregnated with thought and sentiment; as his information was received, so also in due season was it reproduced—a shapeless, unformed mass. In his private character, however, the Doctor was all that could be desired. He was an excellent husband, (and in

Just such an inference, as this horse of Dr. Phillips could draw, the writer of the article in the *Sun* Newspaper of Sept. 8. has drawn." *

" *Abermarlais*, Oct. 13, 1827. I do not know the story of George Harvest. Dr. Phillips might have borrowed the wit he played off on the

this instance he was sadly tried ;) an indulgent father ; a devout, but not an austere, Christian ; a conscientious partisan ; and, except where his vanity was concerned, a staunch, enthusiastic friend. With this praise let his admirers rest contented."

We have all heard of *Single-Speech* Hamilton ; and as this critic disposes of all the authors, whose books he enumerates in a most concise and sententious and summary way, he might be called *Single-Sentence*. E. H. B.]

* [In replying to this communication I observed to my amiable and learned friend, that the story, here attributed to Dr. Phillips, was first told of the celebrated George Harvest, of whom Dr. Parr was accustomed to relate this with other stories. George had defined man to be the only animal, which could *draw an inference*, A waggish friend controverted the point, and undertook to convince the metaphysician of his error, if he would only step into the street. "*Ἀμ' ἔπος, ἄμ' ἔργον* : the simple-minded George followed him thither. Luckily for the wag, a rustic was at hand with his cart, and he was asked whether his horse could draw ? ' Aye, to be sure it can,' replied the rustic. ' Well, but can it *draw a consequence* ? ' Aye, ought at all.' ' There now,' said the wag to George Harvest with great gravity ; I hope that you are satisfied that your definition is erroneous.' E. H. B.]

Welchman; but the fact was as I stated it.

When I was at Cheltenham last summer, I saw a book through a window, entitled *Porsoniana*, with a print of Porson as a frontispiece, priced 7s., anonymous. I am sorry I did not get it.* Do you know the story of Parr's asking Porson his opinion about the existence of moral and physical evil? Did you hear that Mrs. Parr said — 'During the three weeks Porson was at Hatton, more brandy was drunk than during all the time she had kept house'?

Parr's gluttony, (at least when I have seen him) was nothing but good appetite. He used to remark that particular tastes in eating went with scholarship, such as liking fries and stews, σπλάγχνα πασαντο, liver, heart, etc., whilst whole joints are the favorites of men of grosser propensities. Posidonius says that in his time the barbarians of the North used to dine on *whole joints* brought to table.† Did you ever get your cook to dress you a θρίον, according to the receipts in Schol. Aristoph. and in Julius Pollux? The latter is appended to Elmsley's *Acharnenses*.

* [My bookseller, after much enquiry, could learn no tidings of any such book. E. H. B.]

† [In the *Havamaal*, or *Sublime Discourse of Odin*, occurs the following maxim : — 'The gluttonous man, if he is not upon his guard, eats his own death; and the gluttony of a fool makes the wise man laugh.' M. Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, Edinb. 1809. V. 2. p. 156. E. H. B.]

“ *Paris, Nov. 30, 1827.* These little things are every thing in the seeing, and nothing in the telling.

The story, of which you say you have but a confused notion, about Parr, Porson, and moral evil, I have heard in this way — wherever it was, does not signify ; but there was a large company, and the Doctor addressed Porson nearly in these words : — ‘ Mr. Porson, pray what do you think ‘ about the introduction of moral and physical ‘ evil into the world ? ’ This was a knotty question.

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.

Porson, after a moment’s pause for reflection, answered with great solemnity, or dryness of manner : — ‘ Why, Doctor, I think, we should ‘ have done very well without them.’

I do not remember talking with the Doctor about our great English worthies, of whom you enquire. On my asking him one evening if Plato was what he would call a metaphysical writer, he answered quite readily : — ‘ If I were ‘ to say that a great many parts of Plato were not ‘ metaphysical, and deeply metaphysical, I should ‘ be misleading you. Right or wrong, — those ‘ Greeks have a prodigious power of reasoning. ‘ No modern writers exhibit such deep power of argumentation. Plato sometimes reasons wrongly

‘but does so knowingly, and sometimes out of pleasantry, as in his *Euthyphron*, which, though it may be considered as a piece of sophistical pleasantry, yet exhibits wonderful powers of logical dexterity.’* The Doctor was right: since the time I speak of, the French translator of Plato, (I forget his name,) makes out that the greater portion of modern metaphysics are fragments of the leavings of Plato, *λείψανα τῶν Πλατωνικῶν δέλτωνων*. This proneness to argumentation and sophistical subtlety in the ancient philosophers and sophists of Greece, shewed itself afterwards in those theological disputes, which, at different times and under different modifications, lasted from the age of Con-

* [I shewed this passage from the *Letter* of my learned friend, Mr. Symmons, to my philosophical friend, Thomas Taylor, Esq., and he, who has spent a long life in the exclusive study of ancient philosophy, is privileged to pass judgment on Dr. Parr, who bestowed only occasional attention on the subject, whose reputation, in the radiancy of intellectual excellence, needs no meretricious glare of unjust praise, and who, amid the stores of vast erudition, could afford to be ignorant of some things. I subjoin Mr. Taylor’s satisfactory reply to my communication: —

“ *Manor-Place, Walworth, Dec. 14, 1827.*

“ DEAR SIR,

Dr. Parr was no less right in asserting that he had found in Aristotle the germ of almost all modern discoveries, than he was wrong, when he says ‘that Plato some-

stantine to the termination of the Greek empire.

As I have just said, I do not recollect our having had any conversation about Jeremy Tay-

‘ times reasons wrongly, but does so knowingly, and sometimes out of pleasantry, as in his *Euthyphron*, which, though it may be considered a piece of sophistical pleasantry, yet exhibits wonderful powers of logical dexterity.’ The Doctor, in this latter assertion, has committed a more egregious blunder than Dr. Dibdin, who ranks Plato, the prince of philosophers, among the *philologists*; and he also discovers a profound ignorance of the dialectic of Plato, which is very different from vulgar dialectic, as the latter is solely conversant with opinion, and is accurately investigated in the *Topics* of Aristotle. For the business of this summit of the sciences, is to employ divisions, analyzations, and demonstrations, as primary sciences in the investigation of causes; imitating the progression of beings from the first principle of things, and their continual progression to it, as the ultimate object of desire. ‘ But there are three energies,’ (says Proclus in *Parmenid.* L. 1.,) ‘ of this most scientific method: the first of which is adapted to youth, and is useful for the purpose of rousing their intellect, which is, as it were, in a dormant state; for it is a true exercise of the eye of the soul in the speculation of things, leading forth, through opposite positions, the essential impression of forms, which it contains, and considering not only the divine path, as it were, which conducts to truth, but exploring whether the deviations from it contain anything worthy of belief; and lastly stimulating the all-various conceptions of the soul. But the second energy takes place, when intellect rests from its former investigations, as becoming most familiar with the speculation of beings, and beholds truth itself firmly esta-

lor, Hooker, Warburton, Lowth, or any others, of whom you enquire. Would we had had some, or that I could recollect them ! But at that time I was more acquainted with Greek than with

‘ blished on a pure, holy foundation. And this energy, according to Socrates, by a progression through ideas evolves
 ‘ the whole of an intelligible nature till it arrives at this, which
 ‘ is first ; and this, by analyzing, defining, demonstrating, and
 ‘ dividing, proceeding upwards and downwards, till having
 ‘ entirely investigated the essence of intelligibles, it raises itself
 ‘ to a nature superior to beings. But the soul being perfectly established in this nature as her paternal port, no
 ‘ longer tends to a more excellent object of desire, as she
 ‘ has now arrived at the end of her search ; and you may
 ‘ say that what is delivered in the *Phædrus* and *Sophista*, is
 ‘ the employment of this energy, giving a two-fold division
 ‘ to some, and a four-fold to other operations of the dialectic
 ‘ art ; and on this account it is assigned to such, as philosophise purely, and no longer require preparatory exercise,
 ‘ but nourish the intellect of their soul in pure intellection.
 ‘ But the third energy purifies from two-fold ignorance,’
 (*two-fold* ignorance, according to Plato, is when a man is ignorant that he is ignorant, but *simple* ignorance is when a man, who is ignorant, is conscious that he is ignorant,) ‘ when
 ‘ its reasonings are employed upon men full of opinion ; and
 ‘ this is spoken of in the *Sophista*.’ Hence it appears that the dialectic energy of Plato is triple, either subsisting through opposite arguments, or alone unfolding truth, or alone confuting falshood. According to the first of these energies, Socrates in Plato exercises young men, surveying the arguments on both sides of the question, and examining whether that, which appears to be true to each, is *really* so or not, as in the *Theætetus*, whether science is sense or not,

English writers, and as to a Grecian I came, to see and consult the Doctor, — as a Philhellen, I was received, entertained, and introduced into the house, — I insinuated myself into the house, and in the *Lysis*, investigating what a friend is, at one time he confutes the opinion of Empedocles, that any kind of similitude is sufficient to produce friendship, and at another the opinion of Hesiod and Heraclitus, that dissimilars are friendly to each other; purifying through this confutation his young auditors from false opinions. The *Gorgias* also, the *Protagoras*, and other *Dialogues* of Plato, are full of this Socratic dialectic. Of this kind, likewise, are the contests, in the first Book of the *Republic*, with the savage *Thrasymachus*, who, however, was at length tamed by the mighty Socrates. The *Euthyphron* belongs to the third division of Plato's dialectic, and is therefore *Διάλογος Ἐλεγκτικός*: for its design is to *confute* the false opinions of Euthyphron concerning sanctity. For this sophist conceived that, what is asserted by all those, that were wise in divine concerns, (πᾶσι τοῖς τὰ θεῖα σοφοῖς,) among the Greeks, respecting the sections, (τομαί,) of the intellectual Gods, is to be understood literally. This ignorance, however, of the recondite meaning of the theological fables of the Greeks, which formerly existed among some of the Grecian sophists, is at present universally prevalent. Hence the moderns have not even a dreaming conception of the sublime truths, which these fables occultly indicate, but are so infatuated as to understand them according to their apparent signification, not knowing that every fable has an inward, different from its outward, meaning; for, if this is not admitted, it is no longer a fable. Plato, in consequence of well knowing this distinction, banished Homer from his *Republic*, which was calculated to produce the most excellent, and the most

λέγων ὡς φιλαθηναῖος ἦν ὑπερφυῶς, and was received by Mrs. Parr with, ‘ So, Sir, I find you are a Grecian,’ and, if I may be allowed to joke about a lady I respected so much, she ran to her philosophic characters, assigning as a reason for so doing, ‘ that the youthful part of the community would not be able ‘ to distinguish what is allegorical from what is not.’ He dismisses Homer, however, as a divine person, pouring oil on his head, and crowning him with wool, both which it was lawful to perform to statues in the most holy sacrifices, as we are informed by the Greek Scholiast on this part of the third Book of the *Republic*: Μύρον καταχέειν τῶν ἐν τοῖς ἀγιωτάτοις ἱεροῖς ἀγαλμάτων θέμις ἦν, ἐρίφ τε στέφειν αὐτὰ, καὶ τοῦτο κατὰ τινα ἱερατικὸν νόμον, ὡς ὁ μέγας Πρόκλος φησὶν.

When Dr. Parr also in his *Catalogue* ranks Gray the poet among those, who best understood the writings of Plato, he betrays the most extreme ignorance of the doctrines of that divine philosopher, as must be immediately obvious to every tyro in Platonism, who reads the remarks of Gray, as published by Mathias, on the works of Plato. So that Dr. Parr, in both these instances, has shown himself to be much below par ! This great ignorance of Gray I may, perhaps, hereafter expose to the public.

I remain, with great esteem,

Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS TAYLOR."

The passage in the *Bibliotheca Parriana*, to which Mr. Taylor refers, occurs in a note on Floyer Sydenham's *Synopsis, or, General View of the Writings of Plato*, 1749. 4to. p. 328. : — " I possess, and have elsewhere inserted, some of the *Dialogues* of Plato, translated by this very learned, very ingenious, and very unfortunate author. No man living understood

cupboard for the brandy-bottle, as she associated the idea of brandy and Greek together, from the quantities used, when Porson visited there. My questions were, therefore, principally directed in

Plato better than Mr. Sydenham and Mr. Gray : and among the best translations in the English language, I reckon Twining's *Translation of Aristotle's Poetics*, Sydenham's *Dialogues of Plato*, and Hampton's *Translation of Polybius*. S. P."

The other notices respecting Sydenham are, p. 457. : — " Sydenham's *Diss. on the Doctrine of Heraclitus*, so far as it is mentioned or alluded to by Plato, 1775. 4to. ' Sydenham's Diss. is most profound. S. P.' " In p. 677, the *Diss.* is again introduced, and characterised as ' excellent and profound,' and in p. 637, " *Synopsis of Plato's Works*, 1759."

I had observed to Mr. Taylor that Dr. Parr had once remarked to me that in Aristotle he had found the germ of almost all modern discoveries : and to this Mr. T. alludes at the commencement of his *Letter*.

" On different occasions I have conversed much with Parr upon the subject of metaphysics. He strongly condemned the material philosophy. Reid on the *Intellectual Powers of Man* he instanced as a satisfactory refutation of that debasing doctrine. The mortality of the soul, he said, was a necessary consequence from its materiality. The soul is a spirit, which *must* be immortal, because it is exempted from all the qualities, which generate corruption. It is an uncompound ed essence. How can that be dissolved, which has no parts ? For dissolution is only the separation of one part from another ; but that, which has no parts, cannot be dissolved. The hope of futurity was infused into man at his creation ; it is his earliest, his fondest, his last aspiration. Such a desire would not have been given us in vain. All the great lights of the ancient world believed in the immortality of the soul, from this

that channel, and these were, chiefly, purely philological, and not such as would extract from our friend observations on the style, character, and general merits of the great classic authors,

inherent desire of beauty. Hence the Pythagorean doctrine, the Elysian fields, and the Tartarus of the poets.

• *Hac iter Elysium nobis, at lava malorum, etc.*

I observed that in some of his writings Aristotle seemed to doubt. He said, 'No such thing, Sir.' He quoted the Treatise upon *Animals*, to show that he had distinctly asserted the soul's distinct existence and immortality, and desired me to reach him the *Ethics*. He then referred to the ninth and tenth Chapters of that Treatise, where he deduces the immortality of the soul from her natural desire of future happiness. Aristotle, he said, had been supposed to hold the soul to be mortal, by those, who did not rightly understand his philosophy. The mistake arose from his speaking of the operations of the soul as corporeal. In this sense he often applied the word *ἐντελέχεια*, or intellect, as a corporeal instrument depending only on phantasy. But he then means only the passive intellect, or thinking faculty, which is corporeal, but subordinate to a superior intellect, which is indestructible. This conversation was fixed in my memory, because it led me to a more careful perusal of the *Ethics*, and convinced me of the accuracy and extent of Parr's knowledge." *Parriana* in the *New Monthly Magazine*, Nov. 1, 1826.

"The anecdote respecting the Brahmin of Ceylon, alluded to by Mr. Brougham in his last speech, (on the state of the laws,) is recorded in the *Asiatic Journal* for June, 1827, as follows :—After the introduction of juries into Ceylon, a wealthy Brahmin, whose unpopular character had rendered him obnoxious to many, was accused of murdering his nephew, and put upon trial. He chose a jury of his own caste ; but

which would have been more easy to remember, and more interesting to record.

You ask me for any reminiscences of Porson ; — as I said before, it would be worth your while to get the *Porsoniana* ; it may be a catchpenny thing, yet still it must contain many Cambridge-stories ; any crumb picked up about such a man, would be valuable. I saw the book at Williams's library, Cheltenham. I lament to say, I only saw this wonderful man thrice. I was at those times a boy at school, and a student at college.

so strong was the evidence against him, that twelve, (out of thirteen) of the jury were thoroughly convinced of his guilt. The dissentient juror, a young Brahmin of Ramisseram, stood up, declared his persuasion that the prisoner was the victim of a conspiracy, and desired that all the witnesses might be recalled. He examined them with astonishing dexterity and acuteness, and succeeded in extorting from them such proofs of their perjury, that the jury, instead of consigning him to an ignominious death, pronounced him innocent. The affair made much noise in the Island, and the Chief Justice, (Sir Alexander Johnston,) sent for the juror, who had so distinguished himself, and complimented him upon the talents he had displayed. The Brahmin attributed his skill to his study of a book, which he called *Strengtheners of the Mind*. He had procured it, he said, from some pilgrims at Ramisseram, who obtained it from Persia, and he had translated it from the Sanscrit, into which it had been rendered from the Persian. Sir A. Johnston expressing a curiosity to see this book, the Brahmin brought him a Tamul MS. on palm-leaves, which Sir Alexander found, to his infinite surprise, to be the *Dialectics of Aristotle*. " *The Times*, March 6, 1828. E. H. B.]

His very look impressed me with the idea of his being an extraordinary man : what is called, I believe, by artists in the *Hercules* ‘the repose of strength,’ appeared in his whole figure and face. All I remember of him the first time, which was at dinner at Mr. Edwards’s in Pall-Mall, (where were present my father, Dr. Burney, and Mr. Fuseli,) was his receiving me, then a school-boy, very graciously, I might say politely, when Mr. Edwards very civilly said, ‘I was highly spoken of by Dr. Vincent,’ my most worthy and respectable master, for whom I shall always be happy to testify the great esteem I bore him, in common indeed with all those, who were educated by him. All I remember of Porson, besides, on that day, was his saying : — Somebody, (whose name, if he mentioned it, I forget,) having been asked for an Horatian motto for a *pair of breeches*, gave,

Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

(*Od.* 3, 4, 7.)

Whether this happy application was an *extempore* of his own, or whether he only repeated another’s jest, you, my dear Sir, will know better than I. It was not one of the days, on which Porson displayed himself — the hour was too early, or the wine did not circulate abundantly enough. It was, therefore, not one of the *noctes Atticæ*, of which I have heard so much. It was not one of

those nights, in which he repeated the greater part of the *Rape of the Lock*, making observations as he went, and noting the various readings, of which one of the company said, — ‘ Had it been taken down from his mouth, and published, it would have made the best edition of that poem yet published.’

My friend, Mr. James Boswell, told me he was present one night, when Porson made a most wonderful display on parts of *Bentley’s Phalaris*, of which he only remembered the next day one particular, which related to that passage, where Bentley rates and ridicules Boyle for his mis-quotation of a chapter of Stobæus by such a number, (I forget the number,) when no such number existed. Porson observed that Boyle was led into the error by using such an edition, (mentioning it,) where the numbers of the chapters were continued, or rather there was a confusion in the numbering.*

I have now drawn towards the conclusion

* [“ To shew Stobæus’s approbation of *Phalaris’s Epistles*, I had observed that he quoted three of them under the title *Phalaris*. The gentleman adds one more ; and I should thank him for his liberality, had not any one of those three I mentioned, been sufficient for my purpose. But when he says, p. 31. ‘Tis ‘ *Tit.* 218, and again in the collection of Antonius and Maximus, ‘ and that I overlooked it,’ for that I must beg his pardon. For I could hardly overlook the 218th *Title* of Stobæus, where there are but 121 in all. ‘Tis not *Title* 218, but p. 218, (Ed. Genæv. 1609,) and not of Stobæus, but of Antonius, that is printed at

of my poor, jejune, and inadequate reminiscences of Parr: *θαρσεῖτε φίλοι, γῆν ὀρώ*. As you intend publishing it as it is, I suppose I must send a formal conclusion, which will be my next and last. The best heifer in Theocritus was only good *ἐς τρίς ἀμέλγειν*, and you have milked me more than thrice. But you know I am joking, and you know that you may command my services, as I am really happy to do anything to comply with the wishes of a man like you."

"*Paris, Jan. 8, 1828.* And now, my dear Sir,

the end of him. But the *Title* of Stobæus, that the Examiner would cite, is 84. How far the assistant, that consulted books for the Examiner, may be chargeable with this mistake, or how far it goes towards a discovery, that Mr. B. himself never looked into Stobæus, I will leave it for others to determine." Bentley's *Dissertation on Phalaris* p. 20.

"Porson's defence of Boyle and his friends against Bentley," says my learned and excellent friend, the Rev. Thomas Kidd in a *Letter* dated *Wymondham, March 1, 1828.* "to which your friend alludes, I transcribed from the Professor's autograph on the fly-leaf of a copy of Bentley's *Answer*, and is as follows:—
'P. 20–15. ed. Dr. Salter, 1777. Mr. Boyle and his associates
'are so often in the wrong, that it is barely doing justice to
'defend them, when they are in the right. Boyle used the
'Franckfort-edition of Stobæus fol. 1581, in which the collec-
'tions of Stobæus, Antonius, and Maximus are blended together,
'so that the *Title* of Stobæus, where the quotation from Phalaris
'occurs, is in other editions the 84th, but in the Franckfort
'the 218th. The 217th *Title* belongs to Antonius and Ma-
'ximus, and there is found the same quotation. The singular
'coincidence of the number 218, led Bentley into this mistake.'"

I must reluctantly take leave of a subject, upon which I could dwell perpetually with pleasure, and on which, to my shame be it spoken! I have retained so few, and relatively insignificant materials. That you, from your own recollections, and from your industriously-collected materials, may amply supply my deficiency, and that you may be the means of affording me the exquisite gratification of seeing my excellent friend's luminous and beautifully-finished mind reflected from that of yours, and his numerous friends and admirers, who loved and enjoyed him, whilst he lived, and now venerate him since his lamented loss, is the sincere prayer of, my dear Sir,

Your sincere and obliged friend,

JOHN SYMMONS."

XXVIII.

Letters from John Fearn, Esq. addressed to the Editor ; containing Mr. Fearn's Correspondence with Dr. Parr, and Dugald Stewart, Esq. ; also Lady Mary Shepherd's Remarks, and Mr. Fearn's Reply.*

—◆—
 “ London, Sept. 17, 1827.

“ My dear Sir,

When a man enters upon a course of literary pursuit, whatever may be his natural reluctance to bring himself, (along with his writings,) before the public,

*

“ London, Oct. 11, 1827.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

The following is a correct list of all my-printed writings, up to this date, Oct. 1827.

1. *An Essay on Consciousness*, 2d edn. 1812. 4to. pp. 380.
2. *A Review of First Principles of Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart*, 1813. 4to. pp. 40.
3. *A Demonstration of Necessary Connexion*, 1815. pp. 16.
4. *A Demonstration of the Principles of Primary Vision*, 1815. 4to. pp. 35.
5. *A Letter to Professor Stewart on the Objects of General Terms, and the Axiomatical Laws of Primary Vision*, 1817. 4to. pp. 32.

“ NOTE: — All the above are out of print. But the substance of the four small Tracts is embodied in the *First Lines*, with the

he must be liable to a variety of emergencies, which may force him to come forward, in a greater or less extent.

exception of the subject of *General Terms*, which last is entertained, though in a different way, in the concluding chapter of *Anti-Tooke*.

6. *An Essay on Immortality*, 1814. 8vo. pp. 328.

7. *An Essay on the Philosophy of Faith*, 1815. 8vo. pp. 221.

8. *First Lines of the Human Mind*, 1820. 8vo. pp. 602.

9. *Anti-Tooke, or an Analysis of the Principles and Structure of Language*, Vol. 1. 1824. 8vo. pp. 366.

10. *Anti-Tooke*, ————— Vol. 2. 1817. 8vo. pp. 438.

“The whole of these are, and always have been, published by Longman and Co., Paternoster-Row; R. Hunter, St. Paul’s Churchyard; and Parbury, Allen, and Co., Leadenhall-Street.

“I have never published so much as a line, upon any subject, except the above and my *Letters to Professor Stewart* in the Newspapers. And I have never, in a single instance, submitted a line of my writings to any person whatever, until it appeared before the public, except in the case of those papers, which I have recently furnished you to insert in your book. Which facts I mention, in case it may ever be made a question; I mean in case any writing should be attributed to me, of which I am not guilty. Even in the suggestion or design of any of my writings, I have never had a monition, or a hint from any one. (The monitions in the *Letters* of our excellent deceased friend are in a different sense; and therefore do not contradict my assertion.) My speculations, whatever else they are, are the result of the most solitary, unaided, and uncommunicated course of thinking, that ever was followed. And in this character they differ, remarkably, from the precept, (and in general a most wise precept,) of Locke, that a man ought not to have the temerity to hazard his thoughts before the public, until he has submitted them to the ordeal of some friend. My proceeding, however, is to be attributed at least as much to the circumstances in which I have been placed, as to any overweening of my own strength to fly alone; and my case will apologise for what cannot be justified.

“Some of the small Tracts were republished in some of the periodical works of the day. The same modification or manner of

Accordingly it has happened that the remarks, which Dr. Parr has left in the copy of the *Essay on Immortality* presented to him, (having been published in his *Catalogue*,* and republished in several periodicals of the day,) have placed me in this predicament. An acknowledgment, from a churchman of Dr. Parr's reading and attainments, that

treating the subject in the paper on *Necessary Connexion* has not indeed been introduced into the *First Lines*. The fact is, it was only a *crude precursor* of what I had intended, after due correction, to make a part of the second volume of the *First Lines*; which second volume will (now) never exist. I had intended therein to say *much* upon real efficiency; and what I have said, in the paper alluded to, I consider to be tenable.

"I think this memorandum makes up all the particulars, upon which you wished to be informed; and I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN FEARN.

"I merely notice that, most of the publications mentioned above, are named also in a foot-note in my reply to Lady Mary Shepherd; and I hope it may not be considered as an obtrusive repetition, as it was unavoidable in that reply.

"I have already mentioned to you that the *Intellectual Physics*, an *Essay concerning the Nature of Being*, named among my writings in Dr. Parr's *Catalogue*, are not my property. I have looked, as you desired, but cannot find the note, which I mentioned, in Mr. Stewart's book, concerning that work. But I think he speaks of it as a work 'not destitute of merit;' and ascribes it to the late Governor Thomas Pownall. I never saw the work."

In the *Bibliotheca Parriana* p. 435, the date assigned to it is "*Bath*, 1795. 4to." In Dr. Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica* it is inserted, in the list of Governor Pownall's voluminous and miscellaneous writings, as published in 1803. 4to., which was probably a reprint. E. H. B.]

* [See the *Bibliotheca Parriana* p. 434, where is inserted the following extract from a *Letter* of Mr. Fearn addressed to Basil Montagu, Esq. (dated *Craven-Street*, Oct. 6, 1814.)

my treatment of the subject of that *Essay* had afforded HIM larger views of it, and had *strengthened his faith*, is, it may be believed, solemnly and deeply precious to me. But the accompanying stricture, which he has expressed, upon the ‘uncouthness’ of the style, (although I freely acknowledge that stricture to be a very just one,) has reduced me to the necessity of saying something to obviate any unfavorable impression, which might otherwise arise, with regard not only to the style, but also to the *philosophical* language of my *later writings* ;

“ My best acknowledgments are claimed by your remembrance of me ; and I lose no time in availing myself of your kind suggestion. I had meditated and mentioned to Mr. Dawe my intention of presenting a copy of the *Essay on Immortality* to Dr. Parr, but was in fact afraid of exposing my emptiness. Your Note has encouraged me, and I now send the only bound copy in my possession, which I beg to present to Dr. Parr in testimony of my respect, as well as of my sense of the distinguished commendation he was pleased to bestow on my former publication. With regard to the present *Essay*, the subject itself is doubtless of the first magnitude ; and notwithstanding the poverty and lameness, with which my scanty means enable me to treat it, I consider the philosophic ground therein broached as claiming a deeply preponderating interest with all those, who have hitherto built their hopes, or their fears, upon the evils of human life ; and these, you know, form the general bulk of mankind, as well high as low. I therefore do hope, on every account, it may find the sanction of the world. One point I have already attained ; for *ordinary* readers oppress me with approbation : but yet ‘all this availeth me nothing,’ unless sanctioned by the higher Powers ; and you will judge how much I am pleased to learn that Dr. Parr approves it. I shall still wait, however, with fear and trembling, till I may be favored with your final report.”

“ Such is the humble and diffident manner, in which Mr. Fearn speaks of his own abilities, and such is the serious and earnest

which I certainly do not consider as being open to the charge of not being adapted to the subjects: though I have in those later writings desired to express nothing but plain, unornamented strength and perspicuity of language, together with logical precision in the use, or suggestion, of what may be called *technical phraseology*, as distinguished from what is in ordinary understood by the word *style*. These two last-mentioned considerations are things so entirely distinct, that I have deemed it requisite to allude to them in the conclusion of *Anti-Tooke*

tone, which he justly assumes upon the importance of his subject. Scanty might be the external means, which books afforded him; but his own vigorous and reflecting mind supplied him with materials copious and useful. He might have been prejudiced or perplexed by a larger acquaintance with the writings of other men; but he knew well how to avail himself of the opportunities, which his own peculiar situation presented to him for contemplating the ways of God, and the condition of man. Without the wayward ambition of distinguishing himself by novelty or singularity, he, by the guidance of his own mind, was led to a very original view of many circumstances in the moral world, which in my opinion are better understood and better illustrated by him, than by some of our ablest advocates for a future life. He is singular, but not visionary; he is firm, but not dogmatical; his reasoning is close, his spirit is candid, and his piety, I am sure, is sincere. I grant that his style in the scientific part of his book is very uncouth; and yet I prefer it to the rhetorical diction of the second part. But even in the gaudy and sometimes ranting diction, I trace moral properties, which more than expiate the defects of the composition; for they shew the sincerity of the writer in his pursuit of truth, and the ardour of his feelings, when he supposes himself to have reached, or to have approached it. I love Mr. Fearn, and am glad to record my gratitude to him for turning my attention to subjects, which I had before seen dimly and confusedly, and for strengthening my belief in a world to come. My general faith has indeed

in a passage, which I shall transcribe here. Having, in the place alluded to acknowledged that the *Analysis of Language* in question is not one of those pretensions to never wavered; but I am accustomed to weigh carefully and to welcome gladly every additional argument, by which that faith may be confirmed and invigorated." S. PARR, Oct. 13, 1814. (*April* 13, 1815.)

The extract from Mr. Fearn's *Letter*, and Dr. Parr's observations on the extracts, were transcribed into the *Catalogue* from the fly-leaf of the *Essay on Immortality*, and they are, I believe, in my own hand-writing. The observations were also, at a subsequent period, dictated to me in a *Letter*, which was intended to be sent or shewn to Mr. Fearn himself, which circumstance accounts for the double date given above. One could scarcely have imagined that observations written in such a generous spirit, and with such devout feelings, well becoming him as a man, a scholar, and a Christian, and containing a declaration, so interesting to men of every church and sect, that Dr. Parr, the pre-eminently intellectual and learned Dr. Parr, had never wavered in his 'general faith,' and implying that his late convictions, after full examination into the reasonableness and the truth of Christianity, not less than his early prejudices in its favour from careful and pious education, one could scarcely have thought that these observations would have excited a sneer even from any cold-hearted and narrow-minded critic. "The following long and eccentric note," (says a modern Aristarchus in an article entitled *Dr. Parr's Marginal Notes*, and inserted in the *London-Magazine* No. 33. *Sept.* 1, 1827.) "on some metaphysical works of Mr. Fearn, presented by the author to Dr. Parr, affords a tolerable specimen of Dr. Parr's style, and some idea of his faith."

Mr. Fearn, as appears from the *Bibliotheca Parriana* p. 435, presented his *First Lines of the Human Mind* "to the Rev. Dr. Parr, an offering of profound respect from the author."

Extract from a *Letter* addressed to Mr. Fearn by a lady, dated Oct. 6, 1813:—

"Dear Sir, Mr. — is, as usual, very busily employed, and, as usual, I have the honour of being appointed to the office of secretary. He desires me to tell you that upon visiting our friend, Dr.

genius that are thrown off, section by section, in a finished state; but was the result of a series of approximations, which took up no less than many manuscript editions of the whole; I have subjoined the following observation:—

‘ ONE of the causes, which have induced these repetitions of labor, is deserving of being particularly noticed here, on account of its importance to the subject. This cause was not, as might perhaps be supposed, the mere search after *principles*; nor yet, the tracing of these to *conclusions*; but, *along with these*, it was the attainment of PRECISION IN TERMS AND PHRASEOLOGY. To what extent I have succeeded, at last, is a question to be decided by the event. But those, who have any competent tact in the subject, will not confound what is here meant, with the notion of what is understood by *style*. And those, who might otherwise be inclined to suppose I have been, in any case, either loose or arbitrary, in phraseology, or in what may be called *philosophical*

Parr, he found him deeply engaged in reading a quarto-volume, *An Essay on Consciousness*, ‘written by a Mr. Fearn, who would one day be appreciated as he deserved.’ This was the Doctor’s first salutation. I cannot ‘in one short day’ repeat all, or indeed half of the handsome expressions he made use of, in speaking of your work; and when a proper deduction is made for his rounded sentences and his animated enthusiasm, enough still remains to gratify your warmest friend. I have copied on the other side an extract, which was given me by his executor, and I am happy that your work is mentioned in his *Will*.

(Copy) ‘ I do hereby authorise and direct my Executors to give a ring, after my death, to Mr. Fearn, the common friend of Basil Montagu and myself, as a mark of my respect for him as a profound philosopher, and my regard for him as an honest man. May God bless him! S. PARR, *Sept. 22, 1813.*” E. H. B.]

‘*language*, may be induced, by this explanation, to consider well as often as they pronounce me faulty in this particular; which, doubtless, I suppose, I sometimes have been, after all.’

With regard to the passage now quoted, I would wish it to be understood, that I consider it as applying in general to the *First Lines*, as well as to the *Anti-Toohe*. And I have been borne out, by public criticism, in the essential consideration, that the matter in question has been expressed in a way to be very precisely apprehended. With equal justice, I acknowledge, that the literary defects of my preceding publications are such as I have no wish to defend; and there is nothing in those writings, to which I look back with satisfaction, except the mass of facts and admissible inferences, which I believe them to contain. As for the cause of the defectiveness, to which I thus advert; I shall only say that it arose from accidents, which, if it were requisite to explain, would be found to involve nothing, that I need have any wish to withhold from public curiosity.

Having deemed it necessary to advert to the foregoing consideration, I shall embrace this opportunity to touch upon another, which has, for various reasons, become of greater interest to me in proportion as the course of my speculations has been progressive. When I relinquished the improvement of my fortune, to devote myself to philosophical pursuits, I was not insensible to the sacrifice made; while, on the other hand, I was fully aware that, if accompanied by the manifestation of any tolerable capacity, such a sacrifice was the indisputable price of an admission into that class, which is constituted by the few; nor do I deny the estimation, in which I hold this species of barter. With this view of the course, which had been chosen, I

did not feel myself called upon to make the additional sacrifice of submitting to the bonds of patronage ; far less, *of laying myself out* for this predicament. I am sufficiently sensible that the advancement of my views has been very materially retarded by my acting upon this feeling, in all its various bearings upon persons and circumstances ; but such was my sense of its fitness, that I look back upon it with peculiar satisfaction.

You will naturally suppose that I made Dr. Parr an exception to the general rule ; and, certainly, on account of his age, his erudition, his moral worth, and the very material additional circumstance that he *spontaneously, and wholly unexpected by me*, took what may truly be called a paternal interest in my views, I, to a certain extent, made a difference with regard to him. But the truth is that, when I made him the offer of inscribing to him, jointly, the *First Lines*,* I freely communicated

* [The dedication is as follows : —

“ To the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr, and Basil Montagu, Esq.

“ Much revered Sirs,

In dedicating to you the fruits of my more mature labor, and the present time being one in which the sentiments of every individual appear to be pregnant with some consequence, I first desire to prostrate myself with ineffable gratitude and adoration to Almighty God, for having bestowed upon me, together with existence, three of the most precious gifts, which any sublunary being can enjoy ; — a desire to contemplate the general laws of his Providence ; — an age and country, in which I have liberty to express my conceptions of them ; — and means to relinquish other pursuits in favor of this bent, without stooping to solicitation, or dependence upon aid, which might have prevented my choice, or biassed my opinions. While I trust the avowal of this feeling will not be unacceptable to you, inasmuch as it is a test of the spirit, in which the present offering is made, I beg to assure you, it has never tended to diminish my sensibility to friendly manifestations of any sort,

to him my sentiments on this point; and the terms, in which that work is inscribed, will bear testimony to my independence: although I *once* complimented Dr. Parr, (and this very deservedly,) with the name of *Patron*; which he, probably from knowing my sentiments, declined to arrogate to himself.

The acknowledgments, which I have at any time offered to Dr. Parr, cannot exist under a doubt with regard to the feelings, which have dictated them. And, upon the same principle I shall always appreciate the moral

and far less could it operate to make me overlook what I conceive to be a debt, both of a private and a public nature. If the following volume should be found to contain any new truths, worthy the philosophical consideration either of our contemporaries, or of those, who shall come after us, I desire it may bear testimony that to you I stand particularly indebted for a warm and uniform interest displayed for the success of these inquiries. To *one* of you I am obliged for that spontaneous and unequivocal approbation of my earlier endeavours, which, when I reflected upon the pre-eminence of erudition whence it came, was sufficient to encourage my perseverance against a very rare combination of forbidding circumstances. To the commendation, received from such a quarter, my best acknowledgments are certainly due. To the *other* the circumstance of locality has admitted of my being additionally indebted for the edification and pleasure received in his converse, and for a course of obliging civilities, during a series of years; which have proved at once a stimulus to my endeavours, and a solace under the languor induced by them. Among the few external circumstances, that could have made me proud, is the reflection that to these pursuits, and to no other origin, I owe the honor of your friendship. And I shall consider it among the most gratifying events of my life, if I continue, during the remainder of it, to possess any share of your regard. I am, gentlemen, with much veneration, your faithful servant,

JOHN FEARN."

E. H. B.]

actions of all, who have, like Dr. Parr and yourself, manifested a disposition congenial with my views.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

JOHN FEARN."

" To E. H. Barker, Esq."

" MY DEAR SIR,

As, upon one hand, I could do no other, (when called upon by the favor of your Letter,) than contribute something toward the biography of our deceased venerated and excellent friend, Dr. Parr, as proposed to be written by you, (especially as the few documents, which I have in contemplation to furnish, are evidences of the amount of gratitude, which I owe to him, for a warm and generous encouragement, bestowed unsought upon my earliest and subsequent labors ;) so, upon the other, I am bound by what is due to a philosophical subject at issue, and in some degree to myself, to think that the *Letters*, to which I now allude, should not go forth to the public without being accompanied by some observations upon their contents. I am, therefore, induced to hazard the following ; which I submit to your pleasure and discretion. In so doing, it is requisite I should beg, in the first place, to apprise you, that, owing to the incapability, which I have continued to labor under, (since the publication of a recent work,) of entering, to any considerable extent, into intellectual exertion, it will be impossible for me, on this occasion, to do justice to the philosophical subject in question ; or, indeed, to enter at any length into its merits.

There can be but one opinion, that the general literary advice conveyed in the *Letters* of Dr. Parr, to which

these observations refer, was as wise and salutary, as it was kind and parental. It was also most fit and seasonable, as coming from a friend so much older than myself. Nevertheless, on account of what is at stake, it is necessary to remark, that our respected friend was not at all aware of the rigor, with which it has been my general habit to revise, very repeatedly, the process and results of my speculations on the subject in research.

To come at once, however, to the most important, by far, of the metaphysical problems in question, I have now to solicit your attention to the following passage in one of Dr. Parr's *Letters*; in which, speaking with allusion to a matter advanced and insisted upon in my *First Lines of the Human Mind*, he says:—‘ And though my judgment does not go along with you, yet my affections sympathise with you, and my imagination, at least is strongly acted upon by your representation of the Deity as visible in his works.’ Previously to this, in the same *Letter*, he seems to think that I had rested something upon Sir William Jones; who, he remarks, was not profound as a metaphysician; and whom, in this instance, he supposes to have been misled by the ‘mystical philosophy of the east.’

I have quoted these passages for the purpose of remarking upon their merits; as I might, else, have reason to fear, that the general readers of your work on Dr. Parr's biography, who might not otherwise be disposed to inquire into the subject itself, might imbibe a persuasion, that my humble labors, in this department, have been as loose and illusory, as the bulk of learned men in Europe unhappily suppose all those of the East to have been; and their results not more solid or satisfactory, than the passing opinion of a refined scholar, in an elegant contemplation of Asiatic remains.

With regard to the opinion of Dr. Parr himself; although he was the warm advocate of my general cast of speculation, and although I very gratefully subscribe my acknowledgments that, if I have done anything worthy of consideration, my resolve to persevere in such a course has been, in great part, owing to the encouragement of his approbation, when my exertions were interdicted by unexampled difficulties and neglect; it has, at the same time, been unfortunate that, before I had the happiness to be known, or to submit my views, to him, he had attained that stage of life, when, (it is well known,) *the human mind becomes extremely inductile to the pressure of any new evidence upon metaphysical topics of the nature now under consideration.* Accordingly, I feel a conviction, arising from long application to the subject, that, after our erudite friend had once admitted, (as by his *Letters* you perceive he has done, although this only gradually and with a tardiness behind public criticism and all the private opinions, which I have received on the subject,) the *premises*, namely—THAT PERCEIVED EXTENSION AND FIGURE, WHEN PERCEIVED, ARE demonstrated to be STATES OR AFFECTIONS OF THE PERCEIVING MIND ITSELF, *and when not perceived, are nowhere, that is* HAVE NO EXISTENCE WHATEVER, it could not have been his *unbiassed judgment*, but only his *judgment under the controul of his formed, fixed, and long-indurated IMAGINATION*, that could have warped him to reject the *certain legitimate consequence* that we have NO EVIDENCE *for the assumption, or supposition*, of ANY SUCH THING AS DEAD MATTER *in the world*; but that, on the contrary, we are FURNISHED, BY THESE PREMISES, with a most pure philosophical inference, that all our external perceptions are caused by the ENERGIES OF SOME EXTENDED BEING,

exerted from various distances in space ; WHICH BEING, must, IN KIND, be of one nature with our own sentient principle.

It is to be lamented, indeed, that the hopes and the patience of the learned, in the western world, had been completely exhausted by the successive failures and disappointments of theorists, from the Grecian philosophers downwards, before the requisite steps were attained, which terminate in this momentous conclusion ; insomuch, that the *grand difficulty, now, is to REVIVE CURIOSITY* on the subject. In this state of public opinion, however, it is to be recorded, to the honor of Dr. Parr, that he did not despair ; neither did he look with a cold apathy upon the matter. On the contrary, it was with reference especially to the result of my speculations in THIS direction, that he has left on record ‘ *his most poignant sorrow*’ that he could not induce Professor Stewart to avow his ‘ *dissent, or his consent*’ to the principles, which I had advanced. And here it forms a striking example of the uprightness and magnanimity of character displayed by our departed friend, that, notwithstanding his avowed and high admiration of Mr. Stewart, superadded to personal friendship, as expressed in his *Letters* to myself, he has not refrained from recording that judgment, which he has pronounced between us.

The judgment of Dr. Parr, however, it appears, is qualified by the opinion implied in one of his *Letters*, that my ‘ last publication,’ (meaning the *First Lines*,) had furnished Mr. Stewart with *some reason* to be ‘ *hostile, or shy*.’ And, therefore, it is incumbent upon me, on this occasion, to point out a very remarkable, and to me very important, oversight in our venerable friend’s view of the matter at issue. In what he has expressed of

his representations to Professor Stewart concerning my views, and of his sorrow that Mr. Stewart would not recognize them, Dr. Parr had *no thought of any farther* harm being done to me, than the harm upon *general* ground. He had, by some unaccountable accident, *entirely overlooked* the painful and intolerable situation, in which Mr. Stewart had placed me, with regard to my right of *priority*; which Mr. Stewart had pertinaciously, and to the last, refused to acknowledge in ANY PUBLIC MANNER. The undubitable effect of Mr. Stewart's proceeding was, not only to take possession of my originality in the subject, but, also, to make every reader of my writings set me down for a mean plagiarist, as well as a person, whose powers and application were alike unworthy of the least degree of philosophical consideration. And, although I have not appealed with the imputation that Mr. Stewart was actuated by any unworthy motive; yet, I have no hesitation to declare, that, by the accident of his mentioning *as much of the subject as appears in his Dissertation, and no more*, the subject itself was as fatally placed in an insignificant light, shorn of all its real importance, and my philosophical claims, together with my moral character with regard to it, as much lowered to a state of revolting debasement, as could have happened, if the proceeding had been the planned result of the most consummate wisdom. Had Mr. Stewart, in his *Dissertation*, but hinted a single syllable, that he had actually in his house, when he was writing it, the publication of a recent author, professing to be a suggestion of certain Laws of Primary Vision, *on the very ground of a VARIETY OF COLORS*, into (*one part* of which publication Mr. Stewart has since confessed he '*had dipped*,') he would, by that single syllable of recognition, have performed an

important and a bounden duty to the philosophical community, as well as to me; and have thereby prevented all the evils, to which his subsequent refusal to acknowledge my priority have given rise. But Mr. Stewart has since declared that, he ONLY ‘DIPPED,’ and this, too, into the *first and incipient* of these advances in the science of perception, *and, that he has never looked into a single page of the others.* Let the concurrent suffrages of public critics, which have been given with regard to these *Laws of Vision*, be taken as evidences, how far Mr. Stewart stands justified to the world, *which he was professing to teach*, any more than to me, for his contemptuous resolve not to look into the papers in question.

If, then, the upright mind of Dr. Parr had adverted to such a proceeding as this, he would never have thought it much in me to feel sore that Mr. Stewart has never since, in the least degree, listened to any appeal, that he should set me right with the public, and wipe away the reproach of my being a plagiarist and an insignificant dabbler in a subject ineffably beyond my real pretensions,—a soreness, which our venerable friend thinks I have evinced in my various strictures on Mr. Stewart’s writings; but which, however, I must serenely declare, I never have. I have certainly felt a *deep* sense of the situation, in which Mr. Stewart has placed me. But the high respect, with which it had been my previous habit to think of him, has totally prevented that sort of feeling, which can deserve the name of *soreness*, or which, in the least degree, leads us to lessen the merits, or the fortunes, of another. In the matter at issue, indeed, I was struck by Mr. Stewart’s *insisting* upon considering me as feeling *offended*. This proceeding of his roused my reflection to the fact, that, it would manifestly serve to call off attention from the real

merits of the case, if Mr. Stewart could fix upon me the charge of taking *offence*, whatever might be the extent of harm suffered. I therefore met that figment, in the very beginning; and am convinced that the contrary will be evident throughout the whole case.

After this explanation, I hardly need say that, in any future edition, I should think it so far derogatory to my character, to 'soften' any strictures, which I have advanced upon Mr. Stewart's writings, that, I solemnly declare, I have in those strictures expressed myself with much less severity, than I think his method of philosophising, as well as his philosophical principles, have deserved. This assertion, moreover, is confirmed by the strictures, which I have hazarded, in my several publications, upon the writings of Dr. Reid and of Mr. Horne Tooke; against neither of whom I can be supposed to have any personal feeling. And it is farther confirmed by various handsome expressions with regard to Mr. Stewart, embodied with the strictures in question. It is indeed no small inducement to me to give up to you, and to the public, the *Letters* of Dr. Parr, that they contain matter in praise of Mr. Stewart, at the same time that they support my claims. In fine; it will now be seen, from the statements quoted by me from Professor Stewart's writings and shewing the impossibility of disputing the point at issue, that I could, if I had been so disposed, have brought the matter forward with much stronger features than I actually did in any of the successive applications, private and public, which I made to Mr. Stewart. And it will be impossible for his warmest admirers to deny, (what public criticism indeed has expressly and fully admitted,) that, throughout the business, I have evinced every consideration for him.

Considering the sphere of estimation, which Professor Stewart had gained, it was certainly very handsome toward me, and very noble in Dr. Parr, to express what he *has* done. And it is very obvious why he might, from friendly motives to both parties, wish to repress any tendency in me to feel sore in the matter; and even think I did feel thus, when he was perusing any of my criticisms upon Mr. Stewart's method of philosophising. But it would be great injustice to the case at issue to suppose that Dr. Parr's view of it embraces anything like *all* its merits. For, most certainly, he *never embraced the serious matter at issue, involving both my right and my probity*: (and why should not probity be as dear to me as to Mr. Stewart?) and what is more, he *never had the whole circumstances of the case to refer to*, such as will be laid before the public on the present occasion. He was not at all aware that Professor Stewart had, in his *last Letter* to me, shut the door against all farther private correspondence, and had thus *driven* me before the public with my appeal; and that he had done this with the degrading intimation that he did not deem it worthy to read any one of my publications. After such a proceeding as this, for the proof of which I shall furnish a copy of Mr. Stewart's *Letter*, it is to be regretted that, from the hurry of other avocations, our excellent friend should have fallen into the supposition that, it was my publication, that gave rise to hostility.

And now, soliciting here only a reserve of their judgment, from all candid readers of this Letter, until they shall have examined the several documents, which are intended to follow, I desire to give forth my very marked and earnest acknowledgments of the generous conduct of Dr. Parr towards the writer; and wish that a record of

his great moral rectitude may be found in anything of mine, which may deserve to live. Along with this, also, I must entreat, my dear Sir, that you will accept my distinct record of your having, (no doubt with a special desire of deposing to the exalted character of Dr. Parr,) but also, I am convinced, with a similar disposition with his for the advancement both of general truth and individual justice, manifested a most liberal and disinterested course of action in the matter, which claims my very particular thanks and respect.

One observation only remains to be offered here, which, I think must carry weight with every reader ; and it consists in the following questions — Can it be doubted that the 16,000 impressions of my two *Letters* to Mr. Stewart, in the Newspaper, contain matter, which it must be deeply desired by Mr. Stewart's friends should be answered ? And can it, therefore, be doubted that Mr. Stewart, or his friends, would have denied my assertions in these *Letters*, if they had found it possible to show that they are open to exception in any respect ? My own judgment of the subject must be manifest in the fact, that I most earnestly, and by every means, have sought its publicity. Mr. Stewart, on the contrary, has, so far as in him lay, avoided bringing the attention of the public at all to the subject. Let the following documents decide, what have been our respective motives for this opposite conduct.

I now subscribe myself, my dear Sir, with a full sense of your friendly feeling in the subject, in which you certainly have no interest but what must be very honorable to your nature,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN FEARN."

“ P. S. The state of my health must apologise for the state of this Letter.

“ To E. H. Barker, Esq.”

Four Letters from Dr. Parr to Mr. Fearn.

“ *Hatton, May 16, 1818.*

“ DEAR MR. FEARN,

I have long anticipated the increase of your renown as an original thinker, whose understanding was peculiarly adapted to metaphysical investigations. My predictions about you have been progressively verified, and I trust that my friend, Professor Stewart, to whom I have mentioned you more than once with great approbation, will with his usual ingenuousness avow his dissent or his consent upon the strictures you have passed upon himself and Dr. Reid. The day before yesterday came to me your work on the *Objects of General Terms*, etc. I have read it with great attention. I am nearly a convert to you upon your most acute and happy solution of figure, and I admire your extension of the principle shortly stated by Proclus. And here, Mr. Fearn, let me tell you that by perseverance you cannot fail to acquire very conspicuous and permanent fame as a philosopher. You and I have met only in the tumults of company. But with such a man as you I should like to spend three or four or five mornings in examining any work, which you are preparing for the press. I know not who wrote in the *Monthly Review* ; but he often advances my own opinions. For many years I have been a nominalist, and you will not be sorry to hear that Dr. Copleston of Oxford is of our sect.

Now I agree with your Reviewer that you have been most happy about duration as measurable. But you have not yet said enough to elucidate the analogy to extension. I do not see the *necessity*, for which Stewart contends, that, if the idea of duration were got merely by the succession of ideas, that succession must appear to ourselves equally quick at all times. How does this equality follow? Might not one idea remain perceptibly longer in the mind than the other, which succeeds it, just as the perception of any visible object may be longer than the perception of another object? I grant that our ideas measure duration, and I hold with you that duration does resemble sensations, of which we are conscious. But my puzzle is about the equality of duration in each succession. Can you explain this for me? I am with you in your distinction between perceived figure and external figure. But I find myself cramped in a *Letter*. Now, dear Sir, I desire you to send me two of your publications, the book on *Immortality*, and the second improved edition of the *Principles of Primary Vision*. We shall hold together on your just and interesting statement that the benevolence of the Creator is proved by the happiness of brutes.⁶ But you seem to me to have undervalued the happiness of man, and upon this point I refer you to Abraham Tucker's *Light of Nature*.^{*} Go on,

^{*}[Dr. Parr's opinion may be well illustrated by the following interesting and beautiful extract from the admirable work of Dr. Southwood Smith on the *Divine Government*, Edn. 4, Lond. 1826. p. 82:—

“The second fact, upon which the benevolence of the Deity is founded, is that there is more happiness than misery through the whole of the animal creation. Were it not so, we should see all animals tired of life, and eager to throw off the burthen of existence.

go on in the increase of your mighty power upon the most abstruse, and some of them the most interesting questions, which can employ the human mind. I have

But the reverse is the fact. What exertions do they not all make to prolong their being ! How are all their faculties continually upon the stretch to preserve themselves from danger ! How various, how wonderful are their resources ! How tenaciously do they cling to existence even to its latest moment !

“What a scene of enjoyment does the tribe of insects, of fishes, of all the inferior animals, exhibit from the beginning to the end of life ! Those whose conformation fits them for motion, how delighted are they to run, to fly, to leap, to swim ; how incessantly are they gliding from place to place, without any apparent object, deriving gratification from the mere exercise of their limbs ! Those which delight in rest, how happy are they in the loneliness of the shade ; in basking in the sun, or grazing in the field ! In a summer-evening how exhilarating is it to the spirits, to leave for a while ‘the busy hum of men,’ and wander beneath the clear blue sky, and amidst Nature’s own works ! What millions of happy creatures everywhere surround us ! Above, around, beneath, every thing is in motion, and every thing is happy. The air, the earth, the water, every tree, and every shrub, and every little blade of grass, teems with delighted existence. Scarcely can we fix the eye upon a single spot, in which there is not life and happiness ! Which of the millions of creatures, that press upon our sight, is in pain ? Which of them does not by every movement declare, that, to the full measure of its capacity, it is happy ?

“This felicity seems to belong to, and to characterize animal life, during the period of its existence. It is exempt from almost all the sources of infelicity, which impair the happiness of man, and fill him with gloom and sorrow. It is not subject to much disease, and that, which accident or natural decay does induce, is of short continuance. It spends the measure of its days in sportiveness and pleasure, and when its last moment comes, it arrives without giving any previous indication of its approach, and all consciousness ceases suddenly, and with little pain.

“Now when we consider the extent and the *fulness* of creation ;

to add that the moral character of your mind always appears to advantage. I should break a lance with you on your exclusive compliment to the Hindoos ; for many

when we remember that it is scarcely possible, as has just been observed, to fix the eye upon the minutest spot, where there is not life ; when, under this impression, we endeavor to calculate how many creatures there sometimes are upon one single leaf, upon all the leaves on one tree ; how many, therefore, in one field, how many in all the fields, which the eye can take in at a single glance, how many in all the fields in one country ; when we remember that each of these creatures is in a state of positive happiness, and then endeavor to calculate the collective sum of enjoyment in one country—can we help exclaiming, what an effort of benevolence was creation ! Can we doubt the goodness of its author ?

“ Even among men there is in reality much less misery than is commonly imagined. Many persons can recount every period of their life, in which they were unhappy : others can scarcely mention a single misfortune, which ever befel them ; and those, on whom the afflictive dispensations of heaven have fallen more heavily, how distinctly are these days of visitation marked in their memory ! But can they recount with equal facility their days of happiness ? Can they number up, not their moments or their hours, but even their weeks and their months of enjoyment ? They have forgotten the periods of their happiness : they remember those only, in which they were miserable. The reason is obvious. The one is a common occurrence, the usual and ordinary state of things ; the other is a singular event ; it happened only at distant intervals, was quite out of the general course, and therefore the mind distinctly marked, and the memory retains it. We notice an eclipse, we talk of it, but we do not so much observe the daily splendor of the sun. We may enjoy its light and heat many months without thinking of it, and the reason is the same in both cases. We observe what is unusual, but that which is familiar makes no remarkable impression. This consideration alone is sufficient to convince us, that we enjoy infinitely more than we suffer.

“ But we are able to go much further, and to affirm, that even in those periods, few as they are, in which we were unhappy, and

modern European philosophers hold the same principle. With your aid we shall make advances on the great question, whether matter can be so modified as to constitute mind, and by your guidance I have already been relieved from some perplexities about Berkeley's system. Pray

which we have been accustomed to consider as distinguished by misery alone, we really suffered very little compared with what we have been in the habit of believing. We are seized, let us suppose, with an acute disease. It attacks some vital organ, induces extreme debility, and threatens the speedy extinction of life. All this time the bodily suffering inflicted is often slight. The most violent diseases, that is, those, which most surely and suddenly destroy life, are by no means painful: indeed those, which occasion great pain, are remarkably few; and those, which produce both severe and constant pain, are still more rare. Yet from the general mode of expression, and perhaps from the prevailing impression of the mind, it would seem as if much suffering were experienced from the commencement till the complete termination of a disease; but this is certainly not the case. In many diseases of a most afflicting nature, hour after hour passes away without any thing being felt, which can justly be termed pain: paroxysms of suffering sometimes occur, but it is seldom that they last long: rest and ease speedily succeed; and indeed exacerbation implies remission. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that these intervals are often amongst the sweetest and most valued moments of existence, the preceding pain giving a keen and exquisite relish for enjoyment; while the thoughts, with which the mind amuses itself in sickness, the hope of recovery, and the attentions of kind and tender friends, greatly lessen and counterbalance the actual sum of misery endured. Indeed, disease, taking the most extensive view of it, seems destructive to the life, rather than to the enjoyment, of the sentient being; and in fact, the first is the final cause of disease, the second is only an accidental consequence.

“ These observations may be applied with equal justice to the afflictions of the mind. Whatever be the nature or magnitude of the calamity, with which it is visited, it is never constantly, nor

remember me to Basil and Mrs. Montagu. I have the honour to be with regard, respect, and admiration,

Your well-wisher and obedient Servant,

S. PARR."

even for a long period together, under its influence. Whoever will consider the conduct of his mind under the severest misfortune, will soon be convinced of this fact. He will perceive, that a thousand objects came in to attract his attention from the subject of his sorrow, of which he was unconscious at the time, and to which he yielded without knowing it; that the mind has numberless sources of pleasure, to which in its most gloomy hour it soon spontaneously betakes itself, and that it is impossible to chain it down to perpetual afflictive thought. If he will carefully compare the number of minutes, in which he is sure that his attention was fixed on the subject of his misfortune, with those, in which he is satisfied that it was occupied with other objects, he will be so far from believing he contemplated it incessantly, that he will wonder he thought of it so little. At particular periods, indeed, he dwelt upon and felt all his wretchedness: these periods, perhaps, are distinctly marked in his memory, but he has forgotten the hours of abstraction from his sorrow, which intervened, and for the same reason that he has forgotten so many of his peaceful days. Now the bestowment of this constitution of mind is of the very essence of benevolence. Language cannot express the kindness there is in it, nor are we at all able to estimate the relief we owe to it from the afflictions, which befall us.

"Thus, then, it appears, that pleasure not only preponderates over pain, but that this is often the case even in the most unhappy periods of existence. And in the ordinary circumstances of life, how great is that pleasure, how various, how exquisite, how far surpassing our ability to estimate! Contemplate a person placed in the ordinary circumstances of life; suppose him addicted to no particular vice, nor practising any exemplary virtue; neither highly favored with the gifts of understanding nor of fortune; of what pleasure is he capable, and what pleasure does he actually enjoy!

" August 9, 1820.

" DEAR AND EXCELLENT MR. FEARN,

I received your Letter. I feel the importance of its contents. I cannot in the bustle of this Town form such an opinion as I ought to do upon such interesting subjects. I shall take your papers with me into the country. You know the deep and sincere concern, which I feel for your fame. Next Tuesday-morning I will give you one hour, and I beg of you to call upon me at 6 Cumberland-Place, New Road, precisely at half-past nine in the morning. You have not in the world a greater admirer, or more faithful friend, than yours,

S. PARR."

What gratification does he every hour receive from his different senses; from the exercise of his intellectual faculties; from his social affections; from the relations, which connect him with his fellow-beings, those relations so dear and sacred, which constitute him a father, a husband, a brother, a friend!

" But suppose him not only addicted to no vice, but highly virtuous, to feel a deep sense of his obligations to the Supreme Being, to love him, to take a sincere pleasure in learning and obeying his laws, and in preparing to meet him in those blissful regions, where he will enjoy such superior displays of his perfections and glory; suppose him to consider all his fellow-creatures as brethren, to feel for them a real and fraternal affection, and to delight in doing them all the good offices in his power; in a word, suppose him to be a sincere disciple of Jesus Christ, what exquisite felicity does such a being enjoy! How sublime in its nature! How immortal in its duration! How nearly does it assimilate him to the Supreme Being himself! Who can believe that such faculties and such happiness can be bounded by the current of time, or swept away amidst the low and frivolous objects, which it is bearing to eternal oblivion; that they are imparted only to give dignity to the triumph of death, and importance to the spoil of the grave, and that the very benignity of their author is questionable?" E. H. B.]

" You will do me *real* honour and great service by dedicating to me your work." *

" October 29, 1820.

" DEAR AND EXCELLENT MR. FEARN,

Last night I returned from Birmingham. Your interesting and friendly Letter was sent to me in the morning thither. I hasten to answer it. Pray send me the three books, which you mention, two in boards, one bound: send them by *Stone's Flying Waggon*, and direct them to be delivered with expedition. I rejoice to hear that you have given us your judgment on grammar as connected with philosophy.† I shall soon write

* " This *Letter* was in reply to one from me, in which I asked my venerable friend, if it would be agreeable to him that I should inscribe to him, (jointly with another friend,) my '*First Lines*.' I was pleased at the characteristic warmth, with which it appears he has written over again that he should be 'much' gratified."

J. FEARN.

† " It is material I should explain that the allusion here to my *judgment on grammar* does not refer to *Anti-Tooke*, since published; but refers to the Chapter on the *Philology of the Verb*, inserted in the *First Lines of the Human Mind*; which Chapter was indeed the *precursor* of my work on the structure of language. Unfortunately, Dr. Parr did not live to *peruse*, although he lived to *receive*, a copy of *Anti-Tooke*. His final sentence upon the perusal of that work would have been most estimable, if it had not come too late. It is to be observed that Dr. Parr had not yet seen even the Chapter on the *Verb* in the *First Lines*, when he wrote this *Letter*: he only alludes to my having *informed* him that I had *treated* on the verb; he says, 'I rejoice to *hear*.' It is necessary for me to point this out, for the purpose of shewing that the march of my labor has been exposed to very tantalising circumstances, over and above all drawbacks. The truth is that in the expression '*your judgment on grammar*;' I think our excellent friend evinces no very high expec-

again. God bless you! With a deep and respectful sense of your talents and virtues, I sincerely subscribe myself your friend,

S. PARR."

"Hatton, Jan. 10, 1822.

"DEAR AND EXCELLENT MR. FEARN,

My parsonage has been crowded with Christmas-festivities, and the whole of my time has been employed upon some important concerns of other persons, upon some elaborate compositions, and upon two or three literary subjects, which required the utmost attention.

I was delighted with your friendly, artless, and virtuous *Letter*; and I shall now answer it fully. Somehow or other the Review, which you consigned to the care of my sagacious and inestimable friend, Wm. Lowndes, has not

tation of what I should do on grammatical ground. And as, upon one hand, I feel assured that Professor Stewart, when he read the *Essay on Consciousness*, did not think I should persevere to the production of the *First Lines*; so, on the other, I think Dr. Parr, with all his approbation of my views on *Pneumatology*, would as soon have anticipated the *millenium*, as my writing such a work on language as *Anti-Tooke*. I am far from intending to arrogate any positive value to those latter labors, when I point to the certain fact, that in them I had far outworked the expectations, which the former had given rise to; which I mention here as being a real and great disadvantage to an author, *until he has actually changed* the estimation, which was previously made of his capability. As an example of this, I feel convinced that, if Professor Stewart had anticipated the nature of the *First Lines*, he never would have forced upon me the necessity of the following discussion. I bear testimony, with all due mortification, that the *Essay on Consciousness* was a product of Anglican barbarism, with almost no philosophical reading, and quite no grammar at all." J. FEARN.

reached me. I shall write to him to-day. I did not know the existence of a *New Edinburgh Review* ; but I shall enquire about it. My friend, I have felt most poignant sorrow at the reluctance of Dugald Stewart to treat your publications, as in my opinion they deserve to be treated. You, certainly, have that property of cool and patient thinking, which adorned Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton, and upon which Dugald has bestowed very marked and very just commendation. If I lived nearer to you, I might be of some use to you in conversing with you upon some abstruse topics, which for many years have engaged your attention, and I should endeavour to render you a yet greater service by struggling with some scruples and fears. Pursue your speculations — throw your thoughts as they successively arise, upon paper — reconsider, three or four times, all that you have published, and all that you have written. This process will be very useful, and, in the long run, very agreeable to you. You know that you have progressively found your way to your old opinions ; and it must be pleasant for you to retrace your steps. Again, I say, persevere. Doubtless, you have to contend with some peculiar disadvantages — you belong to no philosophical sect — you have opposed some of the most celebrated metaphysicians — you want the advantage, such as it is, of a pre-established reputation, and a widely-spread name. But what then ? Truth yet lies before you, and the sense of peculiar difficulties should animate your exertions. Sir William Jones, with his splendid talents, and with acquirements altogether unparalleled, was almost a stranger to metaphysical researches ; and he may now and then be misled by his fondness for the mystical philosophy, as well as the literature of the east. But you were certainly right

in pointing out the similitude between your own notions and oriental theism. There are later systems of philosophy, which seem to resemble those notions, and some of them approach too nearly to the system of Spinoza. No man, however, will impute to you the smallest leaning to atheism; and, though my judgment does not go with you, yet my affections sympathise with you, and my imagination at least is strongly acted upon by your representation of the Deity, as visible in his works. You write, not for sustenance, but for honourable reputation; and convinced I am, no man of good sense ever looked into your writings without seeing and respecting your great perspicacity and acuteness. Upon metaphysical subjects, such as those you discuss, there ever has been, and ever will be difference of opinion. Before your last publication there was not the shadow of a reason for Dugald Stewart to be hostile or even shy. The field was open to both of you; but you must excuse me for confessing that in your last book you shew too many marks of soreness, when Dugald Stewart was present to your mind. Pray, examine the passages and soften them; and if Stewart deals out a scanty measure of justice to you, leave him thus far to the disapprobation of wise and good men. At the same time, dear Sir, I do not desire you in matters great, or matters small, to dissemble your own dissent. Most assuredly in England, as in Germany, philosophers, like theologians, are divided into sects. I have not entered my name on the list of any, and therefore I am quick-sighted to the influence of the sectarian spirit. My reverence, I own, and my admiration are tributes, which I pay more largely to Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh than to any of my contemporaries; and with occasional difference of opinion from Dugald Stewart upon

the merits of David Hartley and Abraham Tucker, and two or three other authors, I rank Dugald's last *Dissertation* among the noblest efforts of the human mind. I cannot name the book, by which I was so much instructed, or so much interested. Still I am not satisfied with his treatment of you, and I also am not quite pleased with your tartness towards him.

I never was fond of writing for Reviews, and some years ago I determined to write no more. If this determination did not stand in my way, I should be your critic in the *Monthly Review*, which I am told has a less rapid sale than formerly, but which has lost no portion of its former excellencies. You have too much good sense to dispute with Reviewers; and, to say the truth, I should be sorry to see you engaged in direct controversy with Dugald Stewart, or any other celebrated writer. My own reading is, perhaps, extensive and diversified; but in the long run, I have often seen, and often lamented the growth of a disputatious spirit in both parties. The disputants imperceptibly grow fonder of victory than of truth. They magnify the importance of their own opinions, because their passions have been roused in the defence of them; they grow more and more dim to the reasonings of their opponents; and they are misled by false lights upon their own proofs. Well, then, avoid, if you can, the rocks and shoals of controversy, but do not skulk into port. Launch out courageously, but warily — let down your line, and mark the soundings.* In other words — think on, write on, but do not be in haste to publish. Throw away none of your materials: to-morrow

* [As Dr. Parr was addressing a gentleman, who had begun life in the royal navy, these metaphorical allusions to the sea-service were very appropriate. E. H. B.]

you may find more use in them, and more connexion between them than you see to-day. Continue your contributions to the general stock of knowledge. You have been particularly successful in your little black line. I have long been a sceptic upon what is called *magnitude*, and I think that Hutton is right in his account of *volume*. As to *colour*, [*figure*,] * I hold with you that we get our notion of it by contrast with different colours. I must not forget to say that in the course of your reflections, you have had opportunities to overcome the inconveniences, to which you were once exposed from your very limited reading. A man so qualified as you are for reflection upon his own thoughts, must find his own knowledge, not only encreased, but purified by the writings of other men. Do not, dear Sir, honour me with the name of a *patron*. I am an attentive and an impartial reader. I think of your talents with very great respect indeed, and perhaps of your genuine and numerous virtues with greater. You will, therefore, believe me, when I subscribe myself, with most sincere esteem and regard,

Your admirer and your friend,

S. PARR."

Correspondence between Professor Stewart and Mr. Fearn.

" *Exeter, December 17, 1818.*

" SIR,

Your *Letter* of the 28th Nov. was forwarded to me from Edinburgh to Devonshire, where I have been

* "Our venerable friend must have meant *figure*, and not *color*; as a proof of which, we need only refer to his former *Letter*, wherein he says, (under date *May* 1818.) 'I am nearly a convert 'to you upon your most acute and happy solution of *figure*.' Indeed, the four laws of primary vision, (which constitute this solution,)

advised by my physicians to pass the winter with a view to the re-establishment of my health. I have been strongly urged at the same time to discontinue, at least for some months, my favorite pursuits, and to give up my mind as much as possible, to relaxation and amusement. In these circumstances, I must decline at present entering into any literary discussions. As to the former *Letter*, which you did me the honour to write me, I left it unread in Scotland, among my other papers: the state of my health at that time having led me to avoid every species of mental exertion. I can, however, very truly say that, if any expression in my *Dissertation* has given you a moment's uneasiness, no offence was intended on my part, either to yourself, or any other living author.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble Servant,

DUGALD STEWART."

"To J. Fearn, Esq. London."

"London, April 7, 1819.

"SIR,

Having deferred writing four months, with a view to consult your leisure, I now beg to acknowledge the answer, which you did me the honor to write, to my *Letter* of Nov. 28th last. With regard to the disavowal which you have therein been pleased to express, of any intention to have given me uneasiness by the matter, (concerning '*a variety of colors*'), suggested in your *Dissertation*, I beg leave to observe that I have never made any supposition of the contrary; nor could I think of any such thing, while I expect from you such a public explanation, as remains in your power to give. But I most earnestly

have been fully admitted by public critics as comprising a demonstration." J. FEARN.

beg to represent to you, that the evil accruing to me from the fact, as it now stands, is of the very last importance to my prospects, and of course to my happiness, not only inasmuch as it bears upon my exertions past, but because, unfortunately, it forms a complete bar to my hopes of future utility. For it is obvious that no person can be expected to grant even a perusal to any speculation, which I might offer, on a subject so little generally understood, after the public has once received an impression, from so distinguished an authority as your own, that a matter, which I had already urged for notice, as being equally original and important, was known to Professor Stewart 'more than forty years,' and known only as a barren, inconsequential fact. In a case, therefore, which bears with such an intolerable pressure upon my endeavours, I am sure you will consider it very natural, when I say that every other object has become of secondary estimation, in my mind, to your acknowledging my priority, by adequately advertng to the subject in some vehicle of as extensive a circulation, as that in which it has been overshadowed. In the second *Dissertation*, which it is understood you intend to give to the public, and in that alone could the evil, which has accrued to me, be anything like adequately counteracted: and, as there is time for this, I now most earnestly appeal to your justice, to secure therein to me, and to the subject, a fair consideration from the public.

The anxiety, which urges me on the present occasion, could indeed have been produced by nothing short of a conviction, strengthened on various hands, that the problem concerning perception is at length completely solved in those *Principles of Vision*, which I have so repeatedly endeavored to call to the honor of your attention.

sure I can command. The plans, which I long ago ventured to announce to the world, yet remain unexecuted; and I have but little time in prospect for the accomplishment of my task.

In the present instance, however, since you will force me to acknowledge it, I must own that I have had other reasons for my delay. You seem to complain of some injury, which I have done you in the *First Part of my Dissertation*; and I can, with the most perfect sincerity, declare, that to the best of my recollection, neither you, nor any of your writings once occurred to my thoughts, while I was employed in the composition of that work. You refer to something I have said about *varieties of colour*; and call on me to ‘acknowledge your priority.’ The only passage I can discover, in which I have used that expression, is in pp. 100. 101, where I have mentioned as a self-evident proposition that ‘if there had been no variety in our sensations of colour, and still more, if we had no sensation of colour whatsoever, the organ of sight could give us no information with respect to figures or distances; and of consequence, would be as useless to us, as if we had been afflicted, from the moment of our birth, with a *gutta serena*.’ If this be the passage, which has given you offence, I must take the liberty of observing, that I have taken no credit to myself for the *novelty* of the remark, which I have stated as a manifest truth, and which is to be found in various books written 50 years before I ever heard of your name. I shall only mention the first volume of Lord Monboddo’s *Origin and Progress of Language*, where it is expressly said, that ‘colour is the primary perception of the sense of seeing, and that the others are only consequential.’ ‘Figure and magnitude,’ (he adds,) ‘are nothing else but colour of a certain extent,

‘and terminated in a certain manner.’ (V. 1. p. 26. edn. 2. Edinb. 1774.) should this really be the observation you allude to, (and I cannot possibly think of any other,) you have my free consent to take the credit of the discovery; nor shall I ever dispute your claims to originality. I have only to request on the other hand, that you shall not insist on any acknowledgement on my part, that I learned it from your publications. If from this principle, which has so long remained barren in the hands of others, you have been able to deduce any important consequences, the greater is the praise due to your inventive powers, and to your philosophical sagacity.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave to assure you, that I am much less acquainted with your works, than you are pleased to imagine. I have spent much more of my life in thinking, than in reading; and this disposition grows upon me every day, as I advance in years. I was led, indeed, by curiosity to dip into your volume *on Consciousness*, where I saw evident marks of an acute and penetrating, though somewhat too self-confident genius; but from the moment I found it stated as your serious opinion that ‘the human mind is a flexible spherule,’ I was satisfied that your views and mine concerning the proper object of this branch of science were so diametrically opposite, that I resolved to employ my time in what appeared to me, (perhaps very erroneously,) more profitable studies. Since that period I do not recollect to have ever read a single page of any one of your books; not even excepting that, which you have done me the honour to address to me through the medium of the press.

I have only to add, that if I have now said any thing displeasing to you, you have compelled me to do so in my own defence. I have done all I could, to avoid a corres-

pondence, which I foresaw from the beginning, was more likely to widen than to heal the breach, which *you conceived* to exist between us; and which, I assure you, has given me no small concern, after the flattering accounts, which I have received from some of our common friends, of your amiable temper and character.

Were we living in the neighbourhood of each other, I should have much pleasure in cultivating your acquaintance; and I have no doubt that we should find many subjects for our conversation of a more agreeable nature, than those, which have given occasion to this Letter, and on which I despair of our ever coming to a better understanding by any argumentative discussions.

I am, Sir, with sincere regard,

Your most obedient and faithful Servant,

DUGALD STEWART.

To J. Fearn, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

The last Letter from Mr. Stewart, dated *Aug.* 1820, having closed the door against any farther private appeal; and it being written seriously with the advised contemplation of my adverting to it in the publication, which I was about to bring forth; it only remained for me to prefix to that publication, (namely the *First Lines*,) a *Letter* of remonstrance to Mr. Stewart, as has been done. That *Letter* is much too long for convenient insertion here. But a great part of the substance of it is given in the two *Letters*, which I have since addressed to Mr. Stewart in the Newspapers, copies of which are here to be submitted; and something of it appears farther, in the extracts to be given from the Reviews of my work. The remainder of it may be consulted, in the work itself, by

those, who may deem it requisite. But, as an evidence of the tone of appeal, even after all the treatment of my preceding applications, I deem it proper to give the following extract:—

“ Now, Sir, I will only suppose that any reader, who had been perusing one of my prior publications of the *Analysis of Perception*, (in which the fact of ‘A VARIETY OF COLORS,’ forms the fundamental principle,) had taken up your ‘ DISSERTATION,’ and had read the *foot-note* in question, and I will then leave it to the judgment of any impartial person, or to your own candor, if they must not have been struck with violent doubts of my originality, and even of my ingenuousness of character? As, from your last Letter, you altogether admit that there is no hint of any such matter, as the operation of A VARIETY OF COLORS in perception, in any one of your prior writings, up to the appearance of your *Dissertation*, in the year 1815, it must be allowed to have been a most unfortunate accident for me, that you should have brought before the public, a claim to a long antecedent knowledge of the fact in question, just after I had made two or three successive attempts to bring the matter into notice, as my own original suggestion. And it must also be admitted, that to those, who may have perused my statements, it was giving the matter an aspect of some implied *particular meaning*, that you deemed it worth your while to bring the matter forward in a work professedly only *historical*, when you had never thought it worthy of notice in any of your volumes, which treat directly of the subject. I must, however, request you to observe, that I have never at all imputed to you any intention to injure me by this proceeding; on the contrary, I have throughout the discussion, I hope with the utmost consideration for your

station and character, always made the supposition of its being merely an accidental co-incidence. But I cannot help expressing my surprise that you should have been so slow to understand, what I have repeatedly endeavoured to impress upon your attention, namely, that, although I never was '*offended*,' nor supposed injury to have been meant, I was unfortunately labouring under an intolerable pressure from what you had published, which, until it should be removed by your explanation in some public channel, must actually amount to a suffocation of my past and future endeavors, and that, too, attended with additional very painful feelings."

And now, my dear Sir, having manifested a uniform great respect for Mr. Stewart, up to this point of the discussion, and being still, as you will perceive from my following public Letters to him, resolved to follow out the matter with the utmost possible decorum, I cannot but feel it due to myself to remark, at this stage of the matter, that the suppliant and deferring tone of appeal, which I have observed towards him, was not the result of any feeling of abasement, or of not having done in philosophy what was momentarily deserving of Mr. Stewart's consideration; as some voucher of which, I am obliged here to subjoin extracts from the channels of public criticism. And if for a moment we turn from what has been done to the *motive of action for laboring*, I cannot think that Mr. Stewart will assume the having made greater sacrifices, of fortune, of health, or of any meaner interest, to the advancement of general knowledge, than I have. It is impossible I should feel second to him upon *this* ground. Let those, therefore, who can enter into the merits of such a case, pronounce if it was fit that Mr. Stewart, (although with various handsome expressions,)

should ignominiously, in his *Letter*, state what he rated as being the death-blow of my pretensions to science; while, in pity, he extended the proffered anodyne of his private acquaintance. No man is more capable of appreciating such treatment, than is Mr. Stewart himself.

My dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

JOHN FEARN.

To E. H. Barker, Esq.

Extract from an Account of the 'First-Lines of the Human mind,' given in the 'Monthly Review,' for Febr. 1822.'

Of the very able article, in question, no farther is quoted here than what bears indispensably upon the case between Mr. Stewart and Mr. Fearn. And it is declared by Mr. Fearn that the writer of the article and the proprietors of the Review were totally unknown to him:—

“ Our next step in the vindication of this writer from most undeserved neglect, is to give a short account of his correspondence, (for controversy it cannot be called,) with Professor Stewart, on the subject of the claim of Mr. Fearn to the original discovery of a very curious fact in the analysis of perception, and from which, if it be duly and fully established,* the most important consequences must flow to the whole cast and character of mental philosophy. The fact in question is briefly this;—

* “ Of this result we have ourselves no doubt; and in this introductory part of the present article, we run the risk, for the sake of clearness, and on account of the little attention, which has been paid to the subject, of repeating a portion of our former strictures.”

that ‘ a variety of colours is necessary for the perception of visible outline.’ In the year 1812, in his *Essay on Consciousness*, Mr. Fearn first stated this idea ; but, in 1813, he published a much clearer statement of his principle ; and, subsequently, (but still before *any* notice of it in *any* other quarter,) he deduced from the foregoing position his three other *Laws of Vision*, as entirely original, and as exclusively his own property, as the first principle in question.

“ In 1815, in the *Dissertation* prefixed to the fifth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Professor Stewart threw out a suggestion, that a ‘ *variety* of colours is necessary to the fact of perceiving visible figure or outline ;’ following up this suggestion in the text, by a note (p. 101,) in which he stated ‘ that a discussion of Reid’s ‘ concerning the perception of visible figure has puzzled ‘ him for more than forty years,’ and concluding by saying that ‘ to his apprehension nothing can be more manifest than this, that if there had been no *variety* in our ‘ sensations of colour, and still more, if we had no sensation of colour whatever, the organ of sight could have ‘ given us no information either with regard to *figures*, or ‘ to *distances*.’

“ Mr. Fearn very naturally felt it incumbent on him, having sent to the Professor his *Essay on Consciousness* in the year 1812, to defend himself from the obvious imputation of having borrowed from the Professor’s writings, or at all events from some previous metaphysician, the ideas, which he had published as original on this phenomenon of perception. Mr. Stewart, in a *Letter* to Mr. Fearn, admits ‘ that there is no hint of any such matter ‘ as a *variety of colours* in perception,’ (we quote from the present volume,) ‘ in any of his prior writings up to the

‘appearance of the *Dissertation* in 1815;’ but he adds ‘that he takes no credit to himself for the *novelty* of the ‘remark, which is to be found in various books written ‘fifty years before he ever heard of Mr. Fearn’s name.’ He then specifies Lord Monboddo, *and only Lord Monboddo*, whose words are these: — ‘Colour is the primary ‘perception of the sense of seeing; and the others are ‘only consequential. Figure and magnitude are nothing ‘else but colour of a certain extent, and *terminated in a ‘certain manner.*’ To this sole authority adduced by the Professor in support of his assertion, Mr. Fearn most satisfactorily thus replies: — ‘Does the assertion *that figure ‘and magnitude are nothing else but color of a certain ‘extent, and terminated in a certain manner*, furnish the ‘most distant hint of the *manner*, in which color is terminated? Does this assertion of Lord Monboddo distinctly approach the fact, that a *variety* of colors is necessary for the formation of every visible figure, or ‘outline; or the consequence deduced from it,’ (and *not pretended*, as far as we know, to have discovered by *any* previous metaphysician,) ‘that visible figure, or ‘outline, is purely *a relation of contrast between two of ‘our own ideas?*’ — A consequence, which, if the present author has indeed succeeded in legitimately drawing it from his premises, will ‘transfer,’ as he is sanguine in hoping it will do, ‘the subject of perception out of *physical* into *demonstrative* science;’ and thus assist in raising a superstructure of mental philosophy, to a height, which neither the author of *Ancient Metaphysics*, nor any of the luminous school of Reid ever dreamed of attaining.

“To this preliminary statement of facts and dates, we shall only add, on this part of the subject, that the attack here made on the very fundamental principles of the phi-

losophy of Reid seems to us to demand, more imperatively than ever, an answer from Professor Stewart, — the acknowledged head of pneumatological opinions and honours of his celebrated friend and predecessor.

“ Our readers will bear in mind, or refer to, the concluding paragraph of the quotation already made from Mr. Stewart’s note to p. 101, of the *Dissertation*; and they will then compare that paragraph with the following passage from the third section of the first chapter of his *Elements*. The Professor states that, from Reid’s view of the subject of perception, it follows ‘ that, although, ‘ by the constitution of our nature, certain sensations are ‘ rendered the constant antecedents of certain perceptions, ‘ yet it is just as difficult to explain how our perceptions ‘ are obtained by their means, as it would be upon the ‘ supposition, that the mind were all at once inspired with ‘ them, without any sensation whatever.’ In reply Mr. Fearn says, he concludes that Professor Stewart can reconcile these apparent contradictions, if he chooses; but that, if he does not judge this to be necessary, he (Mr. F.) is satisfied. Well may he be so, in our opinion. In one word, the Professor’s credit as a philosopher is completely at stake; and, if he does not defend it, neither the respect, with which the present author is laudably disposed to treat his venerable name, nor our own sincere admission of his great talents and acquirements, can protect him from the imputation of shrinking from an attack, which is renewed most vigorously in various parts of this volume, and which aims at neither more nor less than the overthrow of the very foundations of his, or rather Reid’s, school of philosophy. In our judgment, the *Body Politic* of Scotland was never wounded with a severer blow, or threatened with a more complete revolution, from the

arms of Edward and the intrigues of Elizabeth, than that, to which her *Body Metaphysical* has been exposed in the work before us."

Mr. Fearn has omitted several expressions in the above quotation; and would equally have left out the concluding opinion expressed by the Reviewer, (as very unbecoming him to copy,) were it not necessary to show how deep must be the interest of Mr. Stewart, to hope that Mr. Fearn's pneumatological principles should not come into general consideration.

Detached Extracts from an Account of the 'First Lines,' in the 'New Edinburgh Review for Oct. 1821,' given as bearing upon the present case; the writer and editor of which Review, Mr. Fearn affirms were unknown to him.

"He reviews the ideal theory, and specifies its various modifications, discusses the opinions of Dr. Reid, and gives an account, as a historical fact, of the change of this philosopher, from the idealism of Berkeley to his own theory; shews the fallacy of the generally received opinions upon the subject, and states his own ideas as discoveries of considerable importance in the philosophy of the mind. Thus, he lays down four laws of primary vision, as the result of his analysis of perception of OUTLINE or FIGURE; and we readily admit they appear to us to be highly curious and worthy of consideration. THE FIRST LAW is," etc.

"The reader will probably have some difficulty in anticipating the consequences, which the author draws from

the principles now enumerated. One of them, indeed, appears to be within the boundaries of legitimate philosophy, and is stated to be, that of transferring the subject of perception from the province of mere *inductive science*, to which it had, without any exception, been always supposed to belong, to science that is *generically mathematical or demonstrative*; but the others, we are constrained to say, have no small claims to be considered as belonging rather to the regions of fancy."

"It is due to Mr. Fearn to notice also his intimation, that the denial of a MATERIAL world is not a denial of an EXTERNAL world, but *is a vastly different thing*, and that the result, which he contemplates, is only this: — 'If the existence of matter should be logically *disproved*, the philosophical part of mankind will *reject the belief* of MATTER, *both in speculation and in practice*; and all that they will retain upon this subject, will be an irresistible belief, NOT IN MATTER, but in AN EXTERNAL WORLD OF SPIRITUAL BEINGS AND THEIR ENERGIES; which energies must, in their operation, have the SAME EFFECT upon us, that the qualities of matter could have, if they existed.'"

"Impressed with these views of Mr. Fearn's merits, we proceed to notice his controversy with Mr. Stewart, and in doing so, we think it best to allow him to speak for himself. Prefixed to the work is a Letter addressed to this eminent individual, in which the author says, — 'Whenever the public perceive I am endeavouring to advance any matter, as deduced from *the generic principle* of A VARIETY OF COLORS, they cannot choose but throw the thing from them with unqualified disgust, under the impression that I was attempting to *impose upon them, as an original matter of my own*, a thing which had been known to Professor Stewart more than forty years.'

“ Mr. Fearn, on the other hand, endeavours to shew that Lord Monboddos observations do not ‘ furnish the ‘ most distant hint of *the manner, in which color is terminated* ;’ the discovery of which fact, he maintains, is the point of chief importance, and which he affirms has been first made by himself. We cannot follow him into this discussion, nor is it necessary to do so ; for the reader will be able, from the statement already given, to form his own opinion as to the extent of Mr. Fearn’s pretensions to originality. For our own part, we have not scrupled to affirm that they are well founded. We conclude with a single sentence in recapitulation. The theory of Primary Vision proposed by this gentleman, appears to us the most satisfactory yet suggested ; and, although we do not attach all the importance to it, that he does, and must differ, *toto cælo*, from many of his conclusions, nevertheless his ingenuity is unquestionable, and his call upon public attention so reasonable, and so just, that in giving publicity to his views, we conceive ourselves to be only discharging an imperative duty to him, and to our readers.”

The distinct, and never contradicted awards, pronounced by the *Monthly Review* and the *New Edinburgh Reviewer*, both strangers to Mr. Fearn, and, he believes, to each other, having produced no recognition on the part of Mr. Stewart, who, it was announced, was too ill to enter at all into literary discussions ; and Mr. Stewart having, notwithstanding his supposed state of health, since come forth with a Third Volume of his *Elements*, while Mr. Fearn was still labouring under the pressure of the matter at issue ; no course was left to him, but the necessity of an appeal to the public in the two *Letters*, published in the *Sunday-Times* Newspaper for April 15, and 22, 1827, of which the following are copies. In yielding to this ne-

cessity, Mr. Fearn thinks he may, immeasurably with more propriety, employ the words of Mr. Stewart's last *Letter*, namely — ' If I have said anything displeasing to 'you, you have compelled me to do so in my own defence.'

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY TIMES.

SIR,

Observing that you afford cognizance to matters in philosophy, as in the case of Mr. Herapath, I may hope from your liberality an insertion of the following *Letter*.

J. F.

TO DUGALD STEWART, ESQ. &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

In yielding to the unavoidable necessity of this appeal, after every other endeavor through a protracted period of ten years has failed to relieve me from a pressure of the most extraordinary complexion, I am, from the insuperable limits of a public journal, reduced to very great disadvantage, in being obliged to omit every circumstantial detail of the case at issue; and all that is open for me here, is to refer to publications, in which the subject has been noticed, and otherwise to confine myself to the scrutiny of one or two of its most prominent considerations. Having just come before the public with the sequel of a work, which has cost me much and intense labor, and which, very probably, is the last of any serious extent, that may be in my power to execute, I should quit the world under a very deep sense of having been a sacrifice to injustice, if my endeavours at utility, through a period of 25 years' severe application, could remain marred, or blighted, by the proceeding, which I am herein obliged to resist. And, although I cannot in this place take room to explain the various bearings of that

proceeding on my case, the fact is rendered sufficiently manifest in my Letter to you, prefixed to the *First Lines of the Human Mind*; to which Letter, therefore, I must beg to direct the attention of all, who may be interested. For the same reason, also, I must solicit attention to the article, which has been furnished on the *First Lines*, in the *Monthly Review for Febr.* 1822; and a similar reference may be had, though in less extent, to the late *New Edinburgh Review for Oct.* 1821. And here it is impossible for me to refrain from the remark that, if the matter at issue had been an estate, or inheritance, and if the different critics in question, (utter personal strangers to me,) had been jurors on the cause, it is indisputable you must have given instant possession. Nor must I omit to observe that, besides these impartial jurors, a common friend, — a man of no less moral rectitude and knowledge than the late Dr. Parr, — though he forbore to avow himself strictly on *this* issue, has expressed his having written and spoken to you concerning my labors; and his ‘most poignant sorrow’ at your determined silence with regard to them. To which he adds — ‘If Stewart deals out a scanty measure of justice to you, leave him, thus far, to the disapprobation of wise and good men.’ These documents, from quarters so different, form a set of vouchers, which it will be impossible for you to treat with silence, now that they are placed in the view of the public. And, having of necessity referred to them, I proceed to a statement of quotations from your own writings, which, if I mistake not, will admit neither doubt nor hesitation; but which, if they do, it must be in your power to explain.

The essential point, to which I shall confine the object of the present Letter, is the evidences, negative and positive, to be found in your writings concerning your

assertion, that you knew of a certain generic fact for *forty years* previously to my having taken the same to serve as the basis of a theory of perception. On a future occasion, I shall consider your assertion that, by the mention of this general fact in your *First Dissertation, prefixed to the Supplement of the Cyclopædia Britannica, published in the year 1815*, you did not offer it as being any discovery of your own, but had found it in other authors of long standing. The most concise method I can adopt in this case, is to begin by quoting your last Letter to me dated *Aug. 30, 1820*.

‘ You refer to something I have said about *Varieties of Colour* ; and call on me to acknowledge your priority. The only passage I can discover, in which I have used that expression, is in pp. 100, 101, where I have mentioned, as a self-evident proposition, that *if there had been no variety in our sensations of colour, and still more if we had no sensation of colour whatever, the organ of sight could give us no information either with respect to figures, or distances*. If this be the passage, which has given you offence, I must take the liberty of observing that I have taken no credit to myself for the *novelty* of the remark, which I have mentioned as a manifest truth, and which is to be found in various books written fifty years before I ever heard of your name.’

Now, Sir, I trust it is needless for me to assert here, by the way, that I shall most certainly prove you have not shown you had the fact in question from any ‘book,’ unless you had it from mine : because I am proceeding to show, indisputably, that several passages in your writings, unless they can be shown to admit of two different interpretations, in a very remarkable manner make against your own knowledge of this fact at any epoch preceding the year 1815.

First, then, with regard to *negative* evidence. Supposing, as you affirm, that you knew this fact for 40 years — Is it not then wonderful that, in all the five successive editions of your *Elements* (*Vol. I.,*) published in the course of those very 40 years, you have not been able, in your answer to me, to appeal to the statement of any such fact, which, most certainly, it must be believed you would have mentioned, in bar of my claim, if it were to be found in any of those editions? And here it must be of no small importance to remark, that you have not pretended that any hint of such a fact is to be found in *Locke*, in *Berkeley*, or in *Reid*. If, then, the fact in question be ‘*a manifest truth,*’ which, as such, yourself and other authors could never have overlooked, is it not wonderful that no mention of it is to be found in any of the writers above-named, and this, especially, since the knowledge of this fact must inevitably produce a great revolution in the science of Pneumatology? Had you not well known that such first-rate geniuses as Locke and Berkeley are utterly dark with regard to the fact at issue, you would never have resorted to Lord Monboddo in order to find it. And, when I come to examine that resort, I think you will have little cause to hail the event. If, however, you *had* shown that, either from Lord Monboddo, or of yourself, you had for 40 years known the most important generic fact, that ever was adverted to, or applied, in pneumatology, how, then, could you have been able to answer to the world, for omitting to mention it in a prominent way in your *Elements*?

But I pass on, from the *negative* to the *positive* evidences contained in your *Elements*; and, in the *first* place, it is to be stated that, in the *fourth* edition of your *first* Volume, published in the year 1811. p. 92, you have the following position on the nature of perception: — ‘Although, by

‘ the constitution of our nature, certain sensations are rendered the constant antecedents of our perceptions, yet it is just as difficult to explain how our perceptions are obtained by their means, as it would be on a supposition that the mind were all at once inspired with them, without any concomitant sensations whatever.’ To this position, also, you immediately add — ‘ These remarks are general, and apply to all our various perceptions; and they evidently strike at the root of all the common theories on the subject.’

Yet, Sir, it is in the face of the passages just quoted, that you have affirmed you knew, *for forty years, as a manifest self-evident proposition* that without a *variety in our sensations of color*, any perception of visible figure must be impossible.

In the name of truth, may I not be allowed to ask — Would not the understanding of mankind be insulted, to the last degree, if they were subjected to be told, on the one hand, that perception of figure is a fact as inexplicable to us as inspiration would be without any accompanying sensation whatever; and then, in the face of this, on the other, to be informed of *certain specific conditions of sensation*, without the existence of which conditions it is ‘ *a self-evident proposition*,’ that any such perceptions must be impossible? Could any man, that ever lived, claim for himself our acquiescence in his assuming the exercise of such conflicting positions?

But, conclusive as the foregoing passages of themselves would be for the establishment of my claim, these passages stand *not alone, or as a solitary proof* of what I affirm. Very far from this, I have to urge, in the *second* place, that we have in the same page — namely in p. 92 of the 1st vol. of your *Elements*, published as ‘ *corrected*’ in the

year 1811, the following distinct and separate assertions of *one* of your two contending doctrines. Speaking of perception, you say, ‘that all the steps of this process are ‘equally incomprehensible; and that, for anything we can ‘prove to the contrary, the connexion between the sensation and the perception, as well as that between the ‘impression and the sensation, may be both arbitrary!’ May they so indeed? Then, Sir, I call on you to explain *how it was possible* you could have known all along, ‘as a self-evident proposition,’ or known at all, that if there had been no variety in our sensations of color, the organ of sight could give us no information with respect to figure?

Sir, I will not trust my pen with a word of comment on what may have been the cause of the apparent incompatibility of these your different doctrines; but deem it altogether best, as well as most decorous, to leave the matter to the impartial judgment of the public. I have, indeed, sufficiently manifested, that I all along thought it due to a person of your high general character, to seek for, and await, your own construction of the passages in question. But, if you do not, at this late and critical period, come forward with any answer to these statements, I may at least dwell with confidence on having the public sentence, that I have established my claim to the discovery and application of that generic fact, whose nature and consequences will soon prove whether they are deserving of being promulgated.

I must, however, yet proceed to quote a *third* distinct proof of what is the doctrine in your *Elements*. In continuation of the passage last quoted, you go on to say — ‘That it is therefore by no means impossible that our ‘sensations may be merely the *occasions*, on which the ‘correspondent perceptions are excited.’ Is this, indeed,

the fact? If it is so, then, the question returns on you a *third* time, in all, and more than all, its former force,—By what means was it possible you could know, *for forty years*, ‘*as a self-evident proposition*,’ or know *in any manner*, that it is impossible to perceive visible figure without a *variety in our sensations of color*?*

My limits in space oblige me here to break off. In my next Letter, I shall prosecute the subject by examining

* To some readers, it may be very material to state the matter thus:—The loose expression of the fact, by Mr. Stewart in 1815, resolves itself self-evidently into this strict result, viz. that a visible line is the *EDGE of a sensation of one color, MET by the EDGE of a sensation of another color*—the two edges, when they coincide, forming *BUT ONE LINE*, viz. a *breadthless and colorless line*; and the result in question possessing the *novel and double nature* of being *both a physical law and a necessary law*. Hence it follows that Mr. Stewart speaks truly, when he asserts, in substance, that *without some two different colors, it must be impossible to perceive visible outline*. Now, in order to deny to me the discovery of this isthmus or vinculum, which connects a perceiving mind with the external world around it, Mr. Stewart has placed himself in the situation of asserting that, *he knew this precious result more than 40 years*; while, along with this, he has, during these same 40 years, contradicted that assertion, *through five editions of his Elements*; in all which he *reiterates, with great applause*, the doctrine of Reid, that the connexion between colors and a visible line, *MAY* be only a mere ‘*occasion*,’ i. e. a mere concomitancy;—may be merely ‘*arbitrary*’;—and that, the *CAUSE OR RATIONALE* of this result is so *inexplicable*, that, for anything we can affirm to the contrary, we might perceive visible lines *with our eyes shut*, i. e. *during a total exclusion of all sensation of color whatever*!! Ought the metaphysical labors of a lifetime to lie suffocated under such a blazon as this? Or ought we to yield to it, in dumb humility? What a spectacle for the philosophers of Germany,—to improve their present estimation of the metaphysicians of Britain!

April 23, 1828.

JOHN FEARNS.

what fruits you have derived from throwing yourself on the authority of *Lord Monboddo* — a maintainer of *extended ideas* after Locke; against which creed, *although it is a most demonstrably true creed*, your whole writings on perception, in common with those of Dr. Reid, have been expressly directed. In that Letter, also, I hope to have room to explain, in brief, what is the nature of that revolution, which the fact of a *variety of colors* must shortly produce in the science of pneumatology.

On the present occasion I shall only add that, while I have been suspending the prosecution of my claim for several years, under a belief that your state of health rendered you incapable of defending your own cause, I now find that health has enabled you to carry a *third volume of your Elements through the press*, without adverting to the subject. Let it be judged, therefore, if I could postpone this appeal for another moment of your, or of my own existence. — I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

JOHN FEARN.

London, April 6, 1827.

TO DUGALD STEWART, ESQ, &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

In following out the subject of my Letter in the *Sunday-Times* of the 15th inst., I have to observe, first, with regard to your assertion that, in your statement of the fact of a *variety of colors*, in your *Dissertation* in 1815, you ‘*took no credit to yourself for the novelty of the remark.*’ You will permit me, therefore, to remark, that you have, in page 100, stated the fact in the following manner: — In asserting that *sensations of color* are nothing but ‘*signs indicating to us the figures and distances of things external,*’ you say ‘of their essential importance in this point of view

‘ a clear idea may be formed, by supposing for a moment
 ‘ the whole face of nature to exhibit only one uniform
 ‘ colour, without the slightest variety even of light and
 ‘ shade. Is it not self-evident that, on this supposition,
 ‘ the organ of sight would be entirely useless, inasmuch as
 ‘ it is by the *variety* of colour alone, that the outlines or
 ‘ visible figures of bodies are so defined, as to be distin-
 ‘ guishable one from another?’ Now, with this extract
 before you, let me next solicit your attention to one taken
 from my *Essay on Consciousness*; a copy of which work
 I sent to you in the year 1812, and which you afterwards
 did me the honor to inform me you had ‘ *dipped into* :’
 and then let me ask you, if it is not hard you should, for
 10 years, resist all endeavors to obtain your acknowledg-
 ment of my *priority* on this ground; especially, as I shall
 most amply prove you never got it from Lord Monboddo,
 any more than from any other writer?

In the work just mentioned, p. 46, 47, in speaking with
 regard to a position of your own, that ‘ it is by no means
 ‘ equally certain whether the idea of motion presupposes
 ‘ that of extension, or that of extension the idea of motion,’
 I have thus offered a suggestion, in what manner we might,
 in given circumstances, acquire the idea of extension.—
 ‘ If a man were so kept as never to see any color but the
 ‘ *blue expanse of sky*, he would not only remain *ignorant*
 ‘ of externality, but, also, such *unvaried sensation* would
 ‘ fail to afford him any *abstract consideration* of either ex-
 ‘ tension or color. But if, instead of the *single-colored sky*,
 ‘ he were to behold the heavens studded with the *moon*,
 ‘ and *stars of various tints*, he might be led to *compare*,
 ‘ or *contrast*, the *blue* with the *white* and *copper* luminaries;
 ‘ and thus, by the presence of *several colors* and *several*
 ‘ *extensions*, the man would be able to conceive *color* and
 ‘ *extension*, as *attributes, by themselves*.’

Sir, I need not re-state the mass of matter, on this subject, which I have advanced in the same place; it being altogether manifest that you have taken up my prior ground, and have even employed my very conceptions to illustrate it. I must repeat, therefore, that it was hard, after your acknowledgment of your having '*dipped into*' that work, that you should not therein have fallen on the matter in question. You have, indeed, been so flattering as to write to me that, in thus '*dipping*,' you '*saw evident marks of an acute and penetrating genius*.' But, if it be so, I know not in what part of that work the *germ* of this genius is to be found, if it be not in the place referred to; nor can I conceive any part so likely to have attracted your earliest notice.

I proceed, next, to your appeal to Lord Monboddo, in which you say, 'I shall only mention the first volume of 'Lord Monboddo's *Origin and Progress of Language*,' where it is expressly said, that 'colour is the primary perception of the sense of seeing,' and that 'the others are 'only consequential.' 'Figure and magnitude,' he adds, 'are nothing else but colour of a certain extent, and terminated in a certain manner.' Now the first thing, which obtrudes itself here, is, that *you*, as a strict disciple of the school of *Reid*, should ever think of throwing yourself, in any case, for support, on an assertion that *color* is an *extended* thing. If the statements in your *Elements*, as quoted in my former Letter, have filled me with the utmost wonder, I declare, here, that I know not what to conceive of your resort for authority to Lord Monboddo. It appears to me most manifest that a man cannot compatibly quote, as his authority, any fact, whose truth he has through his whole life denied. At the same time, it is certain you have uniformly joined with Dr. Reid in deny-

ing and scouting the notion, that *sensation of color is a thing spread out or extended*. You will never deny your being aware that Lord Monboddo, (as a Lockeian,) means *sensation of color*, when he talks of the *primary perception of seeing*. How then, Sir, was it possible for you, as the most eminent of Reideians, to quote as your authority for the fact in question Lord Monboddo's position, (*though I repeat it is a most true position,*) that our 'sensations of color are things *extended, figured, and terminated* in a 'certain manner?' As a matter of far more importance, however, I now proceed to show that, while you have thus identified yourself with Lord Monboddo, *he does not in the least give any authority, or light, concerning a 'variety of color.'* In doing which, I shall embrace a number of considerations, in the shortest compass, by stating in substance, though with some requisite alteration and addition, a part of my printed Letter to you in 1820.

With regard to the '*discovery*' of the generic fact in question, I freely acknowledge, it is so 'self-evident' a thing, that I shall never plume myself on the discernment of it, unless from the negative consideration that it never has been adverted to by those, who have gone before me. And, as the deduction of the *four specific laws of vision* is the matter, in which all the importance of the subject resides, and there is no fear that I can be deprived of the originality of these laws, it would certainly not be worth a controversy to insist on my claim to the *mere generic fact*. But, as I feel it to be absolutely incumbent on me to justify my own repeated assertions on the subject, and as what you have stated must seriously tend to keep my advances in the matter in obscurity, while you have not consented to admit any notice of the subject in any of your printed writings, which would have instantly

brought the attention of the scientific world to its merits, — I deem it necessary to offer this public answer to your Letter.

First, as you say the generic fact is to be found ‘*in various books,*’ and have quoted Lord Monboddo’s work as a particular instance, it may be presumed you had no better one in your recollection at the moment. You must then, Sir, allow me to express my surprise that you should, for an instant, offer the passage from Lord Monboddo’s work, as an instance of an assertion that a ‘*variety of color* is necessary to the perception of *visible outline.*’ You have quoted the passage correctly. But, does the assertion, that ‘*figure and magnitude are nothing else but colour of a certain extent and terminated in a certain manner,*’ furnish the most distant hint of the *manner*, in which color is terminated?

And here I must observe, after many years’ study of this part of our constitution, that there is a very curious *subtlety* in the phenomena of vision, which renders the self-evident fact in question *by no means infallibly manifest*; but, on the contrary, extremely difficult to hit, *until after it is pointed out.* The fact is, that *very few persons* can apprehend the nature of a visible line, *after it is only once pointed out*; it requires *some study* to do it, although it afterwards appears to be one of the most simple and manifest of truths. That every philosopher, from Aristotle down to Reid, has entertained the fact, *as a creed*, that sensation of *color is extended and figured*, and, that not one of these has ever discovered the *means of demonstrating* this fact, by showing that figure is a *self-evident line of meeting between two sensations of colors*, is a truth, which, after the defence you have made, I cannot for a moment fear will ever be disputed. And here

I must observe that, had any philosopher ever hit on such a demonstration, he would, by that step, in the most fatal degree, have exploded the theory of Dr. Reid; and have *for ever barred the door against any such scheme as his attempt to put visible figure out of the mind and at a distance from it, while he justly entertained sensation of color as being a 'modification, or state, of the mind itself.'* Here, therefore, every person must discern a powerful reason, why a philosopher, holding your doctrine of perception, (although I leave to the public entirely to judge, if you have been actuated by this feeling,) might wish that my theory, founded in a *variety of colors*, should not gain general attention.

In fine, however, with respect to Lord Monboddó. — When a writer on the subject in question, (as was his case,) makes use of such a phrase as '*terminated in a certain manner*,' there are but two possible reasons why he could adopt it. He thereby either betrays, (notwithstanding the word '*certain*,') that he *does not know the certain manner*, in which the fact takes place; or, else, a *description of the manner* would take up some words, which he saves by the phrase adopted. Now I put it to the common sense of every reader, whether, if any writer, who had a knowledge of the fact, that *visible outline is a line of meeting between two colors*, would ever have expressed himself in a phraseology so *unexplicit, and dark*, as well as so *stiff, pompous, and unnatural*, as to say that color is '*terminated in a certain manner*;' and especially this, unless such writer has *revealed the secret of the manner*, in some part of his context; which I must presume Lord Monboddó has not done. And here it may be proper to impress on your attention, that there is an infinite difference between a truth's being '*self-evident*,' when con-

templated, and its being *infallibly manifest before it is pointed out*; for this is the case of some of the most momentous truths, that lie at the foundations of philosophy: than which, I know of none that is more so than the fact of a '*variety of colors*,' owing to the *consequences* deducible from it.

I will myself mention to you an author, who has approached far more nearly to the fact in question than Lord Monboddo; but who is yet, in effect, infinitely distant from this fact. *Bishop Berkeley* is the author, to whom I allude. And yet, although he has done much in the department of '*secondary*' vision, he is so completely in the dark with regard to the fact of *primary* vision, (now in question,) that he conceived *all visible lines to be colored*. In treating of the difference between visible lines and tangible lines, for example, he says — *A blue and a red line I can conceive added together and making one sum.*' From which it is most manifest, Berkeley never so much as suspected that a visible line is nothing but a *colorless* (that is, a *breadthless*,) *line of meeting between some two sensations of color*: because the moment we make the step, which discerns that visible lines are *without color, and therefore without breadth*, we must intuitively discern that the *narrowest stripe of color in the world is not a line, but a surface*: in other words, we must thereby discern, that a *visible line*, and a *visible surface*, possess respectively the *very same definitions* as a *mathematical line*, and a *mathematical surface*; in short, we thereby gain admittance into a totally new Science of Perception, whose nature and consequences are altogether unlike those of any previous scheme of the subject. In a word: — Since the urgency of the case, and the mischievous obstacles, which have hitherto prevented its promulgation, will not suffer me to forego the assertion, I am compelled to affirm that

all either Bishop Berkeley, or any other writer, knew of what is usually, but *falsely*, called *external* perception, becomes, to the last degree, nugatory, it sinks immeasurably below even the A, B, C, of science, from the moment we show that, what we call the *figures or outlines of external objects*, are nothing but *lines of contact of sensations of various colors, in a percipient mind*: because, by this step, we have reduced to *demonstration* a great fundamental principle of pneumatology—namely—the *extension of the percipient*; which, *although it was all along believed, as a creed* of philosophers in general, *was never reduced to proof*; and, therefore, the science of pneumatology was *always left open* to such schemes of perception, as that by which Dr. Reid has disturbed the uniform current of philosophical opinion, and brought on a most morbid and deplorable stagnation of public interest, in this most important subject.

It only remains now to point out, what is the *principal proximate result* of the solution of the problem of perception. And here, therefore, Sir, I would earnestly solicit your attention, and that of *all pneumatologists, and all religionists*, to the nature of the subject. The result in question, then, is that the moment we have grounded the fact of the extension of the percipient on the proof described, (or on any certain proof whatever,) it becomes a strictly legitimate philosophical conclusion, *under the Newtonian rule for the assigning of causes*, that the *external unperceived cause* of our sensations, (in as much as a collection of reason proves satisfactorily that *it also* is an *extended substance*, being the thing we call *body*,) is of the *same nature or essence* as our own *extended spiritual substance*—that is, it is *mind*. From this it follows that *so-called 'matter' is nothing in the world but a chimera of ignorance and vulgar imagination*; and that the whole of

infinite space is filled with the substance of the *Creator, and that of finite spirits. This conclusion, the moment it is embraced, constitutes the foundation of a most sublime Natural Theology.* And, from the period, when pneumatologists and religionists shall form a re-union on this ground, it most certainly must be impossible for atheism to have any position to rest on. To explain the subject farther, in this place, is utterly impracticable; but, it being the most desired object of my life to bring its merits into general consideration, and as I may at least set up the claim of having devoted perhaps a more undivided attention to the subject than was ever afforded to it by any other individual, I have furnished a succinct re-statement of it, in the chapter '*on the Ultimate Philosophy of Signs,*' in the *second volume* of the work recently laid before the public, to which I would seriously draw the attention of all concerned. May I seize this occasion to inform you, that, in the two volumes of the work, now referred to, (*An Analysis of Language, entitled 'Anti-Tooke,'*) there is much that concerns your views as a philologist and grammarian, in case you should not now, as you did me the honor to signify to me prior to the publication of my *First Lines*, deem it a sacrifice of your valuable time to look into any writing of mine.

Sir, I have indeed to thank you for having offered me, instead of the public acknowledgment I required, the honor of your private converse; an honor, which, I assure you, I was not disposed to undervalue, or deem of small account. But I had staked my life at far higher objects; and he knows me little, who thinks I am of a cast to sell my birthright for a mess of pottage.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

JOHN FLEARN.

TO E. H. BARKER, ESQ.

London, April 28, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,

Having placed the foregoing correspondence, with Professor Stewart, in a channel so peculiarly fit and effective, as your *Parriana*, it will be manifest that, the matter in question has for its object the *two-fold* purpose, not only of security, or protection, to private right, but at the same time, also, of *resuscitating* a public interest in a walk of philosophy, whose very essence had well nigh become extinct, in the serious consideration of Englishmen; in so much that, the following passage, which I quote from Mr. Buckingham's *ATHENÆUM*, as taken from '*Unpublished Lectures on Periodical Literature*,' may be deemed a fair specimen of the general estimate, which is now formed of the subject, in Great Britain:— 'Of the next branch, or that of moral literature, it may safely be asserted that, as a distinct branch of national literature, it never was at a lower ebb. Of metaphysical writers, we cannot mention one single distinguished name, or, at least, one that is attached to a work of importance; and it would appear as if the study of mental philosophy were to be banished from England, which, we believe, it would be, were it not for the labors of our Scottish friends, or the occasional importation of some German treatise.'

I know not, whether you would have me *subscribe to the truth* of the melancholy assertion contained in the above passage, while I altogether confess that it reflects with great discredit, either upon my powers, or upon the country, in which I have labored; but, of this, at least, I am persuaded, that the gentleman, who has advanced it, has done so fairly, from having no knowledge to the contrary. In

THIS instance, therefore, *as in various others, which will appear*, it becomes indisputable that I, and the SUBJECT along with me, have justly to arraign the conduct of Professor Stewart, for his pertinacious refusal to render unto both the smallest respiration of public justice, or, in other words, to make the public, in the least degree, aware of what was going forward.

Resting, now, in the full confidence, that Mr. Stewart will never be able to refute any statement in my foregoing Letters, any more than he will, for a moment, impeach their veracity; I beg to call your attention, and that of your readers, back to the Letter of Dr. Parr, wherein you will now discern that his observations are directed *entirely to general grounds*, namely, to Mr. Stewart's not deigning to come into the *arena* of philosophical discussion with me, and, to induce me to avoid the consequences of getting into DOCTRINAL controversy. And, here, *even upon this general ground*, it has appeared, Dr. Parr has recorded his sentiments in these expressive terms:—

‘If Stewart deals out a scanty measure of justice to you, leave him, thus far, to the disapprobation of wise and good men.’

At the same time, it is now conspicuously in evidence that Professor Stewart has NOT *placed it in my power* to act upon the forbearing precept of our venerable friend. For Mr. Stewart has NOT ‘*dealt out to me so much as the most scanty portion of justice.*’ Let ‘*wise and good men,*’ therefore, judge him, — I say — AMEN. And I need only add that, it is conclusively manifest, Dr. Parr had not, for the object of his remarks, the *more deep and serious* question of moral right as affecting Mr. Stewart; nor has he ever seen Mr. Stewart's Letters, which let in the requisite light upon that matter.

And now, leaving this statement in your *Parriana*, for a record, which, I trust, can need neither gloss nor addition, the most precious reflection, to me, is that, if Professor Stewart can make his own cause appear a just one, (in which, for the sake of our country, and our species, and, of a truth, for that of such a man himself, I pray God to grant him success,) it could not in the least diminish the success of my cause, nor detract from the justice, with which I have followed it out to its present consummation. I have not arraigned Mr. Stewart's conduct, if his *printed writings do not arraign it*. And, whether they do so, or not, is for the judgment of the world.

In fine, with every good wish, I remain,

My dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

JOHN FERN.

TO E. H. BARKER, ESQ.

London, July 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,

Some correspondence and discussion having taken place between Lady Mary Shepherd and myself, in result of her Ladyship's having appeared on metaphysical ground, in the production of two works, which have recently issued from the press, I consider the following extract, from one of my Letters to her Ladyship, which more immediately led to the publication of the subjoined papers, as forming at once a fair and a requisite preface to her Ladyship's criticisms, and my reply to them.

' In writing the paper of criticisms, your Ladyship is perfectly correct. It was I that suggested the matter ; and this with a view to your Ladyship's publishing the same. But, when I wrote to your Ladyship to this effect, I only supposed we differed concerning the *spirituality*

‘*of the external world.* The case became essentially altered, when I found, from farther explanation, what is your Ladyship’s determined doctrine of EXTENSION : because, I instantly discovered how vastly this would place our respective views in opposition ; while, I own, I entertained not a doubt of the consequences of discussing the subject. I still think that the publication of your Ladyship’s paper, (which your Ladyship has been pleased to leave to my discretion,) is the best way of doing justice to your Ladyship’s exertions ; and, upon the whole, *the least evil of the two.*’

To this extract, it may be proper to subjoin the following one from a Letter, which I wrote previously, on returning the rough MS. paper, which her Ladyship had sent for my perusal.

‘ But I must beg leave to state that our respective views on this part of philosophy are, if possible, far more opposite than north and south. While it is perfectly manifest, I cannot treat your Ladyship’s positions, as I would those of a mere author.’

The result of these demurs has been, that her Ladyship has claimed to be treated as an author, and not to be excluded from efficient discussion on account of her sex. Nor can any person fail to admire the spirit of such a resolve ; although it must impose a very unwilling duty upon those, who are bound to yield to it. The greater evil, to be avoided, is that of leaving her ladyship to think that I was desirous of withholding publicity from her ladyship’s doctrines, or from her subsequent criticisms upon my own writings.

My dear Sir, very sincerely yours,
JOHN FEARN.

Observations by Lady Mary Shepherd on the ‘ First Lines of the Human Mind.’

“ Mr. Fearn’s book, *First Lines of the Human Mind*, although it contains many ingenious observations, great subtilty of reasoning, and the important truth, ‘ that *visible figure* can only arise as the result of conscious contrasting ‘ colors,’ — yet is radically unsound in the process of its reasoning upon the subject of EXTENSION. — The main causes of this deficiency appear to me, to be the two following : —

I. An entire absence of the knowledge of the nature of cause *and of its manner of action* ; by which means it comes to pass, that he makes no distinction between the *definitions*, which ought to belong to *perceived internal qualities*, the EFFECTS of *external qualities* ; and the external *aggregates of qualities* themselves, which form the *determining causes of these on the mind* ; and which also possess *other properties* in relation to *other senses*, and *other external objects* ; — which *properties* are always implied in the general nomenclature of *those causes*.

II. That there are no regular definitions attempted whatever, of the great objects of controversy discussed, neither previously to the reasoning, nor subsequently intended by the reasoning, as a *posterior statement of logical conclusions*.

For this reason the great doctrine, which he conceives it important to have discovered, and happy in having arrived at, namely — ‘ that the sensations of color and of ‘ touch are themselves EXTENDED as well as the mind, in ‘ which they inhabit,’ becomes merely an illogical conclusion from *ambiguous* premises ; a conclusion capable of bearing out so many ludicrous corollaries, that, should Mr.

Fearn ever perceive them himself, he will be the first to *laugh*, that he could ever sit down soberly to support them. Now *extension* is a word applied to that *external object, or cause*, which is capable of determining its own peculiar sensible qualities to the mind; and that not only to one mind, but to many minds. This object, capable of producing such *effects*, is also capable of admitting *motion*, (i. e. unperceived motion, whatever that quality may be, *when unperceived*,) and of determining the SENSE OF IT to many minds also.

It has dimensions, therefore, and which dimensions, when void, are capable of admitting the powers of solidity, and when applied to solidity, become capable of filling the dimensions of that void.

This definition will not apply to the *mere SENSATION of extension itself*; for this sensation will *not* admit of motion; — will *not* fill up empty place; — admits *not* of the measurement of any dimensions. Were it possible that it should do so, then THE SENSATION of a *fat man would itself be fat*. The *idea* of his being extended ‘*two cubic inches*’* every way beyond the size of another man, would render it requisite to provide two cubic inches farther of empty space, for the occupation of the ideas of the lean man, who was thinking of a fat man, or who was perceived by him, as well as for the fat man himself perceived.

Mr. Fearn admits the REALITY of the *extension of space*; and as a *reality* supposes ‘a bird to move through it from London to York.’† Now, can a bird fly through his *idea* or *perception* of the distance between London and York? He admits the *reality* of that *empty space*, which may be filled by two solid cubic inches of what he terms ‘*the ener-*

* See *Lines of the Human Mind*.

† Ibid.

gies of the Deity' under the forms of two dice. Will two cubics of such *solid energies* find room in his IDEAS of *two cubic inches* of empty space? — Or will his *ideas* of those solid energies require two cubic inches of empty space, and be efficient to the filling of them?

Whenever words are ambiguously used, whenever objects containing different qualities are *defined* as though they were the same and similar words used for various *aggregates* of qualities — *absurd* and *contradictory* conclusions, from principles holding such, must be the result.

External objects, (or certain aggregates of external qualities,) are named by certain names, not only on account of the sensible perceptions they can determine on the mind, by *one* or even more senses, but by their *properties*, when meeting with other objects in nature, of which also we can judge by the *effects* determined upon the mind by those further MIXTURES. *Wind*, for instance, is not *merely* the sensation of wind, by means of its sound, or its coldness, etc., but by its *effects* on those other objects called trees, ships, the ocean, etc.; for which reason it would be very absurd and contradictory to consider the sensations of wind, as being themselves *windy*. The properties of wind belong not to their definitions. The noise and coldness of wind, are but *effects* of an EXTERNAL CAUSE, capable of producing many other effects and perceptions, which themselves cannot perform: — the same reasoning applies to every other quality determined by the organs of sense. In as much as the sensation of wind, therefore, is itself not windy, because it cannot swell the sails of a ship, or raise the waves of the ocean; no more is the *idea of heat*, in a man's mind, an object, which is *hot*, for it cannot *warm another's sensations*; the feeling of the sharp edge of a razor, is not in its own nature the

sharp edge of a razor, it not being possible for it to perform the office of that instrument. The *mere sensation of blue* in one man, will not enable another to take notice of it. Nor can the comprehension of all the colors of the prism, which any single individual may perceive, and understand the nature of, render the ideas themselves such, as will reveal the objects of his thoughts to the knowledge of the keenest observer. *My sense* of the song of the nightingale, will not be heard or responded to by *another warbler*; its *ideas* of those sweet sounds are not themselves so *clear and loud*, as to be heard by him:—In like manner, *my notion* of a high mountain will inspire no fear, nor can any man climb up its *barren and rugged sides*:—Whatever *size* may be the perception of the extended ocean, no ship could sail thereon, or *find sufficient depth in its ideas of it*.

The conception of the distance between these and the Indian shores will occupy no time to travel through, nor will *my dream of a palace*, make the *idea* swell until the cottage is too small to hold me.

Thus the *sensation of extension* is on the same footing, as all the others, which are yielded to the mind by means of the organs of sense;—a certain definition belongs to the external cause, which determines the effect in question;—and this definition is according to *the whole* known properties, *general and particular*, belonging to it. The esteemed *cause* for the sensations by touch and color, admits of measurement, and of *motion*;—if empty, of receiving solidity;—if solid, of filling the vacancy. Whilst the *ideas* and sensations of extension, of whatever *large things* they may relate to, require no *empty space* for their habitations, nor however empty *ideas may be*, will they give place to more solid materials. M. S.”

Reply to the Criticisms of Lady Mary Shepherd on the 'First Lines:' — With Observations on her Ladyship's Views with regard to the Nature of Extension, as contained in her 'Essays on the Perception of an External Universe.'

The event of a Lady's having appeared on the *arena* of the most abstruse metaphysical discussion, and this with great brilliancy and depth in her opposition to a host of philosophers, while it is manifest that she has been actuated to this by no other motive than a love of truth, and a laudable ambition of being its champion, is a phenomenon, which was little to be expected at any time, and far less at the present epoch. In two successive publications, recently issued from the press; — the one on *Cause and Effect*, in 1824 — the other on the *Perception of an External Universe*, 1827; — the world has been presented with the philosophical speculations of Lady Mary Shepherd, concerning which it is no more than just to pronounce, in general terms, that they evince an intellectual capacity, which, under a requisite course of application, might have rendered her Ladyship fully competent to the trial of breaking a lance with the proudest of those great and celebrated names, whose doctrines she has had the courage to impugn. As, however, this philosophic Lady has professedly written, and published, before she had very seriously studied the writings of other authors, or, in other words, has trusted almost entirely to her own original powers, it would have been miraculous, if this cause had not exposed her to some very profound mistakes, over and above any oversights, into which, in common with all writers on the subject, she must have been liable to fall, from biases and other causes.

Her Ladyship's speculations, at the same time, occasion a dilemma, one or other point of which it is not very easy to escape. If, upon one hand, they be treated as the production of one of the other sex, and one who had added a sufficient course of study to the gift of an original cast, and if, along with this, they should be considered with the rigor due to the vast moment of the subjects, and to the consequences, which they involve, they must be exposed to a severity of criticism, to which it would be extremely repugnant, or rather impossible, to subject the meritorious labors of a LADY, and a Lady, too, whose exertions in the cause have proceeded from the avowed and unquestionable motive of opposing the progress of atheism and scepticism. If, upon the other, those, who may be called upon to adjudge such labors, should refuse or decline this duty, either for the above-mentioned reason, or from not choosing to enter into discussions of the subject with a fresh and ungraduated writer, her Ladyship might well complain of it, as being both a hardship and an injustice, to have her exertions thus excluded from the fields of discussion on account of her sex. It could indeed be no other than a manifestation either of arrogance, or of fear, in any author, to refuse to consider her Ladyship's speculations; while, on the other hand, his taking them up, in a proper manner, would be embracing one of the few means, which are left, in these countries, of bringing the subject to popular attention, and of beginning to instil into the minds of the general mass of readers some definite and tenable notions of a subject, on which even the higher classes are deplorably negligent and at fault. It is not by locking himself up, exclusively, in voluminous treatises, that the philosopher of mind can hope to render the subject familiar to the bulk, even of intelligent persons: "on

the contrary, it is by the collision and vivacity of occasional particular discussions, which, if rightly conducted by *either* of the parties, must gradually diffuse light into the minds of their readers with an increasing relish for the subject, in proportion as it becomes understood. If a reputed philosopher wield the weapon of truth in his reasonings, *this* will give him dignity, whatever may be the theatre of discussion. And, if he has been in error, the shielding of his error from examination, under the plea, express or tacit, of his *dignity*, would exhibit only a spectacle of mockery, which ought not to impose upon the world.

To proceed, therefore, to the subject. The summation, which her Ladyship professes to give, of the *First Lines of the Human Mind* in the foregoing paper, in as much as it is intended merely with a view to introduce her Ladyship's objections to some of the reasonings, with regard to the nature of our ideas, contained in that work, is not to be considered as being faulty, although it affords not the most distinct conception of the subjects treated in the course of that volume. The only matter for analysis, in the present case, is the singular notion, which her Ladyship has formed of *the nature of extension*; and the reasonings, which she has advanced in the paper referred to, as well as in her book, in support of her opinion. First, therefore, it is to be noticed, in objection to that essential difference of nature, which this author has asserted as existing between *the extension of external objects* and *the ideal extension of our sensations*, that all philosophers, of every age and sect, are against her Ladyship's way of thinking. The ancients, who admitted, (*although they never demonstrated,*) that we perceive nothing beyond our own sensations, were so satisfied that these have *real length*

and breadth, that, in order to render it possible for us to have such extended ideas in the mind, they supposed us to have *two souls*—namely a *sentient extended* soul, and an *intellectual inextended* one. The moderns, (with the exception of Berkeley,) have admitted the very same truth, of the real extension of our sensations. Locke and Hume, any more than Des Cartes, never doubted that our sensations are really extended; although, like the ancients, they *never fell upon the means of demonstrating* that they are so. And, consequently, Hume has expressly asserted that, if the mind be assumed to exist at all, it is extended. Lastly, though the school of Reid has taken the singular cast, against all these authorities, of denying the extension of *color*, as contradistinguished from *figure*, yet, it is certain that, if it had admitted, agreeably with the concurrent positions of Bishop Berkeley, Lady Mary Shepherd, and the author of the *First Lines*, that '*all the perceived furniture of heaven and earth*' is nothing but groups and successions of sensations in our own minds, it would never for a moment have denied that these sensations, and the mind, which contains them, must be extended. Nor does Bishop Berkeley in any manner favor the view of her Ladyship, by supposing *any difference* between *ideal* extension and *external* extension; for *Berkeley is at least consistent*, although his notion of extension violates the natural reason of mankind to the last degree, and destroys all the grounds of ratiocination, *that is*—HE DENIES ALL REAL extension, *whether within or without the mind*; and affirms that all the furniture of heaven and earth, and *all the space beyond*, is *only ideally*, and *not really spread out*. In the face of all this, however, her Ladyship, although she rationally admits that *external unperceived objects or causes*, and *external space* beyond them, have an extension

really spread out, confidently, at the same time, insists that *all the seemingly-extended things, which we perceive*, and which we call heaven and earth, in as much as these things are nothing but sensations in our minds, are NOT REALLY spread out. This monstrous inconsistency is to be found in the speculations of her Ladyship alone. Nothing to countenance it appears in the writings of the most extravagant, or opposed philosophers.

There is a certain disorder of the intellect, incident to all human minds, even to those of the most acute philosophers: it has, perhaps, never had a name; but it may well be called *philosophical enchantment*. One species of this disorder appears to have been the case of Bishop Berkeley. And it may strongly be suspected that *an early scholastic prejudice of the inextension of the mind*, (as being supposed necessary to its simplicity or unity of consciousness,) may have led to this disorder in him. If, therefore, it has happened that the earliest instructor of Lady Mary Shepherd was a scholastic person, who *believed in the inextension of the mind*, and who, consequently, would denounce, *as being pregnant with all the horrors of materialism, any supposition of its being extended*, we need, in this case, be at no loss to conceive how it may possibly have happened that her Ladyship has exhibited the singular spectacle of taking up HALF the mantle of Berkeley, and leaving the OTHER HALF BEHIND. Those, who have attended to the statement, given in the *First Lines*, of the fact of Dr. Reid's going over from the system of Berkeley, *impelled by an avowed fear of consequences*, and of the curious division, which Dr. Reid contrived to make of the common stock, when he broke up the co-partnership, namely, that of turning his master's *visible figures* out of the mind, while he still retained our *sensations of red, blue, yellow*,

etc. WITHIN the mind, will never wonder at any effect of philosophical enchantment, which can be exhibited of the mind of a philosopher.

But, to proceed from authority, (which her Ladyship frankly acknowledges to be altogether against her, but to which she heroically refuses to yield any deference,) to the positions and the reasonings, which she has advanced for the support of her doctrine, in her book, as well as in the foregoing paper: — the sweeping assertion, which her Ladyship has made of, ‘an entire absence of the knowledge ‘ of cause and of its manner of action, in the *First Lines* ‘ of the Human Mind,’ could only have resulted from her Ladyship’s imagination having been charged with her own views, and, therefore, her having glanced over that work with a rapidity, which has induced a complete misapprehension of both its scope, and its nature. Not only has the *Theory of Perception*, laid down in the *First Lines*, been recognized by different public critics as a *Demonstration of necessary efficient Causation*, attended with no less a consequence, than that of *transferring the Science of Perception*, from being, as heretofore, considered to belong to the province of *Physical Science*, over to that of *Mathematical or Demonstrative*; but, besides this, as being only a particular feature of that work, the great bulk of it is devoted to the purpose of introducing to philosophy a most comprehensive general system of Real Efficiency, comprised in an analysis of the CATEGORY OF RELATION, — a matter never adverted to, either by Mr. Hume, or by any other writer, and which, it is conceived, *unless it shall be confuted*, of itself alone *entirely changes the face of the subject of causation*. The oversight of her Ladyship, herein, is the more entirely the effect of haste, in as much as her Ladyship has, on another occasion, ex-

pressly admitted that the structure of the Category of Relation, as laid down in the *First Lines*, is valid; and that of the old or accredited logic proportionately erroneous. To these general remarks it is only requisite to add that, the whole structure of philosophical grammar, contained in *Anti-Tooke*, is founded entirely in reasoning *a priori* upon the very structure of Relation now in question; and that the general tenor of both works is principally made up of a course of demonstration of Necessary Efficiency, concerning the cogency of which, *as the evidences are of the very same nature as that of mathematical truth*, there can be no dispute among those, who are competent to the subject: although it is not here assumed that there may not be *particular instances* of error, concerning which, if there be such, all parties can soon decide. What, then, is to be expected from her Ladyship's attention, when she could see, in all this, *only* 'an entire absence of the knowledge of CAUSE; and of its manner of action?'

A principal reason, therefore, for entertaining her Ladyship's speculations here, is in order to do justice to her very laudable merits, in having, from the best motives, given herself to think on subjects very far removed from the general bent of female studies, and having evinced a very remarkable acumen therein: without which last, her Ladyship certainly could not have acquired such a tact, of the various subjects in her work, as has enabled her, with whatsoever mistakes, to impugn philosophers on every side.

Along with this, also, it may be of service in a country, wherein the subject is so very little understood by readers in general, to afford a notion of its real merits; since, from the deplorable state of popular knowledge in this direction, her Ladyship's notions with regard to exten-

tion, are of that aspect, which, if they could, from any collateral circumstances, acquire influence, might serve for a net to catch the understanding of those thinkers, who conceive it necessary to assert mind as having no similitude to the thing, which they suppose to be MATTER. Unfortunately for her Ladyship's views, however, they fall conclusively through the conception, which the pure scholastic immaterialists form of mind, *by her admitting that mind has locality*. As, for example, in p. 261, she says: — 'The mind, in this landscape, is taken as an un-extended centre, ready to go forth amidst the surrounding scenery.' And in p. 386, she says: — 'Though sensation does not occupy space as solid extension, yet it has a necessary relation to space by requiring space in which to exist.' After this position, therefore, it is to the last degree inconsistent to deny that the mind is extended. The genuine scholastic high immaterialists never, for a moment, admit locality or relation to place as being an attribute of mind, well knowing that this would be to admit its extension. The admission of the mind's locality, therefore, by her Ladyship, (which she has done unequivocally in various places,) ought to save all farther discussion on the subject.

But to come to her Ladyship's arguments:—in the first place, nothing could be more foreign to the question, than the assertion that, (according to the conclusion of Mr. Fearn,) '*the sensation of a fat man would itself be fat;*' and '*the sensation of wind itself be windy.*' To talk of the '*SENSATION of a fat man,*' or of *any man*, is as utterly out of the pale of pneumatology, as to talk of the *sensation of an epic poem*. That, when we look at a fat, or a lean man, we have a *sensation*—a *complex sensation*—of *COLORS limited by FIGURE*—is certain. And we have a

fac-simile of this sensation, when we look at a *reflection* of this man in a mirror. The like, nearly, also takes place, when we contemplate a good *painting* of this man. But it would be as utterly out of the science of pneumatology to affirm, or suppose, that our **WHOLE COMPLEX NOTION of the MAN**, (including his fatness, or leanness, and all his other attributes, corporeal and mental,) enter into the *complex visual sensation*, which we have, when we look at this man, as it would be out of the science of physics to assume that a *painting* of this man contains all the solidity or depth, and all the other attributes, of the man. What a *painting* is to an *external real man*, any *visual idea* of him, in the mind, is to our *whole complex notion* of him. The comparison, indeed, is not here supposed to be scientifically correct; but the difference in question is *as great*, and the analogy is tolerably correct, for the present argument.

For the sake of general readers, in the present state of pneumatological knowledge, it may not be superfluous to add, here, that our notion of a *man*, whether fat or lean, is *constituted by a SYNTHESIS in the mind, of many very different ideas*. And in this synthesis there is, and can be, *no such thing as a SENSATION of fat*: — Nay, more, if we were even to look at a lump of *fat itself*, we must, in like manner, institute, in our mind, a synthesis of various ideas, in order to *make up the notion of fat*. If we look at a mass of fat, we have a *sensation of color, figured*; but this *sensation* is no more an idea, or notion, of *fat*, than it is of a *snow-ball*: and, to this *visual sensation*, we must *add, in the way of synthesis*, the various notions of *solidity or depth, gravity, texture, inflammableness, unctuousity, neutrateness, taste*, etc. Now, *solidity* is *not the notion of solidity*; — *gravity* is *not the notion of gravity*; — and

so on. But the real fact in nature is that, when we look at a mass of fat, we have a *figured sensation of color*; and UNDER, OR BEHIND, this sensation of color, *as if it were an envelop, or veil*, we, in our conception, *place all the supposed other attributes of this mass*. In this account, of the *last* stage of the process in question, has been, in a small degree, anticipated a statement of the general fact of our THINKING IN COLORS — a matter, which is designed, by the writer of this statement, to form a future paper in pneumatological science, intended to be submitted to the public eye, in the present, or in some other channel. As for the *synthetical* process, herein adverted to, Lady Mary Shepherd, in the remarks she has stated, has evinced her being aware of the fact. And yet her Ladyship talks of the '*sensation of fat*,' — the '*sensation of wind*,' — and the '*sensation of extension*.' It can hardly be necessary to add that the notion of *wind*, as well as that of *fat*, is made up by a synthesis, namely, that of the ideas of *particles possessed of certain attributes* and of *their motion*. But it may be of some service to the general reader to learn that *there is no such thing as a sensation of EXTENSION*, except that of a *mere sensible point*, (although *sensations are extended* both in length and breadth;) because the notion of *field-extension* is *made up synthetically*, by adding together, in idea, *many sensible points of color*, or of *touch*, and thus forming an ideal *surface*. And this is true, because we can always ANALYSE every field of color, or of touch, into mere sensible points.

It must appear to be altogether unavoidable, in replying to her Ladyship's criticisms, that the principles advocated must be insisted upon decidedly, in order not to sacrifice the subject. And it is, therefore, fortunate that her Ladyship's tone of criticism demands a proportionate

degree of decision in reply. It is, at the same time, encouraging, too, that, though her Ladyship's wont, in philosophy, is to tilt at *outrance*, her onset is ever in play, and she will not object to be met in her own style, with whatever inferiority in the art.

Secondly, to talk, as her Ladyship does, of a lean man's requiring to be extended two cubic inches, every way, beyond his own size, in order to *enable him to perceive* another man, who is two cubic inches every way larger than he, is an extravagance, which, in any writer of less meritorious general claims, would deserve no serious reply. And here, as being vital to the subject, it is impossible to avoid calling attention, to what may be affirmed, without any fear of controversy, — a truth, which the ancient atomic philosophers believed, when they supposed the mind to *touch external objects through the eye as with a staff*, although they never fell upon the means of reducing the fact to proof, — namely, that by the Laws of Primary Vision it is now reduced to matter of strict science, that the *Sentient Principle or Mind* operates by the medium of a SURFACE, which it presents to the impressions of the corporeal or nervous system. And, this result having been determined by a kind of evidence undeniably superior to that, which we have for those truths in astronomy, which command universal credence, a host of analogies leave no other reasonable supposition with regard to the FIGURE of the mind, than that of a GLOBULE, *that is to say, taken in some modification of such figure, without any definite assumption here.* In the case, therefore, of the convex surface of a globule's being impressed from without, it is self-evident that the *Andes* at any given visible distance, and a *gnat* at any other given visible distance, must produce an image on the surface

of this globule, of a *size compoundly proportionate to the external object, the direction of the rays of light, the direction of the nervous fibres, and the convexity or size of the globule itself*, a fact in the physiology of the subject, which it may be important to state here, for the sake of readers in general, as well as for that of her Ladyship.

Thirdly, when her Ladyship talks of a '*solid*', it is out of the question, unless she means the word '*solid*' in the *mathematical* sense, namely, *third dimension or depth*. And, even in this case, it is altogether foreign to the subject, because it is a fact, which has been reduced to proof, that we *never perceive third dimension or depth immediately*, as we do *surface*. We apprehend *depth only consequently by a collection of reason*. Accordingly, therefore, although we can entertain the idea or image of a horse, galloping *on the surface* of the mind, we certainly *cannot actually turn this ideal horse* in the direction of the mind's depth, and make him gallop *into or through* the globule percipient. In like manner, her Ladyship would not for a moment deny that the reflected image, on the surface of a mirror, of a horse galloping, is *really extended and really in motion*, although this image could not be made to turn round, and gallop into the interior of the mirror. And it is here equally cogent to add, that the image of a fat man, *reflected in a mirror*, is *not fat*; although her Ladyship would not deny that it is really extended.

Fourthly, her Ladyship asserts, that *ideal extension, or figure, cannot be measured*, and she makes *this the grand objection against the reality of the extension of our sensations*; because she assumes that, in order to measure things, it demands *motion*, and she *denies that the images of things move in the mind*. Her Ladyship altogether and

wonderfully forgets her own continual doctrine, (which all along follows in coincidence with the Laws of Primary Vision as delineated by Mr. Fearn,) that *all perceived motion, all perceived measuring, all the perceived furniture of heaven and earth, including all their extended figures and motions, are nothing but sensations in the mind*; although she justly admits, and insists, that these sensations have extended *external causes*. What, then, could exceed the irrationality of denying the real extension of our figured sensations, which her Ladyship insists are the *only figured things, that we ever do, or can perceive*; and yet, at the same time, affirming the real extension of their *external causes*, which she acknowledges we *never perceive*, and concerning whose nature we *never have any evidence but what is deduced, by a collection of reason, as a consequence of the known nature of our sensations*?

Here, for the sake of the subject, it is indispensable to offer a criticism upon her Ladyship's *method*; because this, in a very serious manner, affects the whole course of her speculations. Never having taken up the settled and incontrovertible rule of philosophising, of reasoning from our *sensations*, — which are *effects, which we intimately know*, — to their *inferred external cause*, which we never can know with the *same kind or certainty of evidence*, her Ladyship makes a show of *defining the unperceived extended external cause, and makes this definition her standard of extension*; while she condemns, with great decision, the procedure of those, who have treated the perception of extension, when no regular definitions whatever are attempted. It must be confessed that no person ought to write on philosophy, who does not thoroughly appreciate the value of definitions, and of adhering to them, after having occasion to lay them down. But, of

all the definitions in philosophy, one should think that a regular definition of *extension* is the last that any writer would dream of; and, for this reason, among others,—namely — that a regular definition of extension, in all its three different modes, — *a line*, — *a surface*, — and *a solid*, — has been for ages prefixed to treatises on Geometry, and it must be a thrice-gifted philosopher, who will ever, by means of a definition, make mankind comprehend the notion of extension better than they always have done; although it is *one* thing to understand *what extension is*, and a vastly different thing to demonstrate, or understand, *upon what principles an extended figure is perceived*. And here her Ladyship might be reminded, with great effect, that every individual geometrical figure, which we employ as the subject of our reasoning in that science, is consequentially admitted by her Ladyship to be a *figure in the mind*: while she will justly insist that every such figure has an external extended cause, such as a diagram marked out on paper, or on sand. Now it is self-evidently impossible we could *ever arrive at the inference*, that a *perceived triangle, or square*, in the mind, is caused by an *unperceived triangle, or square*, out of the mind; *except by reasoning from the nature of the figure, which we perceive, and inferring*, (which is a *vastly different thing from perceiving*,) that the external cause is a *corresponding figure*. In order to confirm this truth, it only needs here to be suggested that, if the human eye were capable of receiving images, on its retina, of a mile in diameter, but, at the same time, if the nervous fibres of the optic trunk were to *converge*, so as to discharge their impressions upon the mind in a *mere point*, in this case, we *never could by the organ of sight have apprehended the idea of any figure, or extension whatever*: which self-evident truth furnishes a distinct conclusive test, that we *never could so much as*

imagine such a thing as extension, or figure of any kind, if we did not contemplate it in the figures we perceive.

If the love, which her Ladyship has manifested, for laying out the subject in a course of technical phraseology, and an array of defining, had been no more hurtful than mere form, it might have been passed over, without prejudice to the subject. But, the fact is, she has made her definition of a thing, *certainly far less known*, the *starting-post*, from which to reason toward perceived extension — a thing certainly *far more and most intimately known*; which procedure is a total violation of the indisputable rule of philosophising. In consequence of this proceeding, therefore, she has been betrayed into a train of contradictory positions, the bare statement of which will form a conclusive mass of proofs of the visionary nature of her views. Thus, in p. 185, of her *Essays on an External Universe*, she says — ‘The organs of sense convey sentient existences internally to the inmost recesses of the soul, the understanding re-acts upon them, and places all things without it, in similar proportions.’ Now, with regard to the first part of this passage, it is not according to fact, because *sensations are never conveyed*; they *start originally up in the mind*, a consequence of the operation of an organ of sense, operated upon by an external cause. But we understand what her Ladyship means; and, therefore, it is only necessary to note her assertion that, ‘the understanding places all things without it in similar proportions.’ What similar proportions? Why, the similar proportions of the *cause without, to the sensations within*. And, what can this mean, or imply, but that the *sensations within are extended, as well as the cause or thing without*. Again, her Ladyship says that ‘colouring is placed in proportion to the positions of things among themselves; and such positions are the capacities of dis-

‘tance, and the powers of motion *in relation to us*, as well ‘as *among themselves*.’ What do, or can, the words ‘*co-louring placed in proportion to the positions*’ mean here, if it is not another way of signifying the *proportionate extension of colors to their extended external causes*. Again, in p. 172, her Ladyship says: — ‘Objects are therefore ‘*beings like ourselves, plus or minus the differences*; in as ‘much as they are the proportional causes of the sensations, ‘which they create.’ Again, p. 260: — ‘Unperceived ‘motion truly goes forth to unperceived extension.’ P. 261, ‘The mind perceives itself amidst the algebraic equations, ‘the simple quantity, which never varies.’ These passages are given partly for the purpose of exhibiting the abstruseness and technicality of phraseology, in which her Ladyship has thought well to envelop the subject, instead of rendering it plain by the most familiar terms and examples. And this is the general tenor of her Ladyship’s language, not a little heightened, on many occasions, to the utmost pitch of abstractness; but which, when interpreted into plainer terms, and weeded of the most extraordinary contradictions, resolves itself into no other than a *continued assertion of the extension of the human mind, and of all mind*. To justify these last remarks, her Ladyship says in p. 406, ‘The beginning of motion amongst ‘bodies must, I think, be the same as that between mind ‘and matter.’ And in p. 386, where she says, — ‘Though ‘sensation does not occupy space as solid extension, yet ‘it has a necessary relation to space by requiring space in ‘which to exist:’ she adds — ‘In this light each particular ‘sensation must be the unextended quality of some kind ‘of extension.’ What her Ladyship can mean, by ‘the ‘unextended quality of some kind of extension,’ is what the writer of these remarks cannot possibly comprehend. And, after quoting such a passage, were it not for the ge-

‘ all times and places, ready to appear to his creation ? ’

But with regard to these disasters now unavoidably pointed out, her Ladyship may be consoled by the assurance, that no human intellect ever had power to avoid the like, in any attempt to maintain the ground, which she has advocated. Her Ladyship’s enterprise can only be compared to one of those attacks in warfare, which no man ever did, or could, outlive. In fact, the whole tenor of her Ladyship’s writings on perception appear to accord, to such an extent, with the views of that subject stated in the *First Lines*, and in several preceding publications by Mr. Fearn, in the course of the last fifteen years, (although treated in a very different manner,) that they seem to differ almost in nothing, except in the opposition of two of their principal conclusions — namely — the *nature of ideal extension*, and the *nature of external body*: although the statement of this fact is not intended to question the assurance, which has been expressed by her Ladyship, that she had never seen the *First Lines*, nor any of the other publications in question. Her Ladyship’s manner of treating the subject, indeed, or, in other words, the arguments, which she employs against the theory of Dr. Reid, display nothing but what her evinced general acumen may well be credited for having produced. And, as she has not interfered seriously with the Laws of Vision, which chain of propositions forms the only system of evidence, that could ever put an end to the succession of logomachies, which constitutes the whole history of perception, from the days of Plato and of Aristotle down to the beginning of the present century, there can be no misunderstanding with regard to the very remarkable train of coincidences, which her Ladyship’s speculations certainly exhibits.

In one place, to be sure, her Ladyship has approxima-

ted to one of the Laws of Vision, in the following assertion; which, for a reason to be explained, cannot be passed over without notice. In p. 261, she says: ‘Visible figure is ‘thus truly nothing more than a conscious line of demarcation between two colours, and so must itself be colour.’ This amount of coincidence, added to all the other instances, might, from the nature of the subject, appear very surprising. But her Ladyship is defended from any supposition of her taking it from the *First Lines*, by her profound mistake in concluding that a *visible line must be itself color* — a mistake, into which her Ladyship never could have fallen, had she previously perused the Laws of Vision with any attention. *As a fact in the history of pneumatological science*, however, her Ladyship’s approximating to the matter at all claims particular notice here, because it is perfectly manifest that Professor Stewart, in defending his own proceeding, has not been able to adduce *any one instance of any writer’s* having ever taken up the same ground; or, else, it is plain he would never have resorted to the palpable darkness of that passage, which he has brought from Lord Monboddo for the purpose. And this, his failure, proves that the nature of a visible line, *however simple it is, when discerned, is enveloped in a wonderful subtilty*, which has had a most surprising power of escaping detection by mankind. The author of the *First Lines* has treated the nature of visible lines, as resulting from a VARIETY OF COLORS, in five successive publications, up to the year 1820.* And her Ladyship’s mention of the subject has appeared in the year 1827. In this case, no misunderstanding can possibly arise upon the subject. And it only remains that her Ladyship may affirm, that she

* *Essay on Consciousness*, 1812, — *Review of First Principles of Bishop Berkeley*, Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart, 1813, — *Demonstration of the Principles of Primary Vision*, 1816, — *Letter to Professor Stewart on the Axiomataical Laws of Vision*, 1817. — *First Lines of the Human Mind*, 1820.

makes *one other* person, among all the writers on pneumatology, whom the nature of a visible line had not altogether escaped. Perhaps there is not a more surprising fact, in the whole history of mental philosophy, than the escape of this simple basis of Pneumatological Science from all detection, until so late an epoch as that, at which it has occurred. And certain it is that the *Physiological nature of the human mind*, and that of the *External Universe*, flows from the nature of visible lines with a consecutive-ness, and a *kind of evidence*, which is second to none in any department of physics.

It is to be observed, farther, in her work—her *Ladyship*, with a view to a particular doctrine, resumes the subject of a visible line's being the result of two colors, in which place she asks: 'For what is it makes the visual figure ' of an object, but a line of demarcation between it and ' some surrounding object of another colour?' Now, whoever has read any of the successive publications of the author of the *First Lines*, on the subject, wherein there is a repetition of such passages as the following, must think that these views of her *Ladyship* present, certainly, a very remarkable agreement; and this the more so, as it has been shewn how wonderfully the matter has escaped writers in general. 'All visible figures are perceived ' *only* by the addition of some field of extended color beyond them. A house, or a tree, may represent them ' all; and if we look at a *tree*, with a *wall*, or with the *sky* ' beyond it, we habitually think that the *figure* we see, is ' that of the tree exclusively. But, in truth, it no more ' belongs to the tree, than to the sky beyond. Thus no ' visible object has any figure exclusively its own; for ' every two adjoining objects have but one line to serve ' both.' *Review of First Principles of Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart, 1813.*

But all that could be desired, here, was to state the passages, now quoted, (as has been done,) and to express the perfect satisfaction of the author of the *First Lines* in the co-incidence.

One thing, with regard to the matter, is altogether evident, namely — that, had Professor Stewart discharged the office to the world, (which he was professing to teach,) of affording the least public intimation with regard to the advances, which the author of the *First Lines* had been making in the subject, it is impossible her Ladyship could have thought and written, in the same country, and yet have been ignorant that the ground was fully occupied, with gradual and labored steps of definite progression, with that subject, which her Ladyship has touched upon incipiently, and mentioned as if it were an original consideration. It is quite manifest that the subject has been kept back, at least ten years, for want of that respiration, which Mr. Stewart, in his station and circumstances, was called upon to afford to it.

To take leave of the subject, which, after the present discharge of a bounden and required duty, it is not proposed to let degenerate into any farther plea, or controversy, it is fortunate that her Ladyship has been forced into the repeated assertion of the extension of the *Great Mind*. For it is as manifest, as any axiom in geometry, that this admission involves that of the extension of *finite minds*. Utterly hopeless, therefore, would be the struggle, *if her Ladyship should struggle*, to avert this consequence by any power of human acumen. And, as her Ladyship *must* relinquish one, or other, of her contending positions on this ground, she will consult her own judgment, whether, or not, she can hope to disturb that foundation of Natural Theology, which, it is conceived by the author of the *First Lines*, is indisputably laid in the

Laws of Primary Vision. At the same time, the mention of this consideration is not at all with a view to deprecate the attempt, or to dull her Ladyship's genius, should she entertain any such hope ; but is meant, entirely, to draw her full attention to the real merits of the subject.

The vast moment of the subject has imposed an unavoidable office. And it is most pleasing, now, to turn to a consideration of the true light, in which her Ladyship's exertions ought to be viewed. Who, then, is there, that can fail to admire that one of her Ladyship's sex and rank, should evince both the bent and the energy to engage in such discussions, as those, which she has not shrunk from entertaining? Her Ladyship has entered, with brilliancy and decision, into most of the dark and difficult questions in metaphysics ; wherein she has felt no hesitation in assailing the doctrines of all, who have gone before her ; and has even not refrained from pronouncing on the '*puerility*' of Newton, in believing that God could have created a world other than the present one. All this evinces a fine and very extraordinary mind. Can it, then, be wondered at, that her Ladyship, who soars, like the eagle, should have viewed, with no great desire of imitation, that creeping, like the tortoise, in which Newton found his glory, and which, alone, will ever secure to us the consummations of philosophy? But let not this, which was so nearly unavoidable in her Ladyship's circumstances, be suffered to detract from her real and great claims to intellectual capacity. Without here attempting to give the measure of what she has achieved, but strongly commending her speculations to the perusal of readers on this subject, it may safely be affirmed that her Ladyship is very rarely gifted.

In fine:—in the close of her criticisms, (which are rich alike in the playful and the poignant,) her Ladyship says,

‘Nor, however empty *ideas* *may* be, will they give place to ‘more solid materials.’ It is to be feared that this last blow cannot altogether be warded off. And nothing is left for the object of it, but to throw down his arms and surrender at discretion to one, of whom it must at all events be said, ‘she has wrestled well, and overcome more than her enemies.’

The following question, however, may be left for her Ladyship’s mature consideration, on account of the momentous consequences, which it involves. After her Ladyship has conclusively admitted that the ‘*Infinite Mind fills all infinity*’ — ‘*exists in all times and places*’ — that ‘*we are minor portions of mind*’ — having ‘*qualities like in kind* ;’ — after this decisive admission of sublime and beautiful truth, *what could be the possible use of MATTER* ; or for what purpose would the Deity create an insentient thing, to serve as a mere *medium of impulse* — a *cushion of dead mechanism* — between His *extended substance*, and that of his *sentient creatures*, when, *being like in kind to our own extended substance*, he can *immediately and continually* impress all his creatures, with all the various modes of pleasure and pain ? To think that God would create *anything that cannot feel*, unless there were a demonstrated *necessity* for his so doing, is the last degree of absurdity. And it is demonstrated that there is neither a necessity for, *nor so much as the shadow of a utility* in, such a creation ; not to mention the continual and decisive evidences from mechanical philosophy, that the thing called *Matter is neither solid nor inert*. Let her Ladyship bend her fine understanding upon this consideration, with the intensity that it demands ; and the moment she discerns the necessity for acknowledging the extension of the *human mind*, she will also discern that for the explosion of a belief in *MATTER*.

XXIX.

*Synoptical Minute of 'Anti-Tooke.' **

The second and concluding Volume of this *Analysis of Language*, being now before the public, and the leading title of the work being both unattractive and liable to

* [“ Mr. Fearn is not content to shake and overthrow the fabric of current notions about grammar, but he opposes the reasoning of those, who have commented upon them. He has not only faced the tide of the prejudice of the vulgar, but he wages war with the refinement of the philosopher ; thus arraigning at once the two parties ; throwing the gauntlet to the one, and slighting the assistance or protection of the other. He has chosen to encounter a powerful and well-regulated body of enemies, and at the same time deliberately to cut off his retreat : and yet he flatters himself, and if we are not egregiously mistaken, not without reason, that in several cases of importance, though opposed to theories, which are nominally received by the majority, he has yet the universal *tacit* consent of all mankind in his favor. It is well known that no sort of consistency is to be expected *from* those, who receive opinions on the mere authority of other men ; in spite of an absurd rule, which they profess to act up to, they will and must follow the unconscious impulse of sound reason and instinct or discernment.” Notice of *Anti-Tooke, or An Analysis of Language*, in the *Inspector* No. 17. *Sept.* 1827. p. 411. The principles, which Mr. Fearn has laid down as fundamental truths of universal grammar, are there clearly stated p. 414—15. The writer of the Notice is said to have been Dr. Wurm of the University of Tubingen. E. H. B.]

be mis-apprehended until the nature of its principles be generally known, it is deemed advisable to furnish, here, a copy of some of the more material articles in its *Table of Contents* omitting, for the sake of brevity, a number of intermediate heads; and to enumerate a few of its results.

VOLUME FIRST,* *containing* pp. xxii. and 366.

CHAPTER 1. — *Introductory View of the Nature of Signs.* — Of the Proper Object of the Philosophical Grammarian. — Comparison of Ordinary Language with Algebraical Notation. These two apparently different Kinds of Signs generically and specifically identical. — Of the Different Methods, which have been pursued by Philologists, with a view to solve the Problem of Language; and especially of that, which has been followed by Mr. Tooke. — Of the General Cause of past Failure in the Subject of Language. — Analysis of the Generic Structure of Relatives and Relation,† as forming the Primary Logical Structure of Things in the Universe and the Foundation of Language. — Collateral Statement of that Structure of Relation assumed by Grammarians and Logicians. Vast Incompatibility of these two Structures.

CHAPTER 2. — *Of Verbs.* — Of the General Nature and Office of Verbs. — Of the Doctrine of Grammarians, that Verbs are not Copulas between a Nominative and an Accusative or Following Noun. — Statement of the Funda-

* A very able and particular article, on the *First Volume*, has appeared under the head *Philology*, in the *CYCLOPÆDIA EDINENSIS*: which may be consulted in the absence of any critique in the leading periodicals.

† This is an *abridged* Analysis of Relation, done from a much more extended one in the *First Lines of the Human Mind*, published in 1820; in which work the present principles of language were incipiently broached.

mental Principle of Language. — Suggestion of the Principle of Alternation of a Verb in a Sentence. — Of the Universal Neutrality of Verbs. — Brief Analysis of the Nature of *Physical* Action, as being the Object signified by a large Proportion of Verbs. — Of the Division of the Objects of Language into *Action itself*; the *State of One Co-agent*, with Respect to Action; and the *State of the Other Co-agent, usually called the Patient*: And of the consequent Foundation and Use of a Principal Class of Adverbs. — Of the Principle and the Act of Assertion. Profound Error of Locke and other Grammarians, acquiesced in by Mr. Tooke, in their asserting that the Verb Substantive is the General Sign of Affirmation. — Concerning some Strictures, which have been offered by Professor Stewart, upon the Doctrine of Mr. Tooke, that every Word in Language belongs, in all Situations, absolutely and unchangeably, to One and the Same Part of Speech. — Of So-called Participles: and of Tense, Mode, Voice, Number, and Person. — Of Auxiliary Verbs.

CHAPTER 3. — *Of Minor Verbs, by Grammarians called Prepositions*. — Of the General Nature and Office of Minor Verbs. — General Remarks on the Doctrine of Grammarians with Regard to the Nature and Use of Prepositions, here called Minor Verbs. — Mr. Tooke's Theory of Prepositions more detrimental to Grammar than that advanced by Mr. Harris. — Suggestion of the *Triplicate Structure of Action*. Upon which Structure is founded a Principal Class of Minor Verbs, or So-called Prepositions.

VOLUME SECOND, containing pp. 438.

CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER 3. — Of the So-called Infinitive Mode and its Signs. — Suggestion and Proofs

that the So-called Prepositions in those Two Prime Authorities for the Present English Language. — CHAUCER and BARBOUR — are disguised Words in ING — namely, are disguised (*and often not disguised,*) INFINITIVES, equivalent to So-called Progressive Participles,—in Concurrence with what has been maintained throughout. — Of the Derivation of certain deformed and disguised So-called Prepositions or Minor Verbs — namely, the Minor Verbs IN, WITH, FROM, and BY. — Together with Grammatical Considerations involved in this Research. — Final Illustration of the Nature of So-called Prepositions or Minor Verbs, and of the Law of Alternation of these in series. — Conclusion of the Analysis of Minor Verbs.

CHAPTER 4. — *Of Nouns.* — Of their General Nature. Of Number and Gender. Of the Accident, by Grammarians called Case. — Of Pronouns, divided into Leading, Repeating, and Conventional.

CHAPTER 5. — OF THE WORDS CALLED CONJUNCTIONS, AND OF LIMITED SILENCE, CONSIDERED AS AN ELEMENT OF LANGUAGE. — Of the respective Offices of Adverbials, of So-called Participles, and of So-called Adjectives, when employed Conjunctively.

CHAPTER 6. — OF ABBREVIATION. — Of Breves, by Grammarians called Adverbs.

CHAP. 7. OF THE ULTIMATE PHILOSOPHY OF SIGNS, IN SO FAR AS CONCERNS THE NATURE OF ORDINARY LANGUAGE. — Of the Views of Modern Philosophers with regard to the Nature of Terms, both General and Particular, stated here as preparatory to the Proposal of Different Principles. — Of So-called External Perception ; and of the Nature of So-called External Objects, considered as forming a Part of the Foundation of Language.— Of the Nature of Names or Terms, both Particular and

General. And of the Process of Reasoning, in the Employment of each Kind.

A TABLE OF PHILOSOPHICAL GRAMMAR.—AN EXAMPLE OF GRAMMATICAL RESOLUTION.—CONCLUSION OF THE WORK.

The following, which form some of the more prominent results of the Series of Analyses, that constitute the work, may serve in part to furnish a general notion of its bearing.

I. The Provinces, respectively, of the *Inductive Etymologist* and the *Philosophical Grammarian*, are altogether distinct and several; that of the former being the *History of an ART, founded in empiricism, and therefore ever varying from itself*; while the latter forms a PURE SCIENCE, *of its own kind*, deduced by reasonings *a priori*, from the Unalterable Structure of Relatives and Relation. The Principles of the Art, and those of the Science in question, *ought* strictly to coincide, but they are hitherto at variance, in a large and humiliating extent, in the case of every language, *as Languages are interpreted*.* The English Language, in its *real, but mistaken Structure*, is admirably adapted to be parsed according to the rules of Scientific Grammar, without altering its present express forms; although it cannot boast of absolute perfection, until some few of its idioms be corrected. The

* Mr. Tooke has affirmed, with great truth, that, when he began to write, '*all was darkness*' in Grammar. Yet, his meritorious labors, seconded by those of his illustrious followers, have *not effected so much as a single change*, either in the *Number*, the *Names*, or the *Definitions*, of the admitted Parts of Speech, in the *General Rules of Syntax*, or in the *Principles of Parsing*! The Definitions, the Syntax, and the Parsing, in Bishop Lowth's INTRODUCTION, have not been surpassed in the proportion of *one per cent*, in an approach to Science, in any English Grammar written since his time. But, if Etymology had been of the GENUS of *Grammatical*

Hindustannee and the Malayan appear to possess some advantage, even over the English Language. The Hindostannee's having *but one conjugation of verbs*; and its *affirming in the Progressive Participial Form, without the Verb Substantive*, are beautiful instances of a strict coincidence of an Actual Language with the Philosophy of Grammar.

2. The Philosophical Structure of Speech is EMINENTLY SIMPLE. The WHOLE UNIVERSE, considered as forming the Objects of Language, is made up of ONLY TWO CATEGORIES OR PREDICAMENTS, namely, of *Co-agents*, and of *Logical Actions*, which are *Links of Logical Connection between these Co-agents*; and *Verbs* are the *Signs of Actions*, while *Nouns* are the *Signs of Co-agents*. EVERY SPEECH, therefore, is, of necessity, of the STRUCTURE OF A BRIDGE, (simple or complex,) connecting the two Banks of a River; EVERY VERB being a *Simple Bridge or Copula*, supported by a Noun Substantive *on either side in the office of a Pier or Abutment*, express or understood. All the Books in the world express nothing but a succession of chains of Speech, consisting, alternately, of *Noun Verb, Noun Verb, Noun Verb*, — mixed up with *Abbreviated Signs of Signs*, resolvable, in like manner, into Noun and Verb. The POINTS of Grammar are *Virtual Speeches*, in like manner resolvable into Nouns and Verbs.

light, we could not, (in the current rage for applying Mr. Tooke's discoveries,) have failed to improve our Grammar, *in essentials*, to an extent far other than contemptible. The Grammars, which would exclude the *Participle* from the *Verb*, and which make CONJUNCTIONS connect SINGLE WORDS, are more dark than that of Lowth. It is impossible to deny that Etymology is the *Pool of Tantalus* to the improvers of Grammar.

III. It is but a partial expression of the above-mentioned principle, that, when Verbals come together in a sentence, every Verbal, whether present or past, must *serve alternately as Noun and as Verb* in that sentence. This is a most important Principle in Grammar, resulting from the Structure of Relation; and its real existence is *virtually recognised* in English Grammar; although it stands therein deplorably as a *mere anomaly*, namely, that by which *Verbals* in *ING* are often situated and parsed as *Nouns*, and yet have the *Regimen of a Verb*.

IV. VERBS are all of One Kind, and One Species, under Two Varieties, namely, MAJOR VERBS and MINOR VERBS; the latter differing from the former in nothing but in the *circumstance of depending upon and defining them in a sentence*. The *Verb Substantive* differs in nothing from any other Verb: it never couples a Nominative with a Verb, but it *invariably* couples a Nominative with TIME, or SPACE, as in,—*I am walking*,—it means, *I exist in SPACE, (or IN THE STREET,) walking*. The Hindostanee says, NOT — *I walk*, or *I am walking*; BUT *I walking*. In point of fact, *Englishmen affirm always in the Participial Form*, without knowing that they do so. For, *I walk*, is (*purely*) *I walking*, since the form of the Infinitive carries one same grammatical import, as that of a word in *ing*. The past error, concerning this Principle, has been a great stumbling-block in Grammar.

V. The So-called Parts of Speech — that is So-called Substantive and Adjective, Noun and Verb, Preposition and Adverb, possess *no absolute nature*, but *change their office* accordingly as they are *arranged in association with other words*. In fact, *Associated Position is almost every thing in Grammar*: which follows necessarily from the Structure of Relation.

The Languages of the World exhibit the spectacle of *Verbs* that are parsed without any Following *Nouns* either express or understood : which is the *grossness* and *kind* of absurdity, as if we were to construe a *Universal Formula*, consisting of Signs of *Quantities* without *Some Twos* of which there is, (as there *must* be a Sign of *Operation*, but between *Other Twos* of signs of *Operation* : than which no imaginable fact would raise the existing state of Grammar, both *Vernacular* and *Universal*, in a predicament more humiliating to the *logical* pretensions of mankind.

THE SO-CALLED PREPOSITIONS are MINOR VERBS. They *may* be, and often actually is, *emphatically* *verbal*. And this is the *perfection* of *verbal* in the *Department of Verbs*.

THE SO-CALLED Preposition ever proceeded from *Verbs* : although the *express forms* of hacknied *Prepositions* have become corrupted, through the attrition of *use*. It would be no greater absurdity to assume that any *side Signs of Operation in Algebraical Notation* proceed from *corruption*, than it is to assume that a So-called *Preposition* can so proceed. The So-called *Prepositions*, *IS*, *WITH*, *FROM*, and *BY*, mean the *living and uncorrupted Verbs*—*ONE-ING*, *TYING*, *BEGINNING*, and *TOUCHING* or *NEARING* : And they must be so parsed.—Any So-called *Preposition* construed as a *Noun*, or yet as an *Imperative*, is the grossest of absurdities. To assume that it would be *stiff*, *awkward*, or *affected*, to construe So-called *Prepositions* for what they really are, is a profound darkness in Grammar. It was nothing but the error of mistaking these Words for *Nouns* and *Imperatives*, that gave rise to that dark assumption.

IX. SO-CALLED ARTICLES and ADJECTIVES are *Ek-*

ments of a NOUN SUBSTANTIVE. These three, (taken inversely,) demand the logical names of a *Noun Generic*, a *Noun Specific*, and a *Noun Particular or Concretive*. There are *no Abstract Terms* in Language. Words standing in a Lexicon, in as much as they are *insular and not associated*, are indeed *abstract terms*; but, thus situate, they are *no part of a Fabric of Language*: they are *merely prepared masses of lingual material*, and they bear only the same relativity to speech, that stones *hewn out to adapted shapes* in a quarry, or *types distributed* in the boxes of the compositor, have to any building, or book, in which they are *afterwards to be fitly placed*. And, in the very placing of them thus, they must be expressed, or understood, as being *attached to some Noun Concretive*; which *leavens the whole composite Noun*, and turns it into a Concrete. The *Composite Noun*, — *A White Man*, — must be parsed as a *Noun Substantive*, *naming the three elements, distinctly*, in a way analogous to that, in which that most absurd thing, a *So-called Compound Verb* — is parsed in Accredited Grammar. It is a striking contrast in Philosophical against Accredited Grammar, that *All Nouns Substantive, except Verbals, when they serve for such*, must be parsed as COMPOUNDS; and *Verbs, universally, as SIMPLE*. — *Auxiliaries* are all *distinct Verbs*; and they *alternate* in a sentence, like other Verbs.

X. *So-Called Prepositions* are an Element of Speech most different, in their Grammatical Mechanism, from the Words called *Conjunctions*. The assertion of Mr. Tooke, that they are, or ever were, *in themselves*, One Same Part of Speech, is a thick darkness in the Philosophy of Lingual Signs.

XI. In the department of Nouns, the Doctrine of CASE, (derived from the Ancient Grammarians,) is a

crying absurdity in Language. SPEECH IS NOT A STREAM any more than it is a *Coach* or *Carriage*, as Mr. Tooke has called it: But it is a ROAD—a ROAD *of continued BRIDGES standing upon PIERS*. No Word, therefore, can ever come within the analogy of FALLING, in the sense of a stream, or a stone, falling from a precipice. But every Noun Substantive in a Sentence is analogous to a *Pier*, or a *Bank*, and is therefore, purely, a *Leading* Noun, or a *Following* Noun.

XII. ABBREVIATION is a System of Mechanism distinct from the Essential Structure of Language. But Abbreviations are NOT *analogous* to "*wings*:" because Language is not analogous to a *flying* thing, nor to *any thing that moves*.

The statements, now given, are manifestly designed to vouch or arrogate nothing. It is intended that their internal evidence alone should enable those, who are competent, to discern what is their general nature and tendency. Nothing is here averred, except only that the work has formed the exclusive principal labor of the author during nearly seven years,—which, indeed, may mark the degree of his trust in its scope and validity. Among the readers of Dr. Parr's biography there must be a large number, who are especially competent to perceive what is the real complexion of the work. And these must be aware, from the existing bent of popular taste, that the leading periodicals may, naturally, be slow to examine labors, so far diverging from the ordinary track.

Independently of the considerations above mentioned, there is a collateral propriety in the insertion of these statements in the *Parriana*. Dr. Parr having, in the *Bibliotheca Parriana*, expressed an avowal, upon a point far too solemn for him not to have been deeply in earnest,

regarding an early work of the author, and amounting to an implied promise for the cast of his onward labors, it is proper, in case *Anti-Tooke* may prove to be the last of these, that a Work on Dr. Parr's biography should contain some evidence, as to whether, or not, his pledge has been redeemed; because any utility, which may follow from these researches, ought to be associated with the name of him, who has thus aided in their promulgation.

NOTE.

It is so very material that the attention of philosophical readers should be called to the *nature of that ground of departure* from the old scheme of relation, which is here supposed to give validity to the structure of language delineated in *Anti-Tooke*, (seeing that the latter must *either carry or sink under* so extensive a fabric as that of language, and, indeed, that of *Universal Logic along with it*, which last mentioned science manifestly cannot have attained so much as a *healthy infancy*, if the accredited scheme of relation has been proved erroneous,) that the following remarks may, perhaps, be of essential service, in rousing the curiosity, and exciting the interest, of those who are in any way concerned for these two sciences.

The very competent writer of the article on the *first Volume of Anti-Tooke*, under the head *Philology*, in the *Cyclopædia Edinensis*, while he fully embraces, as founded in a mathematical analysis, that scheme of relation, which the work in question suggests, at the same time appears confident, that a co-incident view of relation has not escaped the notice of various original writers; although he admits that no evidence of any dissent from the old scheme is to be found in the ordinary Treatises of Logic. Accordingly, this gentleman, (with whom, it appears, the subject has long been a favorite pursuit,) has searched;

and, in the very beginning, has laid his hand on the *Medicina Mentis* of Langius, in which the thing is spoken of in terms, that have been rendered into English thus:—

‘Relation is a mode, by which, on account or by means of a certain link, or foundation, one thing regards another, as a related thing is referred to its correlative;—for example, between a teacher and his scholar there subsists a relation by means of the link or foundation of teaching.—Compare here the vulgar systems of logic, and see their absurd confusion.’

While the author of *Anti-Tooke* was, certainly, not in the least aware of the above, or of any other such co-incidence, and is by state of health prevented from any search for similar authorities, he desires to thank the truly philosophical writer in the *Cyclopædia*; and seizes upon the matter, in order to hold it up, that it may operate upon the minds of some readers, who might otherwise be less prompt in discerning the real force of the subject. Indeed, while it cannot be doubted that a *logical tie of some sort or other is darkly implied in every account of relation extant*, the EXPRESS ASSERTION of this tie was a *step* toward removing the darkness. But the *vacillation*, between the word ‘link,’ and the word ‘foundation,’ proves that the *Medicina Mentis* had not removed the cloud, in any degree, so as to lead to the production of science. And the *great and mischievous* darkness, which required to be cleared away, was with regard to the *logical structure or mechanism* of the tie in question.

The following *foot-note* in the DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY, 1, 20. in which Mr. Tooke darkly jests with what may be called the very *pith of the philosophy of language*, may be made to emit much valuable light on what is said above. ‘The Latin Grammarians, (says he,) ‘amuse themselves

‘ with debating whether *συνδεσμός* should be translated ‘ *convinctio* or *conjunctio*. The Danes and the Dutch ‘ seem to have taken different sides of the question ; for ‘ the Danish language terms it *bindeord*, and the Dutch ‘ *koppelvourd*.’ — On this note it is to be observed that the Dutch have adopted a most just or philosophical view of the Grammatical tie in question, though, probably, they knew not the *logical ground* — namely, the *true structure of relation* — on which they preferred it. MR. HARRIS, (with the Danes,) has considered so-called Prepositions as *bindeords* : while Mr. Tooke, (we see,) has *laughed at any* distinction’s being made between UNITING and COUPLING in Grammar !

ONE *experimentum crucis*, by which the structure of Relation, laid out in *Anti-Tooke*, may be put to the test, is to compare it with *Algebraic Notation*, and to mark that these two structures are *mathematically* TYPE and ARCHE-TYPE, one to the other ; while the structure of VERBAL language, deduced from that of Relation, is rigorously a type of *both the former* — it differing *only as a variety*, and *not as a species*, from the language of Algebra.

JOHN FEARN.

END OF VOL. I.

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